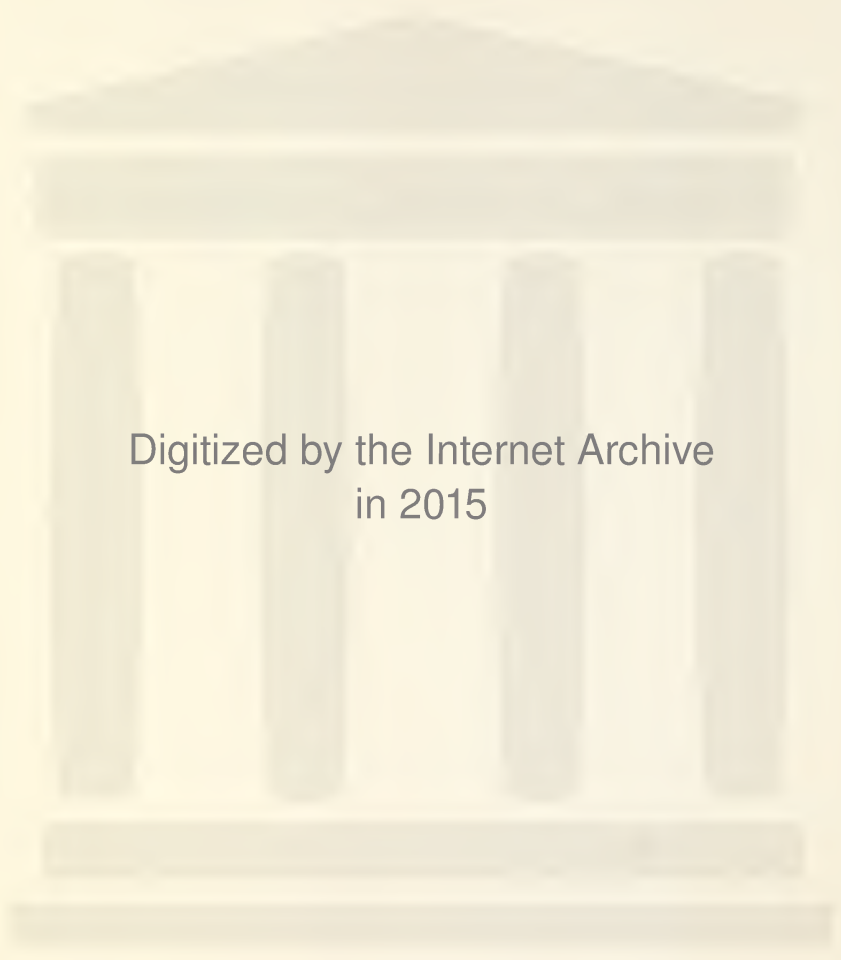


GEN



3 1833 01774 7483

GENEA
974.3
V5936



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

VERMONT HISTORICAL GAZETTEER

1-6

1860-1863

Addison County.

No. I.

July 4, 1860.

VERMONT Quarterly Gazetteer

A HISTORICAL MAGAZINE,

EMBRACING A DIGEST OF THE HISTORY OF EACH TOWN,

Civil, Educational, Religious, Geological and Literary.



"She stands fair Freedom's chosen Home,
Our own beloved Green Mountain State."

"Where breathes no caged lord or caged slave;
Where thoughts, and hands, and tongues are free."

EDITED BY

ABBY MARIA HEMENWAY,

COMPILER OF "THE POETS AND POETRY OF VERMONT."

Terms: One Dollar per Year. Clubs solicited.

LUDLOW, VT.

PUBLISHED BY MISS A. M. HEMENWAY,
AND SOLD BY AGENTS THROUGHOUT THE STATE.

Press of Geo. C. Rand & Avery, Boston.



William Slade

VERMONT HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.

ADDISON.

BY HON. JOHN STRONG.

THE TOWN of Addison lies on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, its southern line being a little southeast of the old forts at Crown Point. It originally contained 8,000 acres more than a six-mile township. A small portion lying east of Snake Mountain has been set off to Weybridge. It is very level, except the extreme eastern limit, where Snake Mountain lifts its head, and furnishes some splendid views of the surrounding country. The soil is principally clay, well overlaid with humus; in the vicinity of the mountain, the soil is a strong loam, and on the shores of the lake the shell limestone crops out, giving a mixture of marl and loam. These two portions are well adapted to fruit-growing. Dead Creek, Hospital Creek, Ward's Creek, and Otter Creek, are its streams; no valuable water-power is within its limits, though formerly several saw-mills and clothing-works were in operation.

1609, July 4. On this day, afterwards so celebrated in the general history of our country, Samuel Champlain entered the lake that now bears his name, having left Quebec the 18th of May previous. His party consisted of sixty Huron and Algonquin Indians, and two Frenchmen. Having had to leave his shallop at the rapids above, his Indian allies furnished him with twenty-four bark canoes. In these he proceeded up the lake as far as what is now known as Crown Point. Here, on the 20th of July, at 10 o'clock, P. M., he was met by a party of Iroquois,* who came out from a cape projecting into the lake from the western shore, (Sandy Point, opposite Addison.) At the first, Champlain and his party retreated into the lake. The Iroquois returned to the shore and landed, followed by the Hurons, who fastened their boats to stakes driven in the mud, about an arrow-shot off. Both parties agreed to wait until morning before the battle should begin, and the night was spent in singing the war-song and other Indian rites preparatory to battle. In the morning, at daybreak, the bat-

tle commenced. Champlain and his two men at first were kept out of sight. On the landing of the Hurons, the Iroquois came out from behind their barricades, and more noble-looking men Champlain says he had never seen, two of their chiefs especially so. Champlain was now placed in front of his party, the two Frenchmen and some of the Hurons being hidden in ambuscade. Each of the white men was armed with a gun and two pistols. Champlain on landing had put four balls into his gun. When Champlain first stood in front of the Hurons, the Iroquois gazed in wonder on the first white man they had ever seen. Their two prominent chiefs stood close together, and about thirty paces distant. Champlain fired at them, killing both, and mortally wounding one other man. The Iroquois were paralyzed with fear at this new instrument of death, breathing fire and smoke, from which their chiefs' arrow-proof armor was no protection. The other Frenchmen poured in their fire, killing one. This completed the panic, and the Iroquois fled in every direction, crying, "The devil! the devil!" On examining the armor of the chiefs, it was found to be woven with a thread of cotton, (where did they get it?) and a thread of bark. They were armed with tomahawks of metal. After the battle they crossed the lake to Chimney Point, (Addison.) Champlain here named the lake for himself, and in the after part of the day started on their return for Canada. This battle was fought two months before Hudson discovered the river that bears his name, four years before the Dutch settlement at New York, and eleven years before the landing at Plymouth.

1664, March 12. Charles II. granted to the Duke of York the province of New York, to include all lands west of the Connecticut River, south and west to the Delaware River.

1665. From its discovery up to this time, Lake Champlain had remained, as it previously was, the highway for the Iroquois and Hurons in their war excursions against each other; the Iroquois having many settlements in the interior of Vermont, its earliest name being Iroquoisia. On Dec. 19th of this year, a company of 600 French, with a party of Algonquians, commanded by M. De Courcelles, started on an

* For a full account of this battle, and its location, see Vergennes Citizen, "Local History," Dec. 23, 1857, by J. S.

expedition against the Mohawks, at Fort St. Theresa, (near St. John's;) equipped with snowshoes, and other things necessary for a winter campaign.

1666, Jan. 21. They started up the lake, the Indian name of which is very significant, Caniaderi-Guaranti, (the gate of the country.) Arriving at Bulwagga Bay, (opposite Addison,) they took the route across to the head-waters of the Hudson, where they arrived the 14th of February, the snow four feet deep. They followed the Hudson down as far as Glens Falls, and then struck across to the Mohawk River, and came out near the Dutch settlement at Schenectady. Here Courcelles fell into an ambush of the Mohawks; and the expedition proved very disastrous to the French. They returned by the same route they came, stopping two days at Chimney Point, for stragglers to come in.

Sept. 28. M. De Tracy, with 600 regulars, the same number of *habitans*, and 100 Indians, assembled at Fort St. Anne, previously erected by Capt. La Motte, on an island named for him, "Isle La Motte." This was the first fort erected within the bounds of Lake Champlain. Oct. 3d they commenced their campaign; going up the lake in bateaux and canoes, taking with them two pieces of cannon, which, with incredible perseverance, they took to the farthest village of the Mohawks.

1687, Sept. 8. Gov. Donogan, of New York, in a letter to the king, proposes to build a fort at Corlear's* Lake, at the pass in the lake 150 miles north from Albany, (Chimney Point.)

1690. A party of French and Indians came up the lake on the ice, crossed over and burned Schenectady, and were pursued by the English as far as Crown Point. Here they found the enemy had taken to their skates; the whites returned, and some of the Indians. Others continued the pursuit, and overtook and killed 25 of the French.

March 26. The Mayor, Aldermen, and Justices of the City and County of Albany, gave Capt. Jacobus D'Narm orders to take 17 men and pass by way of "Schuytook," and take from thence 20 savages, and Dick Albatrose. Brad was sent as guide and interpreter. They were to go to Crown Point.

March 31. Gov. Liesler wrote to the Bishop of Salisbury that he had sent to the pass, on the lake, fifty men to maintain it, as an outpost.

April 1. Capt. Abraham Schuyler was ordered to the mouth of Otter Creek with nine men; Lawrence, the Mohawk chief, and his party of Indians, "to watch day and night for one month,

* Corlear, a Dutchman living at Schenectady, at the time of Courcelles's defeat, was very kind to the captive French, ransoming them from the Mohawks, and sending them home to Canada; Courcelles invited him to visit Canada, and while on his way was drowned in the lake a little north of Otter Creek. This gave rise to the story that Champlain was drowned in the lake. The English and Dutch called the lake Corlear.

and daily communicate with Capt. D'Narm." At the same time, D'Narm's orders were changed to select some other place at the Pass. This he did, and built a little stone fort at Chimney Point, in Addison; this was the first possession or occupation by civilized men in Vermont.

July 31. John Winthrop was commissioned to command an expedition against Canada, which proceeded as far as Kah-sha-quah-na, (Whitehall,) and miserably failed; after eight days they commenced their retreat.

Aug. 13. Capt. John Schuyler, (father of Gen. Philip Schuyler, of Revolutionary fame,) mortified at the entire failure of an expedition from which so much had been hoped, obtained permission to raise a volunteer force, and enlisted from the army 120 Indians and 29 whites; next day he met Capt. Glen, who had been sent to Tsin-on-drosie, (Ticonderoga, signifying noisy, or rushing water,) with 28 whites and 5 Indians. The Indians and 13 of the whites joined Schuyler's party. Schuyler proceeded down the lake, and reached Laprairie, opposite Montreal, the 22d. Schuyler intended to have taken the fort by surprise, which no doubt he would have done but for the folly of his savages, who gave the warwhoop the moment the word to advance had been given. Most of the French succeeded in reaching the fort. Schuyler's party burned all the dwellings and barns, slaughtered 150 head of cattle, killed 6, and took 19 of the enemy prisoners, and commenced a rapid retreat.

24. Reached Fort La Motte; 25, reached Sand Point, (query, Colchester Point;) here they shot two elk; 26, stopped at the little stone fort, which no doubt was the fort built by D'Narm and Schuyler. This was the first English war-party that passed through the lake.

1691. Peter Schuyler also passed through the lake on foray on Canada, and attacked Laprairie. De Callieres, Governor of Montreal, brought 800 troops against him and his 300 Mohawk Indians. Schuyler succeeded in killing about 300 of the enemy, with but a trifling loss on his part.

1694. Godfrey Delliou, the Dutch minister at Albany, procured a grant of land from the Mohawks, commencing at the northwest bounds of Saratoga, extending north on the east side of Wood Creek and Lake Champlain, to "Rock Retzio," (Button Bay;) its eastern line crossed the falls at Middlebury. This was the first paper title to lands in Addison County.

1696, Sept. 3. Charles II. confirmed the title to Delliou. This was afterwards revoked. This revocation Delliou resisted, and sold his title to Lydius, his successor in the ministry at Albany.

1730. The French built a small fort at Pt. à la Chevelure, (now Chimney Point,) and probably repaired the little stone fort built by D'Narm in 1690. At this time there were two islands opposite here, one directly west, the other off against Hospital Creek; the French called them

Aux Boiteux. All trace of these islands has long since vanished. The old embankments of this fort are many of them still visible.

1731. This year the French built a fort on the opposite side of the lake, which they called Fort Frederic, for Frederic Maurepas, then Secretary of State.

1742. In a grant to Benning Wentworth, New Hampshire was extended west to the lake.

1743, April 20. The king of France granted to Hocquart, (Intendant of New France,) a seigniory of four leagues front on the lake, by five leagues deep, and the south line half a mile south of the south line of what is now Addison, and the north line near Adams Ferry, in Panton; registered at Quebec, Oct. 7, 1743.

1749. Kalm, the Swedish naturalist, visited Fort Frederic and Hocquart. He says of Pt. à la Chevelure or Hocquart: "I found quite a settlement, a stone wind-mill and fort in one, with five or six small cannon mounted; the whole inclosed by embankments."

Within the inclosure was a neat church, and throughout the settlement well-cultivated gardens, with some good fruit, as apples, plums, currants, &c. During the next ten years, these settlements were extended north on the lake some four miles; the remains of old cellars and gardens still to be seen show a more thickly settled street than occupies it now.

1750. The Schaghticoke Indians left their residence at Schaghticoke, and went to Canada to reside.

1754, Aug. 28. These, with other Canadian Indians, made an incroad upon the English settlements, and destroyed Hoosick. They were, no doubt, the leaders in all the Indian forays in this section, until Canada was conquered.

1755. A strong effort was made this year by the Colonies, to drive back the French from Crown Point. The French sent "Dieskau," with over 3,000 men. Gen. Johnson with 2,550 men, proceeded as far as Lake George. He here encountered Dieskau, defeated and took him prisoner, yet made no attempt on Crown Point. A few extracts from the reports of Rodgers and Putnam, employed as scouts to spy out Crown Point, show not only the strength and position of the French, but the daring character of the men.*

1755, Sept. 17. "At evening, discovered the wheat-fields, and four houses, about two miles south of Crown Point Fort. In the night went to the intrenchment, made from the fort, encompassing a little hill, the trenches not finished, but reach about 30 rods from the fort. The intrenchment begins at the S. W. corner of the fort, running S. W., is about two rods wide at the fort, and fifteen at the other end. Went into the trench and stayed there until morning. Went on to the mountain, a mile west of the fort; could see the

fort and all its appurtenances. There was an addition to the fort about twenty-five rods from the N. W. corner, which reached to the water. It inclosed some buildings;—many tents set up in it. A wind-mill about sixty rods south of the fort, between which and the fort many tents were set up,—saw the troops exercised; there were about six hundred.

ROBERT RODGERS.

Oct. 18. Arrived at the mountain west of Crown Point, where I lay all night and the next day, observing the enemy; saw ambuscades built about 30 rods S. W. of the fort. In the evening went down to the houses south of the fort, and on the lake; went into a barn well filled with wheat, and left three men there, and with one man went on towards the fort, to make further discoveries. Found a good place to ambush; went back and got the other three men, and ambushed about 60 rods from the fort; lay here until about ten o'clock next morning; saw the enemy moving about,—judged there were 500 of them. At length a Frenchman came out of the fort, towards us, without his gun. He came within fifteen rods of where we lay, and I and another man ran up to him in order to *captivate* him; but he refused to take quarter; so we killed him and took his scalp, in plain sight of the fort; then run, in plain view, about 20 rods, and made our escape.

ROBERT RODGERS.

1756, Jan. 29. Started to look into Crown Point.

Feb. 2. Arrived at the mountain west, which we called Mount Ogden. In the evening went down and through a small village, half a mile south of the fort; laid in ambush until nine the next morning; took one Frenchman prisoner as he came down the road, and two more *a-coming* towards us, discovered us, and ran; we pursued them within *gunshot* of the fort. We immediately set fire to the barns and houses, where was abundance of wheat and other grain; we killed their cattle, horses, and hogs, in number about fifty; left none living in said village, to our knowledge; we came off leaving the village on fire.

ROBERT RODGERS.

Israel Putnam was with Rodgers in all these scouts.

1757. Montcalm, with 12,000 men encamped at Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

Aug. 3. Invested Fort William Henry. Gen. Webb commanded the British forces, and lay at Fort Edward. Webb refused to send any succor to Monroë, at Fort William Henry, and left them to their fate; which was a massacre that has left a stain upon the otherwise fair fame of Montcalm, that no explanation can efface.

1758. Abercrombie's disastrous expedition to take Ticonderoga and Crown Point, marks this year, and can be found in any of our histories.

1759. After the taking of Ticonderoga by Amherst, the French, Aug. 1, burned their fort at

* These old reports are in the State archives at Albany.

Crown Point, and Chimney Point, the settlers abandoning their farms, and going with the troops to Canada. Gen. Amherst commenced those stupendous fortifications at Crown Point that were three years in building, and cost two million pounds sterling. It is pentagonal in form; the walls are of solid masonry, 25 feet thick, and 20 feet high, and half a mile in circuit, inclosing extensive stone barracks, two stories high, extending the whole length on the east and west sides, with a large parade-ground between. In the N. E. corner, a well, blasted 90 feet through solid limestone, to a beautiful sand bottom, furnished a never-failing fountain of water. This impregnable fortress was accidentally burned, April 21, 1773, which accounts for the fact of no battle being fought there during the Revolution.

1761, Oct. 14. The proprietors of Addison procured a charter of Benning Wentworth, Governor of New Hampshire, of this township, on account of a bend in the lake.

Nov. 3. Panton also procured a charter. Unfortunately for them, it lapped on to Addison nearly four miles in width on the lake. The proprietors of Panton run out their township first, and no doubt finding that there would be a clashing of title, ordered it fenced, so as to hold it by possession. Benjamin Kellogg, one of Amherst's soldiers, from Connecticut, used to frequent the Salt Licks below, where old Gen. John Strong's mansion now stands, for the purpose of procuring venison for the officers of the army then at Crown Point, and was favorably struck with the advantages for settlement in this country. The little clearings made by the French, and now abandoned, were strong inducements to a new settler. This he told to his neighbors on his return home in 1760.

1762. Kellogg came up to his old hunting-ground in the fall of this year, and also in '63 and '64.

In '64, some of the proprietors of Panton came with him.

1763, April 7. Gilles Hocquart deeded to M. Michel, Chartier De Lotbiniere, all of his seigniority lying north of Hospital Creek. Lotbiniere petitioned the British Government from time to time to be reinstated in his lands; and to quiet the matter, received, Feb. 13, 1776, a seigniority in Canada, on the St. Lawrence, in exchange for his on the lake.

Oct. 7. A grant of land was made by the Governor of New York, to Col. David Wooster, beginning near the south line of Addison, running east to Dead Creek, and north to D. V. Chambers's land; also to Col. Charles Forbes, from Wooster's to Potash Bay; and one to Lieut. Ramsay, north beyond the bounds of Addison. Directly east of Forbes and Ramsay's was a grant to J. W. Hogarty; and east of Wooster's, a grant to Sir John Sinclair and Mr. Wilkins.

1765. In the spring of this year, Zadock

Everest, David Vallance, and one other settler, came on and begun a clearing about three miles north of Chimney Point. In September, Benjamin Kellogg came up to his fall hunt. John Strong came with him, to look for a home in the Vermont wilderness. They went to where Everest and Vallance were at work, stayed with them a few days, and helped them get in their fallow of wheat, then took a look of the country as far east as Middlebury; probably the first white men who ever looked upon it. On their return to the lake, Strong concluded to build him a house there. This, with the help of Kellogg and the other three men, he did, selecting the foundations of an old French house (cellar and chimneys) as the site. This was on the farm where he afterwards lived and died. This was the first house built by an English settler, north of Massachusetts. The party now all returned to Connecticut.

1766, February. Strong came on with his family, by way of Lake George and Lake Champlain. He had a wife and three children; Asa, six years old, Samuel, and Polly. In June following, John Strong was born,—the first English child born in Addison county.

May. T. Everest, T. Vallance, John Chipman, and six others, with their families, came on by way of Otter Creek. Chipman stopped in Middlebury; the others came on to the lake, some settling in Addison, and some in Panton. The settlers had bought their lands of Panton, and supposed they were within the bounds of Panton; and so they were, and in the bounds of Addison, also; and, Addison being the oldest charter, of course held.*

1767 and 1768. In the latter year Col. Wooster came on to look for his land, and found five families on it,—John Strong, Benjamin Kellogg, Phineas Spalding, David Vallance, and Pangborn. Some agreed to leave, and some he sued before the court in Albany. The settlers were much distressed for want of grist-mills, having to go to Stillwater, N. Y., for their grinding. This reduced them to the necessity of constructing large wooden mortars, made from a hard-wood log, set one end firm in the ground, the other hollowed out by kindling a fire of coals in the centre, and keeping it up until sufficiently large, and then smoothed out, and the pestle worked by a sweep like the old-fashioned mill-sweeps.

1773, Aug. 12. Strong, Kellogg, Everest, and ten other Addison boys were of Allen's party who dispossessed Reid at the Falls near Vergennes.

On their return home, the Addison men found Col. Wooster, with his sheriff, serving writs of ejectment on those that were on his land. Their indignation rose to the highest pitch, that whilst

* Mr. S., of Panton, will dwell somewhat on this, and I leave it for him.

they had been driving off the Yorkers for their neighbors, their own homes had been invaded. They finally took him and his sheriff, and tied them to a tree, and threatened to give them the "Beech Seal." After blustering a good deal, Wooster saw they were in earnest, and that his threats of New York law did not intimidate them. He gave in, sent off his sheriff, and took up his copies of writs he had left, and promised not to disturb them again. The whole was sealed over a stiff mug of flip; and in the morning the Colonel left. He was afterwards a Major-General in the Revolutionary army, and mortally wounded at Ridgefield, April 27, 1777.

Probably no settlers in Vermont held their lands by so precarious a title as the settlers in that part of Addison claimed by Pantton. In Washington County, New York, the Rev. John Lydius was prosecuting the Dellius title; then there was the French title, which had been favorably reported on by the Home Government; then Wooster's title, which by suit he was trying to enforce, with the garrison at Crown Point to back him. And as they had bought their lands of Pantton, there was the elder title of Addison, issuing from the same fountain as the one they claimed under. Their stubborn resistance to the proprietors of Addison induced them to grant the settlers the 8,000 acres which they held more than a six-mile township. This was located on that part of Addison claimed by Pantton, and the whole difficulty amicably adjusted. No country ever produced a more hardy, industrious, resolute, and fearless race of men than Western Vermont. Chimney Point was laid out into a town of one acre to every proprietor's right, with grounds for public buildings, common, etc.; the streets at right angles, and a *broadway*, ten rods wide, leading north through the town. It was expected from its vicinity to the fort, to be the centre of trade for all the surrounding country.

1775. The news of the battle at Lexington had thrilled through the hearts of the people like electricity. Col. Ethan Allen, who had heretofore stood between the settlers and ruin, was calling for volunteers. Addison answered promptly. Among those who went, was Lieut. Benjamin Everest. (*See Biography.*)

May 9. Allen, with his Green Mountain boys, aided by Arnold and Warner, took Ticonderoga, and the next day Warner took Crown Point.

The conquest of Canada was planned, which promising so fair at the first, resulted so disastrously to the Americans in the end.

1776, July 12. The retreating Americans arrived at Crown Point; the smallpox had made and was making terrible havoc amongst them. Out of all the regiments sent to Canada, only 7,006 returned to Crown Point, and great numbers died after reaching there. Gen. Gates took the command, and a hospital was built on the north side of the mouth of Hospital Creek, (hence its name.) The numbers that

died here were so great that pits were dug, into which the dead were thrown, without coffins, until filled, and a light covering of earth thrown over the whole. Gen. Gates immediately commenced to build his fleet. The settlers in Addison engaged with zeal in getting out timber and other material, so that on the 18th of August, one sloop, three schooners, and five gunboats were ready. They carried 55 guns, 70 swivels, and had a complement of 395 men. Arnold took the command.

Oct. 10. The British, commanded by Capt. Pringle, had 4 sloops, — the *Maria*, *Carleton*, *Thunderer*, and *Inflexible*, with gun-boats, flat-boats and bateaux, mounting eighty cannon and several howitzers, and manned by 700 seamen. The American fleet was posted between Valcour Island and the western shore. A skirmish ensued, in which the *Washington*, commanded by Waterbury, suffered severely; one schooner was burned, and a gunboat sunk. The British lost three gunboats, — two sunk and one blown up. In the night Arnold retreated. The British overtook him the next day near Ferris, now Adams Ferry. An engagement of four hours ensued. Waterbury was obliged to surrender. Arnold, seeing the day was lost, ran his vessels ashore, burning some, blowing up some, and scuttling the rest. At the head of his men he took his march for Crown Point. On arriving at Z. Everest's, about four miles from the scene of action, he halted, and Everest, with his known hospitality, furnished them with refreshments.

Gen. Gates recalled all the troops from Crown Point, and Carleton took possession. He issued a proclamation to the settlers on the eastern shore, offering protection papers, on condition of remaining neutral. Some took the protection, others did not; and quite a number abandoned their farms and went to their former places of residence. This abandonment has given rise to many mistakes as to the time the settlers left the country; some writers fixing it in the fall of '76, and some in '77, — the truth being a partial flight in '76, and a total abandonment in '77.

1776, July 24. Addison was one of the thirty-five towns that met at Dorset, and again on the 25th of September, and again Jan. 15, 1777, at Westminster, when they declared themselves a free and independent State. Addison was represented in these conventions by David Vallance. All west of the mountains, to Canada line, was formed into one county, — Bennington.

1777. This year is memorable for the invasion of Burgoyne. Early in May he came up the lake as far as the River Bouquet, on the York side. He here encamped, gathered large bodies of Indians to his army, issued a very pompous proclamation, and the first of June broke up his encampment, and fled in earnest; and in such haste that many left their tables standing just as they rose from their breakfast; some burned their

household utensils, etc. Gen. St. Clair, who commanded the Americans at Crown Point, furnished the settlers with boats at Chimney Point, to take them to Whitehall. A party of Indians that came down through the woods, reached the point just as the last boats were leaving, and fired upon them; fortunately wounding none, although the balls fell like hailstones all about them, striking the boats in several places. From Whitehall the settlers dispersed in every direction;—most of those from Addison going up east, into Pawlet, Dorset, and other towns in Bennington county.

1778. Major Carleton made a descent from Canada, and took 39 men and boys prisoners. Among them were Nathan and Marshal Smith, of Bridport, Benjamin Kellogg, and Ward and Joseph Everest, of Addison; Holcomb Spalding, two Ferrises, and Grandy, of Panton; Hinckly, of Shoreham. Grandy and Hinckly were liberated, to take care of the women and children, these and other families having come back to their farms on the defeat of Burgoyne; all now abandoned the settlement, except three families, and did not return until after the war. The prisoners were taken to Quebec, where they arrived Dec. 6.

1779. Kellogg and a number of others died in prison during the winter. They all suffered unaccountable hardships. In the spring they were taken down the river some 90 miles. May 13, about midnight, eight of them made their escape. On reaching the south shore, they divided into two parties, four in each. On getting opposite Quebec, one party was betrayed by a Frenchman, and again taken prisoners. Three of them again made their escape that night,—Ward and the two Smiths,—and after being again taken by the Indians, and again escaping, pursued by the Indians for fourteen days and nights, all their knowledge of Indian craft and devices being put to the utmost trial, they finally succeeded in throwing off their pursuers, and arrived in Panton, where they met three Americans, on a scout, from whom they got provisions; which was the first food they had tasted since their last escape, except such as they procured in the woods,—in all, twenty days. The next day they stopped at Hemenway's, in Bridport. (Hemenway never left his farm through all the war.) After one day's rest, they pushed on to Pittsford.

1781. Gen. St. Leger, at the head of a British force, went up the lake, and took position at Ticouderoga. No further fighting was had in this section until the close of the war.

1783. The close of the war gave every security to settlers. The return of the old, and the great influx of new, gave such an impetus to the prosperity of the town, that it at once took the lead in the county. The eastern part of the town now began to be settled. The Willmarths, Clark, Pond, and Ward, were among the earliest. The Smiths, Seger, and others, followed soon

after. Their descendants still occupy a large portion of that part of the town; and like their fathers, are prominent citizens in the political and business relations of the town. The early settlers had much to contend with from the want of mills, stores, and roads; perhaps not as much as those in the west part, who came so much earlier, but yet enough to lay the present generation under a debt of gratitude hardly to be estimated.

1784. John Strong was elected to represent the town in the legislature, which had not been represented since '77.

1785. Addison county was incorporated and extended north to Canada. Addison and Colchester were half-shire towns. The first court was holden the first Tuesday in March, in the tavern-house of Z. Everest. In November following, it was holden at Colchester. The next year it was held in the brick house built by Jonah Crane, (now owned by H. Crane, Esq.,) and was the first brick house in the county. The court held its sessions here until removed to Middlebury. John Strong was presiding judge, and Gamaliel Painter and Ira Allen assistant judges, Samuel Chipman, Jr., Clerk, and Noah Chittenden, sheriff.

1786. Quite a change in the constituting of the court took place; there were four side judges,—William Brush, Abel Thompson, Samuel Lane, and Judge Allen. Judge Painter was appointed sheriff, Roswell Hopkins, clerk, Seth Stoops, State attorney. A Probate Court was established, John Strong, judge.

1787. Chittenden county was taken from Addison county; Hiland Hall was appointed in place of Judge Allen, and Judge Painter again placed on the bench. Since that time, only two assistant judges have ever sat on the bench at one time.

1790. New York and Vermont settled their controversy about land titles and jurisdiction, Vermont paying \$30,000 in full.

1791, Feb. 18. Congress, without debate, or dissenting vote, admitted Vermont to the Union.

March 4. Her Senators and Representatives took their seats.

1792, April. This was the last time the court held a session at this place. Located at the extreme western point of the county, without water-power, around which villages spring up, the fort burned and abandoned, Addison took her place as an agricultural town, and early became celebrated for the large crops of wheat and the fine horses she produced. A race-course was established at Chimney Point, and was resorted to from all parts of the State. Some excellent blood-horses were introduced, and large numbers raised. A Grammar School was incorporated; a building 50 feet by 34 feet was built; the lower part used for the meeting of the Congregational Church, and the upper part for the academy. It flourished for several years under the direction of the Rev. Justice Hough.

1800-1812. The farmers in Addison became more and more thrifty; the log house gave way to the frame dwelling, or the more costly brick mansion; the wilderness to cultivated fields. The clarion blast of war showed that the sons of worthy sires had not degenerated. Two companies were raised to repel the enemy from Plattsburgh, and under General Samuel Strong, of Vergennes, did essential service. Dr. P. D. Cheney, of Addison, was surgeon of the regiment, and rendered material aid to the wounded after the battle on the lake.

1813-1860. The history of Addison, like the history of most agricultural towns, in times of peace, is of that even, peaceful tenor, that the history of one year is the history of all. Addison was long noted for her excellent crops of winter wheat, until the midge, (generally called the weevil,) made its appearance, since when, it is too precarious to be gone into extensively; and yet the soil is as well adapted to it as ever.

Messrs. Robert Chambers and E. Swift introduced the first Durham bull ever brought into the county.

A. Crane and C. Strong soon after introduced others; and Addison has always been noted for good cattle and sheep, taking her full proportion of premiums at the various Agricultural Fairs.

BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY.

JOHN STRONG

was born in Salisbury, Conn., A. D. 1738, and when 21 years of age was married to Agnes McCure, also born in Salisbury, the only daughter of J. McCure, a wealthy landholder of Edinburgh, Scotland, who, being deeply implicated in the Rebellion of 1715, fled to this country, having first, (to prevent confiscation,) put into the hands of a friend his large property. He died in a few years, leaving two young children, a son and daughter. His wife survived him but a few weeks. He was in the receipt of rents until the time of his death, after which no further remittances were made, and Agnes was put out to service, where she remained until she married. Her brother John was killed in a naval action soon after the death of her parents, so that she was early inured to hardship. Though fragile in form and constitution, when their increasing family demanded some extra effort, the proposition to encounter the danger and privations of removal to the wilds of the West, was met with cheerfulness and alacrity.

In February, 1766, they started, all his worldly goods consisting of an old pair of mares and a sleigh. His wife and three children, and all his household goods, found ample space in the sleigh. Their route lay through Albany and across the Hudson to Fort Mifflin; then on the ice on Lake George to Ticonderoga; then on the ice on Lake Champlain to their house erected the fall before. He at once commenced chopping a fallow, and

as soon as the spring opened, corn and potatoes were planted, and the clearing kept on, to be ready for the winter wheat. About the 1st of June he was taken with chills and fever, (fever ague,) but a wife and children were dependent on his constant exertions, far away from resources. Kind neighbors had come in, but they were no better off than himself. So when the fit came on, he would lie down by a log heap until it was partly over, and then up and at it again. Wild animals were very troublesome, especially bears, with which he had many encounters. In September, Mrs. Strong, whilst her husband and a few neighbors had joined together and gone up the lake in a bateau, and thence to Albany, to procure necessities for the settlement, one evening was sitting by the fire with her children about her. The evenings had become somewhat chilly. The kettle of sump intended for supper had just been taken from the fire, when, hearing a noise, she looked towards the door, and saw the blanket that served the purpose of one, raised up, and an old bear protruding her head into the room. The sight of the fire caused her to dodge back. Mrs. Strong caught the baby, and sending the older children to the loft, she followed and drew the ladder after her. The floor of this loft was made by laying small poles close together, which gave ample opportunity to see all passing below. The bear, after reconnoitring the place several times, came in with two cubs. They first upset the milk that had been placed on the table for supper. The old bear then made a dash at the pudding-pot, and thrusting in her head, swallowed a large mouthful and filled her mouth with another, before she found it was boiling hot. Giving a furious growl, she struck the pot with her paw, upsetting and breaking it. She then set herself up on end, endeavoring to poke the pudding from her mouth, whining and growling all the time. This was so ludicrous, the cubs setting up on end, one on each side, and wondering what ailed their mother, that it drew a loud laugh from the children above. This seemed to excite the anger of the beast more than ever, and with a roar she rushed for the place where they had escaped, up aloft. This they had covered up when they drew up the ladder, and now commenced a struggle; the bear to get up, the mother and children to keep her down. After many fruitless attempts, the bear gave it up, and towards morning moved off. After Strong's return, a door made from the slabs split from the basswood and hung on wooden hinges gave them some security from like inroads in future.

At another time, Strong and Smalley were crossing the lake from Chimney Point to McKensies, in Neviah, in a canoe, and when near Sandy Point, they saw something swimming in the water, which they at once supposed to be a deer, and gave chase. As they drew near, they found, instead of a deer, it was an enormous black bear that they were pursuing. This was a different

affair, and a consultation was held. They had nothing but an axe, but they had too much pluck to back out, so it was planned that Smalley was to get into the wake of the bear, and run the canoe bows on, whilst Strong, standing in the bow with the axe, was to knock Bruin on the head. But

"The best laid scheme of mice and men, gang aft a-gley."

Smalley brought the boat up in good style, and Strong, with all the force of a man used to felling the giants of the forest, struck the bear full on the head. The bear minded it no more than if it had been a walking-stick instead of an axe, but instantly turning, placed both fore paws on the side of the boat and upset it, turning both the men into the lake. The bear, instead of following them, crawled up on to the bottom of the boat, and took possession, quietly seating himself, and looking on with great gravity, whilst the men were floundering in the water. Smalley, who was not a very good swimmer, seeing the bear so quiet, thought he might hold on by one end of the boat, until it should float ashore; but no, Bruin would have none of their company; and they were obliged, each with an oar under his arms to sustain him, to make the best of their way to Sandy Point, the nearest shore. From here they had to go around the head of Bullwagga Bay, and north as far as Point Henry, where they found their boat, minus their axe and other baggage, and were very glad to come off so well.

One more bear story, and that will do.

One fall the bears were making destructive work in his cornfield; he found where they came in, and placed his trap in their road. The second morning he found his trap gone, and plenty of signs that a large bear had taken it; he got two of his neighbors, Kellogg and Pangborn, to go with him. They had two guns and an axe, and three dogs. After following the track for some two miles they heard the dogs, and as they came up they found the bear with her back against a large stub, cuffing the dogs whenever they came within reach. The trap was on one of her hind legs. Kellogg proposed to shoot the bear, but Strong said he could kill her with his axe as well as to waste a charge of ammunition, which was scarce and difficult to get. So taking the axe, and remembering his encounter on the lake, he turned the bit of the axe, intending to split her head open. He approached cautiously, and when near enough, gave the blow with tremendous force, but the bear, with all the skill of a practised boxer, caught the axe as it was descending; with one of her paws knocking it out of his hand, at the same time catching him with the other, she drew him up for the death-hug; as she did so, endeavoring to grab his throat in her mouth. One moment more, and he would have been a mangled corpse. The first effort he avoided by bending his head close upon his breast; the second, by

running his left hand into her open mouth and down her throat, until he could hook the ends of his fingers into the roots of her tongue. This hold he kept until the end, although every time the bear closed her mouth his thumb was crushed and ground between her grinders, her mouth being so narrow that it was impossible to put it out of the way. He now called on Kellogg for God's sake to shoot the bear, but this he dared not do, for fear of shooting Strong; for as soon as he got the bear by the tongue, she endeavored to get rid of him by plunging and rolling about, so that one moment the bear was on top, and the next Strong. In these struggles they came where the axe had been thrown at first. This Strong seized with his right hand, and striking the bear in the small of the back, severed it at a blow. This so paralyzed her that she loosened her hug, and he snatched his hand from her mouth, and cleared himself of her reach. The men then dispatched her with their guns. His mutilated thumb he carried, as a memento of the fight, to his dying day.

Indians in their visits caused more fear than wild beasts, especially after the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle. Although through the policy of some of the leading men of the Grants the British had been induced to treat the settlers on the east side of the lake with mildness, and had forbidden the Indians to molest them, yet their savageness was ready to burst forth on the slightest provocation. So much was this the case, that, if a party of Indians made their appearance when the men were absent, the women allowed them to help themselves to whatever they liked. At one time a party came in when Mrs. Strong was alone. They first took the cream from the milk and rubbed it on their faces; then rubbing soot on their hands, painted themselves in all the hideousness of the war-paint, and sang the war-song with whoop and dances. Just as they were leaving, one of them discovered a showy colored short-gown, that her husband had just made her a birthday present of. This he took, and putting it on, seemed greatly delighted, and with yells and whoops they departed. She had a place between the outer wall of the house and the chimney, where, whenever Indians were seen about, she used to hide her babe. A barrel of sour milk was kept, where a set of pewter dishes (a rare thing at that time) was, as soon as used, put for security. One day an Indian came in and saw a small plate, which he took, and making a hole in it, put in a string and wore it off as an ornament. They would sometimes, when hungry, kill a hog or beef. The following will show that their fears were not groundless: One morning in June, just when the sky takes on that peculiar hue that has given it the term, "gray of the morning," Mrs. Strong arose and went to the spring, a few rods from the house, standing on the bank of the lake. The birds had just commenced their morning matins,

making "woodland and lea" vocal with song. The air was laden with the perfume of the wild flowers. Not a breath stirred a leaf or ruffled the glass-like surface of the waters of the lake. She stopped a moment to enjoy it. As she stood listening to the song of the birds, she thought she heard the dip of a paddle in the water, and looking through the trees that fringed the bank, saw a canoe filled with Indians. In a moment more the boat passed the trees in full view. A pole was fastened upright in the bow, on the top of which was the scalp of a little girl ten years old, her flaxen ringlets just stirred in the morning air, while streams of clotted blood all down the pole showed it was placed there whilst yet warm and bleeding. Whilst horror froze her to the spot, she thought she recognized it as the hair of a beautiful child of a dear friend of hers, living on the other side of the lake. She saw other scalps attached to their waist-belts, whilst two other canoes, farther out in the lake, each had the terrible signal at their bows. The Indians, on seeing her, gave the war-whoop, and made signals as though they would scalp her; and she fled to the house like a frightened deer. The day brought tidings that their friends on the other side had all been massacred and scalped, six in number, and their houses burned.

The morning previous to the taking of Crown Point by Burgoyne, Mrs. Strong was sitting at the breakfast-table. Her two oldest sons, Asa and Samuel, had started at daylight to hunt for young cattle that had strayed in the woods. Her husband had gone to Rutland to procure supplies of beef for the American forces at Ticonderoga and Crown Point, when a daughter of Kellogg, (afterwards Mrs. Markham,) came rushing in with, "The Indians are coming, and we are all flying. There are bateaux at the Point to take us off, and you must hurry!" And back she ran to help her own folks, her father then being a prisoner in Quebec. Mrs. Strong was in very feeble health, totally unable to encounter hardship or fatigue; her husband away, her two oldest sons in the woods, and no one to warn or seek them. There was no way but to try and save the children that were with her. She took her youngest, a babe of six months, (Cyrus,) and putting him in a sack, with his head and shoulders out, fastened him on the back of her eldest daughter, and making up a bundle for each of the other children of the most necessary clothing, started them for the Point, charging them not to loiter or wait for her, and she would overtake them. After putting out the fire she closed the house, leaving the breakfast-table standing as it was when they first heard the news. She travelled on as fast as she was able until she came to the north bank of Ho-pital Creek. Here, entirely exhausted, she sat down, when Spalding, of Pantou, who had waited to see all off, and also the approach of the foe, came riding at full gallop up the road, and seeing her sitting

where she was, said, "Are you crazy? The Indians are in sight,—the lake is covered, and the woods are full of them!" She told him she could go no farther. He dismounted, and placing her on the pillion, remounted, and putting his horse to his speed, arrived just as the last bateau, containing her children, was putting off,—it having remained as long as they dared on her account. She was put on board, Spalding going on with his horse. That night they arrived at Whitehall. Here the settlers scattered in many directions,—some returning to Connecticut, others going east. Zadock Everest and family, with other neighbors, went east, and she went with them. Asa and Samuel, as they returned towards night, saw, by the columns of smoke coming up from every house, that the Indians must have been there. They hid themselves until dark, and then, cautiously approaching, found their house a blazing ruin. Believing that the family had escaped, they retraced their steps, and made the best of their way east towards Otter Creek. At daylight they found themselves near Snake Mountain. Fortunately, when they left home the morning previous, they took a gun and ammunition. They shot a partridge and roasted it, saving a part for their dinner, and pushed on, and in about a week found their mother and the rest of the children. They then hired a log-house, the older boys working out, and each doing what they could for their support.

Strong, hearing that Burgoyne had taken Crown Point, left his cattle at Brandon, and hastened for his home. On coming within sight of the forts he secreted himself until night. He then moved on cautiously, for fear of the Indians. On reaching the centre of a narrow ridge of land just south of Foard's Creek, with a marsh on either side, covered with a dense growth of alders and willow, a yell, as demoniac as though the gates of the infernal regions had opened upon him, burst forth, and instantly he was surrounded by more than 200 savages, whooping and swinging their tomahawks over his head. Instant death seemed inevitable. A Tory was in command. Having heard that he was expected in with cattle, he had got the assistance of this band of Indians to intercept him. After a few moments he partially stilled the Indians, and addressing Strong, asked, "Where are your cattle?" Strong answered, "Safe." This short and disappointing answer fairly drove him mad with rage, and no doubt he would have sacrificed him on the spot, if an old chief, who knew Strong, had not interposed. Strong then told them to take him to the fort, and whatever was proper for him to answer, he would cheerfully do. He was then bound and taken to the other side, and placed in the guard-house until morning. When he was brought before the commanding officer, who was Col. Fraser, (afterward killed at Stillwater,) Strong explained who he was, the uncertain fate of his family, and his anxiety on their account.

Frasier generously let him go on parole, until the middle of November, when he was to be at Crown Point to go with the army and prisoners to Canada. After thanking him, and just as he was leaving, he said, "Colonel, suppose the army never return, how then?" Frasier, smiling incredulously, said, "Then you are released from all obligation." And ordering him a supply of provisions for his journey, dismissed him. He now procured a boat and went to his house, which he found in ashes. After searching for any remains that might be left, in case his wife and children had been burned in the house, he returned to the fort, where he procured a passage up the lake to Whitehall. He was here completely at fault as to which way his family had gone, but was induced to believe they were in Connecticut, where he went, but found they had not been there, and returned and went in another direction, and, after weeks of fruitless search, had almost despaired of finding them, when one evening, weary and foot-sore, he called at a log-house in Dorset, Vt., for entertainment for the night. It was quite dark. A flickering light from the dying embers only rendered things more undistinguishable. He had just taken a seat, when a smart little woman, with a pail of milk, came in, and said, "Moses, can't you take the gentleman's hat?" That voice! He sprang towards her. "Agnes!" And she, with outstretched arms, "John, O John!" How quick the voice of loved ones strikes upon the ear, and vibrates through the heart! That was a happy night in the little log-house. The children came rushing in, and each in turn received their father's caress. Smiles of happiness and tears of joy mingled freely, for a father and husband was restored as from the dead. They had received no tidings of him after he left his cattle and went to look for them, and they mourned him as dead. The next year he hired a farm. He represented Dorset in the legislature from 1779 to 1782, in '81 was elected Assistant Judge for Bennington county, and also in '82, in '83 returned to Addison, on to the old farm where his descendants have ever since remained, — was elected to the legislature from Addison in '84, '85, and '86, — in '85 elected first Judge of the court in Addison county, — and in '86 Judge of Probate and member of the Council. These offices he held until 1801, 16 years; in 1791 was a member of the convention that ratified the Constitution of the United States on the admission of Vermont to the Union. In 1801 his failing health warned him to retire from the cares of political life, and he resigned the many and important offices he then held, and in June, 1816, gave up his life "to God who gave it." As a Christian he was consistent. The Congregational church, of which he was a member, have good reason to remember his liberality. As a patriot and statesman he had the confidence of those who acted with him, wherever he resided.

ZADOCK EVEREST

was born in Connecticut. In the summer of 1765 he came on to Addison, in company with two others, and commenced a clearing, and in September sowed it with wheat. This was the first clearing made by English settlers in this county. They returned to Connecticut in the fall, and the following May, Everest moved on by way of Otter Creek, and located himself in what was then thought to be Pantown, and was an active participant in the struggles which the early settlers of this town had to endure. He opened the first public house in this county. On the coming down of Burgoyne, he fled with his family and the settlers. On reaching Whitehall, he turned east into Pawlet, where he remained until 1784, when he returned to his former residence in Addison, the farm now owned by R. W. Eaton, Esq. He was elected a representative from Pawlet, March 12, 1778, and in 1785 from Pantown, in '88 and '89, from Addison, and again in '95; and held prominent offices in town for a long series of years. He died in —, respected as one of the fathers of the town and church. Some very ancient relics were found on this farm several years ago. Gen. C. C. Everest, in digging a well on the height of land, perhaps 150 feet above the present level of the lake, after digging some 20 feet through an almost impervious hard pan, came upon a strata of pebbles and sand, with every appearance of having once been the beach of the lake. Among these pebbles he found a short piece of rope, and an oak chip. The rope was of two strands. Its maker was not ascertained, as a curious old fellow picked it all to pieces before any one was aware what he was about. The chip was half an inch in thickness, and seven or eight inches long, in shape and appearance every way like a chip taken from a good-sized log, the chopper standing on the log and using an axe formed like ours. Where did the chip come from, and of what race of men were the choppers? It was deposited there centuries ago. Another curiosity was discovered on the farm of J. N. Smith. In cutting down a very old and large tree, a stone was found embedded near the heart, that probably had been placed there 150 years before. Did this county formerly belong to the Oneidas? Was this one of their boundary marks? It is a stone placed in a notch made by the blows of an axe in a tree. There were five divisions of this tribe, distinguished from each other by the further devices of the plover, the bear, the tortoise, the eel, and the beaver. There were farther subdivisions, marked by the potatoe, the falcon, the lark, and the partridge.

LIEUT. BENJAMIN EVEREST

was born in Seabury, Conn., and moved with his father to Addison when sixteen years of age. This was in 1769. Three years after his brother, Zadock Everest, came to this country, who was one of the first settlers. As a boy and young man, Benjamin was noted for his prowess and

activity in all athletic exercises. There was not one in all the settlement that could run, jump, or wrestle with him. With a heart that never knew the cessation of fear, and a frame capable of enduring any hardship, he was by nature well fitted to take a part in those troublous times. In August, 1773, when Allen, Warner, and Baker came up to help the settlers drive off Col. Reid and his Yorkers from their position at Vergennes, Everest with his brother Zadock and other neighbors joined them. After having torn down the mills, burned the dwellings, and destroyed the settlement, and being all ready to return, Allen made such an impression on Benjamin, their spirits were so much in unison, that Everest wished to go with Allen, as more trouble with the Yorkers was expected. Allen was glad of his service, and very soon gave him a sergeant's warrant in his band. From this time until the opening of the Revolution he was with Allen more or less.

On receipt of intelligence of the battle of Lexington, Everest immediately repaired to Allen's head-quarters, where he received a commission as Lieutenant, which was afterwards confirmed. He was very active and useful in procuring men and information to aid in the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and was with Allen when he entered the fort at Ticonderoga, and went up with Warner to take Crown Point. After Allen was taken prisoner at Montreal, Everest and his company was incorporated into Col. Seth Warner's regiment. He was with Warner at the battle of Hubbardton, and with his company as rangers held the British in check by skirmishing in the woods from point to point, facilitating and covering the retreat of Warner. Warner was not at Bennington at the commencement of the battle, but having information from Stark of the approach of Baum, with orders to hasten to his aid, he did so, and arrived just at the most critical time. Col. Baum having been mortally wounded, and his troops broken and flying, the militia, under the impression that the battle was over, had dispersed in every direction in search of plunder, when Col. Breyden, who had been sent to Baum's relief, arrived on the ground. Soon after Warner arrived, and at a glance saw the peril of our troops, and gave the word to "Close!" when, like an eagle swooping to its prey, so he and his Green Mountain Boys came down on the enemy, and scattered them like dust before the wind. Night closing in favored the escape of the enemy, but they lost 207 killed and about 700 prisoners. Everest received the public thanks of Warner for the bravery of himself and men. After the capture of Burgoyne, Everest obtained a furlough, with the intention of visiting Addison to look after his father's property, — his father having gone back to Connecticut with his family. Not knowing how matters stood in that section, he approached warily, keeping on the highlands between Otter Creek and the lake, intending to strike the settlement at Vergennes,

and then turn back to Addison. Arriving at the Falls at dark, he kindled a fire and lay down. About midnight he was awoken by the war-whoop, and found himself a prisoner to a party of Indians that were on their way to Lake Memphramagog, to attend a council of most of the tribes of Canada, New York, and New England. He suffered much from the thongs with which he was bound, at the first, but understanding the nature of the Indians very well, he so gained their confidence, that they showed him more leniency afterwards. On the breaking up of the council he was brought back to the western shore of Lake Champlain, near Whallons Bay, where they encamped for the winter. He had been pondering in his mind for a long time various plans for escape, but concluded to wait until the lake was frozen. It was now December, and the lake had been frozen some two or three days, the ice as smooth as glass; the sun shone out quite pleasantly, and the air was comfortable. The Indians prepared for a frolic on the ice; many of them had skates and were very good skaters. Everest asked to be permitted to go down and see the sport, as he had never seen any one skate; they gave him leave to go, two or three evidently keeping an eye on him. He expressed his wonder and delight at their performances, so naturally that all suspicion was lulled. After a time, when the Indians began to be tired, and many were taking off their skates, he asked a young Indian who had just taken off a very fine pair, to let him try and skate. This the Indian readily consented to, expecting to have sport out of the white man's falls and awkwardness. Everest put on the skates, got up, and no sooner up than down he came, striking heavily on the ice; and again he essayed to stand and down he fell, and so continued to play the novice until all the Indians had come in from outside on the lake. He had contrived to stumble and work his way some 15 or 20 rods from the nearest, when he turned and skated a rod or two towards them, and partly falling he got on his knees, and begun to fix and tighten his skates. This being done, he rose, and striking a few strokes towards the eastern shore, he bent to his work, giving, as he leaned forward, a few insulting slaps to denote that he was off. With a whoop and a yell of rage, the Indians that had on their skates started in pursuit. He soon saw that none could overtake him, and felt quite confident of his escape. After getting more than half across the lake, and the ice behind him covered with Indians, he looked toward the east shore and saw two Indians coming round a point directly in front of him. This did not alarm him, for he turned his course directly up the lake. Again he looked and saw his pursuers (excepting two of their best skaters, who followed directly in his track) had spread themselves in a line from shore to shore. He did not at first understand it, but after having passed up the lake about three miles, he came suddenly upon one of

those immense cracks or fissures in the ice that so frequently occur when the ice is glare. It ran in the form of a semicircle from shore to shore, the arch in the centre and up the lake. He saw he was in a trap. The Indians on his flanks had already reached the crack, and were coming down towards the middle. He flew along the edge of the crack, but no place that seemed possible for human power to leap was there. But the enemy were close upon him; he took a short run backward, and then shooting forward like lightning, with every nerve strained, he took the leap, and just reached the farther side. None of the Indians dared to follow. Finding snow on the ice at Panton, he left it, and made good his way to his regiment. He commanded the fort at Rutland during the summer of 1778. Carleton having come down the lake in the fall of this year, undertook some repairs at Crown Point. The Americans wished to obtain some certain information in regard to it. Everest was asked to go. He was bold, active, and well acquainted with the locality. He went. Doffing his uniform, he procured a tory dress, (gray,) and boldly entered the garrison and offered his services as a workman. He was set to tend masons, and made himself very acceptable by his industry. He had acquired about all the information he wanted, and would have left in a day or two, when, as ill-fortune would have it, a man by the name of Benedict, also an early settler in Addison, but who espoused the British cause, came into the fort, saw Everest and knew him, but Everest did not see Benedict. Benedict gave notice to the officer in command that one of his men was a spy, a lieutenant in the American army, and before Everest was aware that he was suspected, he was arrested, thrown into prison, and there kept for nine days. Major Carleton, in the mean time, had collected 39 men and boys as prisoners, and most of them neighbors and acquaintances of Everest, concluded to take Everest to Canada before he was tried, and ordered him on board the vessel just ready to sail for Canada. On board this vessel was Kellogg, Spalding, his younger brother Joseph, and other of his neighbors. It was now the latter part of November; a severe storm from the northeast came on, sleet and snow, with the wind blowing furiously. The vessel had run up to Ticonderoga to take on board some freight. During the day Everest had bribed one of the sailors to bring on board a bottle of liquor, which was secreted by Everest. At sunset the vessel was taken into the middle of the lake and anchored there. The night was very wild and tempestuous. At the solicitation of the prisoners, the captain had ordered a tent pitched on deck, to shield them from the storm. Everest now proposed to his fellow-prisoners to try to escape. They were anchored about half a mile north of the bridge that crossed the lake at that place, and he proposed to invite the sentry to take a drink or two out of the bottle and shelter themselves

from the storm, whilst they should watch their opportunity and let themselves into the lake and swim to the bridge. Only two dared to think of trying it. When every thing was quiet, Everest gave the sentry a drink out of the bottle, and in a little while asked him to come under the tent and have another glass. This was complied with, and in a short time Everest, saying "What a storm it is," went out as if to take a look. He took off his clothing and tied it about his head, let himself down into the water near the stern, and struck out for the bridge. It almost made him cry out aloud when he first went into the water, it was so piercing cold. Spalding followed next, but the water was so cold when he touched it, that he shrank back and crawled on board again. No other one attempted it. He succeeded in reaching the bridge, on which he crawled, and where, before he could dress himself, he came near perishing, being much colder than in the water. Seeing and hearing nothing of his companions, he concluded they had not started, or perished in the attempt. There was a party of British on the east shore at the end of the bridge, and Indians at the west end. Everest thought he could pass the Indians the best. His dress was gray, the tory uniform, and he resolved to make the Indians think he came from the British encampment, and was on his way with special orders; but just before reaching the shore, and where a quantity of goods had been piled ready for shipping, and so covering the bridge that there was only a very narrow pass, stood or rather leaned a sentinel. Everest looked about for a stick or some weapon, but could find nothing. He recollected he had a razor in his pocket, and opening it, approached very cautiously. He saw the man was asleep. With his razor ready, and his face towards the sleeper, he passed within six inches of him, ready, if the man stirred, to cut his throat. He passed the Indian camp without suspicion on their part, but soon after fell into one of the ditches of the fort, getting thoroughly wet. He now took a northwest course for about four or five miles, and came upon a fire where a party of Indians had camped the day before. After he had satisfied himself that no one was lurking in the neighborhood, he came to the fire, built a good one, and warmed himself and thoroughly dried his clothes. Just before daybreak the storm ceased, the moon came out, and he started north, keeping along the range of mountains. About sunrise he came to Put's Creek; here he stopped and rested awhile; and then keeping back on the hills, yet still in sight of the lake, until he came to Webster's, an old acquaintance, who lived where Cole's Mills now are, (about four miles north of Fort Henry.) Webster was in the woods chopping when Everest came to him. They started to go down to the house, but on coming into the clearing they saw the British fleet coming down the lake, with a very light breeze. Everest immediately went

back and secreted himself in the woods ; — Webster carried him some food, for he had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours. Webster agreed to keep a look out until after dark, and when the coast was clear to come to the door and chop a few sticks of wood, and whistle a tune agreed upon. The fleet anchored right opposite Webster's, and when all was quiet, at the signal, Everest came out. Webster let him have his canoe, and Everest giving the fleet a wide berth, landed safely on the east shore, and made his way to Castleton. He was afterwards taken prisoner by seven Indians, but escaped the next day. After the war he went to Connecticut, and moved his mother and the younger children up to Pawlet, his father having died previously. He resided here some two or three years, and was married. Soon after, they came back on to the old farm in Addison, where some of his descendants now live. He died at a good old age, a member of the Baptist church, and much respected.

GENERAL DAVID WHITNEY

came into Addison soon after the close of the Revolution, and settled on the farm previously owned by Kellogg. He afterwards removed to the farm on the north bank of Ward's Creek, where he lived until a few years previous to his death, when he moved to Bridport, where he died May 10, 1830, at the age of 93. He was a member of the Constitutional Conventions of 1793, 1814, '36, and '43 ; represented Addison in 1790, '92, 93, '97, '98, 1803 to 1815, and '24. He was a shrewd politician, and always one of the leading men in the town ; possessed considerable conversational powers, spiced with a quiet vein of humor. I recollect his account of having the lake fever soon after he came into town, and as it illustrates the practice of the day, I give it. It was whilst he lived on the Kellogg farm, a few rods from where J. W. Strong's house now stands. He was taken very sick, — pulse bounding, eyes bloodshot and starting from their sockets, the blood coursing through his veins like liquid fire. The doctor was sent for ; on arriving, ordered every window and door closed, although it was in the hottest of dog days, — cold water forbidden, warm drinks ordered. Thus days and nights of intolerable suffering, went by, and when he begged for just one drop of water, it was denied. One night two neighbors, weary and tired from the harvest field, came in to watch through the night. One of them soon dropped off to sleep ; the other, more enduring, still kept watch. At midnight, after giving the General his medicine, he brought in a pail of water, fresh from the well. How quick the sick man would have given the wealth of the Indies for one draught of that sparkling water. Could he not by stratagem secure it ? He feigned sleep ; and the tired man, fixing himself as comfortable as possible, was soon in a sound sleep. Whitney now crawled

from the bed on his hands and knees, and made his way to the pail. With what eagerness he clutched the cup and drained it, draught after draught. He then wished he could breathe a little fresh air, it was so stifling where he was. The man still slept ; he opened the door. How still and quiet every thing lay in the moonlight. The dew on the grass sparkling like diamonds — the chirp of the cricket alone broke the silence. How delicious was the night-wind, as it fanned his fevered cheek and burning brow. The idea of escape from his prison, as he regarded it, presented itself, and instantly he started, crossing the road and through a thicket hedge that grew beside the fence, into a meadow, and plunging down amid the tall wet grass, he clapped his hands for joy, as he rolled from side to side. But now the fever is upon him ; the fire is quenched, and his strength is gone. He cannot rise. The watchers have missed him. They shout his name. He tries to answer, but is too weak. They find and carry him to the house, and in alarm run for the doctor. He does not get there until morning. A quiet, refreshing sleep has removed all symptoms of fever. The doctor would give him pill and potion, but the General would none of it, and told him that he had got a new doctor, old Dame Nature, who seemed to understand the case altogether the best, and he should trust to her. Returning health showed his judgment in choosing. Ague and fever, and bilious intermit-tents, prevailed extremely in the early settlement of the town, but for quite a number of years little or none has been known.

JONAH CASE

was among the early settlers of the town. He built the first brick house in the county, in which H. Crane, Esq., now lives. It was kept as a public house ; the courts of the county were held here for several years. Loyal Case, a son of his, was sheriff for several years. A daughter of his married the Hon. Horatio Seymour, of Middlebury.

PAYNE

was one of the early proprietors of the town, and a large land-owner and speculator. He built the old tavern stand at Chimney Point, the frame of which is now enclosed in the brick building of H. Barnes, Jr.

BENAJAH BENEDICT

came into town previous to the Revolution. On the breaking out of the war he sided with the Crown. After the peace, he acquiesced in the Government, and took the oath of allegiance, and became a warm supporter of our free institutions.

MAJOR T. WOODFORD

was a soldier in the Revolution, and died in —, on the farm where he had long lived, now owned by J. W. Smith. One of his daughters married Rev. Justus Hough, first settled minister in the Congregational church in Addison, and first principal in the county Grammar school. Another daughter married Rev. Mr. Messer, for a long time pastor of the Congregational church in Shoreham.

CAPT. COOK

was another old Revolutionary patriot. He served during nearly the whole war.

REV. SYLVANUS CHAPIN

was also an old pensioner. He preached for the Congregational church at different times for many years, and was the founder of the Congregational church in Moriah, and preached to them for very little pay for a long time. He was simple in his dress and living, but his purse was always open to promote the cause of God, whether of his peculiar denomination or not, and he will be long remembered for his benevolence, his many eccentricities, and keen wit. A young man with a good deal of pomposity, proclaiming his infidel belief, among other things stated that man was a mere machine. Chapin, who was sitting by, said, "So, young man, you think you are nothing but a machine." "Yes, and I can prove it." Chapin replied, "A great bellows, I suppose. Ah, it needs no proof, it is evident you are right!" Roars of laughter followed, and the young fellow was ever after glad to keep his infidelity to himself, when Father Chapin was about. Mr. Chapin died in 18—, at the age of—.

J. S.

E. C. WINES, DD., LL.D.

ENOCH COBB WINES,—born at Hanover, N. J., fitted at Castleton Academy, and graduated at Middlebury College, 1827,—was Professor of Mathematics in the U. S. Navy two and a half years; five years Principal of the Edgehill School, Princeton, N. J.; five years Professor of Mental, Moral, and Political Philosophy, in the Central High School, Philadelphia, Penn.; five years Principal of the Oakland School, Burlington, N. J.; preached in Cornwall about a year; in East Hampton, L. I., three and a half years.

[Extract from a letter of President Wines.]

CITY UNIVERSITY, }
ST. LOUIS, MO., Jan. 9, 1860. }

I think the work proposed an important one, and the plan of it excellent. I hope that it will meet all the encouragement which such a work ought to receive.

You are mistaken about Addison being my native county. I was born in Hanover, New Jersey; but my father removed to Addison county, Vermont, when I was about seven years old. In addition to the items mentioned in the cata-

logue, to which you refer, I may state that I continued to serve as pastor of the church in East Hampton, Long Island, for a period of three and a half years, when I received and accepted an invitation to the Professorship of Greek in Washington College, Pennsylvania, in the fall of 1853. In connection with my professorship, I performed the duties of pastor to the Upper Ten-mile Church, a small congregation in the country. In July, 1859, I was called to the presidency of a new institution in this city, under the corporate title of the "City University of St. Louis." This call I accepted, and entered upon the duties of my new position in October last.

The list of my published works is as follows.

1. Two Years and a Half in the Navy, 2 vols. 12mo.
2. Hints on a System of Popular Education, 1 vol. 12mo.
3. How shall I govern my School? 1 vol. 12mo.
4. Letters to School-Children, 1 vol. 16mo.
5. A Trip to Boston, 1 vol. 12mo.
6. A Peep at China, in Mr. Dunn's Chinese Collection, 1 vol. 8vo.
7. Commentaries on the Laws of the Ancient Hebrews, vol. 1, 8vo.
8. A Sermon on Adam and Christ.
9. A Sermon on a Prohibitory Liquor Law.
10. An Historical Discourse commemorative of the Upper Ten-mile Congregation.
11. A Farewell Sermon.
12. An Address before the Suffolk County Temperance Society, L. I.
13. Monthly Journal of Education.
14. An Essay on the Mode and Advantages of Studying the Classic Languages.
15. A Report on Normal Schools.
16. A Lecture on Education as a Source of Wealth.

17. Girard College: a Lecture before the American Institute of Instruction.

18. Numerous Contributions on Literary, Educational, Social, and Theological subjects, to the periodical literature of the day.

I received the honorary degree of D. D. from Middlebury College, in 1853, and that of LL. D. from Washington College, on retiring from the professorship, which I held there for six years.

Yours respectfully,

E. C. WINES.

We owe Mr. Wines an apology for publishing an extract from his letter without leave-asking; but we so much value his opinion of the object and plan of our work, we wish to give others the benefit thereof.

POLITICAL CONDITION OF NAPLES.

THE CONCLUSION OF A LECTURE ON THE SUBJECT OF NAPLES AND ITS ENVIRONS.

One word on the political condition of Naples, and I have done. I have not brought with me from the shores of Europe the conclusions to

which I once listened from the lips of an eloquent divine, who, in the warmth of his admiration, scarcely stopped short of becoming the advocate and apologist of the tottering institutions and ancient abuses of European governments. I own that one of the greatest advantages of foreign travel consists in its tendency to obliterate national prejudices. I own that no folly can be greater, no prejudice narrower, than that of supposing that our own country is the limit of all that is wise in policy, noble in patriotism, and generous in virtue. The intelligent traveller often meets with excellences, where he had expected blemishes, and finds cause of admiration, where he had looked for grounds of censure. He learns that eminent worth and virtue can and do flourish in the sterile and exhausted deserts of tyranny, as well as in the more genial and generous soil of freedom. But even charity has its limits, and to surrender the judgment on the altar of a false liberality, betrays a weak, rather than a magnanimous mind. Frolic, laughter, gayety, humor, are seen in the lower orders of the Neapolitan population, and might impress a superficial observer with the idea that they are happy. But as to those pleasures which belong to our intellectual and moral constitution, those enjoyments which spring from the well of knowledge, that high spiritual happiness which our nature thirsts for with intense desire, the lives of these people are well-nigh a blank.

Those who are willing to sink the rational in the animal nature, those who are fain to receive their opinions by authority, and to have fetters of iron put upon thought and speech,—those, even, who are content to limit their pleasures to pictures, statues, and operas, and to gazing on palaces and cathedrals resplendent with gems, gold, marbles and mosaics, can get along well enough. But as for those generous spirits—and thank God, there are many such in Naples—who desire to rise to the full dignity of their nature, and the free enjoyment of their rights, their life is spent in secret sighs and unavailing wishes; and the labors of Sisyphus, endless but useless, seem no unapt emblem of the struggles with which their bosoms are familiar. And when I recall the burning words of indignation against their tyrants, which I have heard from their lips, and the ardent aspirations for liberty with which I have seen their bosoms heave, I can but exclaim, with a fervent emotion of gratitude to God,—Happy, proud America! land of my birth and home of my heart! Though no Virgil or Tasso has married thy mountains, thy valleys, and thy streams to immortal verse, though no patrician palaces or royal galleries adorn thy soil, though the splendor of courts is unknown to thy plebeian yeomanry, yet I would not exchange thy democratic rudeness, thy free heart, and thy homely virtues, for all that Europe boasts of ancestral dignity and modern magnificence. E. C. WINES.

THEIR GRANDSIRE.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM DELIVERED AT VERGENNIS.

THEIR plebeian grandsire in an easy chair
So quiet sits, you'd scarce observe him there;
His simple mind recurs to olden time,
E'er Fashion's code had labor made a crime.
He hears proscribed the man who daily toils,
His stagnant blood with youthful vigor boils;
A straggling tear bedews his aged face;
He weeps,—'tis for his own degenerate race.
His stricken heart for sympathetic friends
Precedes his limbs, the garret stairs ascends;
Slow move his limbs; bereft of youthful skill,
Slowly they hear and slow obey his will;
His noisy staff wakes echoes all around;
He heeds it not,—he's rapt in thought profound;
With snail-like step he climbs the garret stairs,
His trusty staff the burden mostly bears.
Kind friends, ascend the garret now with me,
And listen to his lonely monody.
By dust and cobwebs partially concealed,
A rustic heap of ancient tools reveal;
Yet o'er the heap again the good man weeps,
Again the tears bedew his aged cheeks:—
'Friends of my youth, 'tis fitting Time should trace
His broad, deep lines across my aged face;
'Tis also fit, as there you useless lie,
Signs of decay I now in you descry.
No boaster's flame I crave—you know it well;
If speech were granted, each would freely tell,
To score the oak, or fell the mighty pine,
No arm excelled this shrunken arm of mine.
My daily toil secured me daily health,
And led at length to competence and wealth;
My children now (I tell it, though, with shame)
Ignore the source from whence their fortune came.
When pampered youth maliciously conspire,
Insult the calling of their plainer sire,
My stagnant blood with youthful vigor boils,
My sympathies are with the man who toils.
I blame you not, my much beloved tools,
The thrift you won has made my children fools.
No youthful cheek should ever blanch with shame,
No son should blush to hear his parent's name,
Or deem it worthy of a passing note,
Should it be said he sponged and made a coat;
All honest men who live by honest trade,
Should own with pride whate'er their hands have
made;
Whate'er they do, should never blush to tell,
Provided always that they do it well.

LEONARD C. THORN.

REMINISCENCES OF ADDISON.

It was a mild October afternoon as we were driven slowly down the lake street from Panton to Addison, five to eight miles. We had heard of the valley of the Champlain; but it is one thing to read of Beulah, and another to walk through her borders of beauty. On the left of the smooth and excellent highway, handsome rural residences held the most charming sites, to almost every one of which we gave the palm in succession as we passed by; now to this quaint cottage, that with modest pretensions peeped out from 'mid an orchard of red-ripe fruitage; next to one that crowned a moderate elevation, overlooking a little bend or cove in the lake, where we saw the wreck of an old boat, half-sunken in the water; and our young driver told, in a manly, in-

teresting style, of three boats wrecked there one stormy night. Thus on our left lay one panorama of changing loveliness, while on the right, Champlain—lake of bright waters—heaved and swelled gently in toward the fair shore, now hidden from view by skirting trees, or slight swells of land, which our road soon came round, and hugged more closely to the pebbly shore, wound along near aside a pleasing way. This was one of the journeys that pay, where earth and air and water give unmeasured recompense; where one feels not the feather-weight of care, but luxuriates in the calm, rich gladness that stirs the boughs of the goodly trees, sings in the low murmurs of the lake-waves, looks down from the soft Indian summer sky, and maps the whole beautiful landscape. It was one of the afternoons in a lifetime, when one is satisfied with earth as it is,—when the augury of hope prophesies in the heart: “The human mind takes color and tone by what it feeds upon. Where the love of the beautiful thus predominates and thus is cherished,—where art skilfully joins handiwork with nature,—your mission will be welcomed.” And we found the spontaneous presentiment happy certainty. Our first night, we slept in the old Strong mansion, where five generations of the Strong family have been born; well may they who dwell here feel an honest pride in the venerable mansion,—substantial still, built in the days when carpenters did work upon honor. On the morrow, we surveyed, with reverential admiration, the spacious olden hall, with its broad stairway of antique banisters, the massive doors and ancient mouldings, and at the rear window, gazed out upon one of the finest lake-views in the country. At East Addison we also found cordial welcome, and particularly appreciated the excellent *terra firma*, the veritable superior land,* and the sleek cattle and horses that grazed in the rich meadows.

We looked upon Addison, and remembered she was once a county town, with reasonable expectations of becoming one of the first business towns in the State; we found her with only a weekly or semi-weekly mail; but we also found an entertainment and *free stages* that more than made amends for lack of public conveyance; and, must confess we like Addison better as she is. To us, this town, where the first Vermont settlement was made, is sacred ground. It is a pleasant truth, that, secluded from the taint of a large and changing population, shut out from the evil that destroys, rich in beauty, rich in soil, rich in flocks and herds, she retains what is most praiseworthy of all, much of her primitive simplicity of manners, unaffected courtesy, and whole-hearted hospitality.

* Soil generally marl or clay, and productive. The magnetic oxide of iron is found here in small octahedric crystals in argillite, and also the sulphuret of iron.—Thompson.

BRIDPORT.*

1761. Bridport, a post town of 42 square miles, was chartered Oct. 10, 1761, to 64 proprietors, mostly of Massachusetts, of whom Eph. Doolittle and Benj. Raymond were active in the early settlement. The first attempt to settle the town was made in 1768, but abandoned on account of difficulties that arose from the New York claims. The first permanent settler was Philip Stone, who, at the age of 21, came from Groton, Mass., purchased a lot of land, and commenced clearing it. Mr. Stone was afterward the first Colonel in the county. Two families, Richardson and Smith, settled about the same time under New York titles, and three, Towner, Chipman, and Plumer, under New Hampshire titles.

1772. Ethan Allen, having been declared an outlaw by the New York government, and a bounty offered for his apprehension, called, in company with Eli Roberts, of Vergennes, at the house of Mr. Richards, of this town. In the evening came also 6 well-armed soldiers from Crown Point, and determined to secure the bounty; but as Allen and his companion were also well armed, they concluded to defer their attempt at capture till after they had retired to their slumbers. Mrs. Richards overheard their arrangements to take Allen, but kept her own counsel till bedtime, when, opening a window, they silently made their escape. All remained quiet, till the soldiers, anxious to secure their prisoners, proceeded to the sleeping apartment, and found the game had flown, the room vacant. Very angrily they reprimanded Mrs. Richards, who adroitly replied, “It was for the safety of my house. Had they been taken here, the Hampshire men would have torn it down over our heads.”

There are other versions of this story. The following we find in Mr. Goodhue’s history of Shoreham, in which manuscript of Mr. Goodhue we first find Eli Roberts’s name given as the companion of Allen, and then erased and that of Seth Warner substituted.

MR. GOODHUE’S VERSION.

In 1772, Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, of Vergennes, put up at the house of Mr. Richards, in Bridport. In the evening, six soldiers, from Crown Point, all armed, as were Allen and Warner, stopped also for the night, having come with the intention of apprehending them, and securing the bounty offered by the governor of New York. Different versions of the escape have been given. One is, that on being lighted to bed, they passed out at a window; the other, that Mrs. Richards set the guns of Allen and Warner by the side of

* To Thompson’s Gazetteer, Demming’s Vermont officers, and the Rev. Mrs. Olmstead of Bridport, we are indebted for the material, considerable of which is rendered verbatim, from which this chapter is collated.

a window, with their hats on them. While the lady was busy about house, and the company engaged in conversation, Allen stepped out without hat or gun, and in a short time Warner followed, without attracting attention. When missed, the Yorkers remarked, "They haven't their hats, they haven't their guns," and fell to talking again; but as they did not return, they examined into the matter, and found both hats and guns were gone. This is the version of the story given by Moore's family, in Shorcham, to whose house they immediately fled.

This year, 1772, was born Rob. Hamilton, Jr., the first born in town.

1773. Nov. 25, Samuel Smith, from New York, moved his family into town, the second permanent settler here. This same day was also noted for the first marriage in town, that of Philip Stone, the first settler, to a Miss Ward, of Addison, whose family had recently moved into that town from Dover, N. Y., and the ensuing winter Mr. Victory came with his family. There is a melancholy account of his death. Taking his son, a lad of fourteen years, with him, he had gone up Lake George in a skiff, where, seized with an inflammatory fever, too sick to lift and ply a homeward oar, he landed on a solitary island, and, alone with this young son, who could only bathe his fever-parched lips with cool water from the lake and sorrowfully hold his dying head, he fainted by the way, was stricken in the wilderness, and died on the lonely isle of the lake. The affectionate son could not leave his dead father, perchance to some beast of prey, but stayed by the lifeless form till providentially a boat came so near he hailed it. The men landed, drew near, and, touched by the sight they saw, buried the body tenderly and decently as they could, without coffin or shroud, and took the fatherless boy off from the island.

The families of the settlers were liable, at any time, to be subjected to the most dreaded of all visitors, Indian parties of plunder. At one time the house of Mr. Stone was thus visited, Mr. Stone having just time to escape to the woods. These savage plunderers first stripped the house of everything of value, then their leader, Sangoop, put on as a frock, the best shirt he could find, and led his party out to the sty, where he selected the best, and officiated as chief butcher; and while his followers, whooping and dancing, carried off the butchered pig to their canoe, he stood flourishing his bloody sleeves. At another time, a party creeping stealthily up the bank toward the house, were discovered by Mrs. Stone in season to throw some things which she knew they would be sure to carry off, if found, out of a back window into the weeds, and, concealing some valuables in her bosom, sat down to eardling before they came prowling in. The Indians, not satisfied with what they found on the premises, drew near Mrs. Stone, who had been sitting, during this fearful visitation, with her children

around her, eardling all the while, apparently as unconcerned as though surrounded by friends, instead of Indians and thieves. One young savage, suspecting she had some things concealed about her person, attempted to run his hand into her bosom, whereupon she so dexterously cuffed him in the face with the teeth-side of her card, that he quickly recoiled from the invasion. Another young Indian flourished his tomahawk over her head; but an old Indian, struck with admiration at the coolness and bravery of the woman, laughing in derision at the defeat of his companion, ejaculated heartily, "Good squaw! good squaw!" when he interfered and led off the predatory party, and Mrs. Stone kept quietly eardling on, till quite sure they had made good their departure.

1775. The war of the Revolution commenced. A Tory, who was a tenant in the house of a Mr. Plindle, set fire to the house and left, implicating Mr. Stone in the robbery and burning. Mr. Stone, anticipating mischief, secreted himself among the bushes on the bank near his house, where he was discovered by the British, who fired upon him; but the volley of grape-shot struck among the trees above him. They also fired upon his house, and some of the balls entered the room where his family were. They then sent a boat on shore, captured Mr. Stone, and took him to Ticonderoga, where he remained three weeks. Mrs. Stone, expecting he would be sent to Quebec, that she might again see her husband before his departure, shut up her two little children alone in their cabin, bidding the elder, which was but four years of age, to take good care of the baby till mother came back, who was going to take poor papa his clothes, went in a canoe to carry them, a distance of 12 miles, accompanied only by her brother, a lad of ten years. After she arrived, in order to gain admittance to her husband, she must remain over night. The mother thought of her babes alone in the cottage in the woods through all the long night; but could she turn from the door of her husband's prison, and perhaps see him no more? No, her babes the tender mother committed, in her heart, to the Good Father, and tarried till the morning; and upon her return found her little children safe, the elder having understood enough of her directions to feed and take care of the younger.

1784. Bridport was organized March 29th of this year. John N. Bennet, first Town Clerk; Constable, M. Smith; Selectmen, John Barber, Moses Johnson, Daniel Hoskins, Isaac Barrows, and Marshall Smith.

1786. The town was first represented by Nathan Manly.

1790. June 30, the Congregational church, of 12 members, was organized by Rev. Lemuel Haynes, from W. Rutland; and Feb. 26, 1794, Rev. Increase Graves was installed, who officiated as pastor 25 years, and died strong in the faith in which he had lived and preached, at his own

home in Bridport, Dec. 24, 1827, aged 79. The last three years his colleague, Rev. Mr. McEwen, bore the burden of the whole charge. Rev. Dana Lamb was pastor from 1831 to 1847. Rev. F. W. Olmstead, present pastor, was installed July 11, 1848. In 1842, the church numbered 200; present number, 104. Their meeting-house stands in the village, and was erected in 1813. The Methodist church was organized in 1800, in 1853 consisted of 60 members; their house of worship, in the village, was built in 1821; and there has also been a small society of Protestant Methodists here. The Baptist church organized in 1804; numbered 80 in 1853. Their meeting-house stands about a mile from the lake.

1813. This was the most mortal year; 50 died of the prevailing epidemic. The next most fatal year was 1822, in which 25 died of dysentery.

There are 12 school districts. Justice Miner is recorded as holding the office of justice 39 years. Hon. Calvin Solace (father-in-law of John G. Saxe) has been Justice 32 years. The oldest person deceased in town, General Whitney, aged 98. The oldest persons now living in town are Wm. Baldwin, 90; Mrs. Clure, a sister, 87 1-2; and Mr. and Mrs. Walker, 90 and 92. There is also a celibate family, which consists of an aunt, two nieces, and a nephew, their respective ages 91, 63, 60, and 61.

The surface of the town is very level; the soil generally brittle marl or clay; the hills a loam and red slaty sandstone, a range of shelly blue slate extending through the town for the most part a little below the surface. The timber is in the east part, mostly maple and beech, and in the west, oak, with white and some Norway pine along the lake border. Many of the springs are impregnated with Epsom salts, and water for family use is obtained by large cisterns set in the ground to preserve the rainwater. Of the water from these brackish springs, some of which at low water will yield a pound of salt to a pailful of water, cattle are extremely fond; and salt has been formerly, considerably manufactured here. The town has also its medicinal spring, impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen. There are several landing-places for boats on the shore. The population, in 1850, was by census 1393. The people may be styled shepherd farmers, as the raising of sheep is the chief occupation of the people. And here, too, is the home of David Hill, the owner of the famous Black Hawk, which some 12 or 15 years since began to attract so much notice through the country for his superior fleetness and beauty, and whose bones, we are told, are now preserved in the Boston Museum, and whose history is, or ought to be, written among the annals of the noblest of American steeds.

The village is small, but pleasantly located, and has a neat, trim look. The view from the common, of the mountains and lake scenery,

is truly fine. And there are several handsome views on the stage-road between Middlebury and Bridport. The first and only time we ever visited this town, we took the stage in the edge of the evening at Middlebury. It so happened, our only lady-travelling companion was a sensible, thoughtful woman, of middle age, with whom we gradually fell into conversation, and found one who loved the night with its silent worship, its altars of stars and shadows, with the same grand preference we had ever given the darker part of day. The calm, earnest way in which she unveiled this sentiment, attracted us instinctively toward her: we recognized each other, and without formal introduction were acquainted. With the familiarity of one who knew, like a well-read book, the localities around, she pointed out the wayside pictures, talking quietly, slowly on in that delicious undertone, where the lips unconsciously measure the heart-beats below. "I love to journey very much, and gather up, as I pass by, little landscape pictures. There is nothing in the world so beautiful to me as these inimitable pictures." Slowly the stage crept through a wooded defile, where jutting hills on either side, with rock and tree, shaded the narrow road-way. "See," said our friend, "the most beautiful picture we shall see to-night: the most picturesque view between Middlebury and Bridport. I never pass through without admiring." God's pictures are beautiful, and that was one. The shadows of nature's walls deepened to the carriage-side, but there was a bright curtain of stars straight up, and the soft moonlight touched the tree-tops far above, and silvered the vista that opened and widened in front as the stage rumbled on, and left only its daguerreotype to memory and us.

THE SPRING ALREADY HAS APPEARED.

The Spring already has appeared, in robes of richest green;
In every leaf and blade of grass is heavenly wisdom seen;
The growth of plants, the springing grain, and opening beauties rise,
Show vegetation's mighty heart beat with renewed life.
The light and heat of nature unfolds the budding flower,
And vital life appears renewed by every gentle shower;
And, had man remained immortal, and never known of sin,
This world so very beautiful, had still an Eden been!
Such scenes of wondrous beauty here, forever meet our view,
And day by day doth knowledge add, in varied forms and new;
Yet all that is most beautiful, we daily see in this,
Are but the faint foreshadowings of that purer world of bliss.

CHARLOTTE R. COOK.

BRISTOL.

BY HON. HARVEY MENSILL.

This town, by name of Pocock, was chartered by Benning Wentworth, of New Hampshire, June 26, 1762, (26,000 acres,) to Samuel Averill and 62 others. Its name was changed to Bristol, Oct. 21, 1789; and 4,400 acres were set off to Lincoln, Nov. 18, 1824. It lies S. W. from Montpelier, and S. E. from Burlington, about 25 miles. Bristol Flats, and land bordering on the river, is composed of a fine, deep, fertile, alluvial deposit; on the elevated plains a more gravelly and compact soil, not much diminished, prevails. Through the town, one part is rich loam; another, a clay soil; and yet another filled in with small smooth stone, having the appearance of once having been in the bed of a river. A broken range of mountains divides the town, so that two thirds of the table land lies on the west; one of which, from its shape, received the name of Hog's Back. These mountains, except in a few places where naked rocks appear, were formerly timbered near to their summits. Rattlesnake Den, a mass of broken stone, piled promiscuously, was at an early day infested by these snakes; but when they came out in the Spring, and curled upon the rocks, the settlers took advantage of their docility, and killed them in great numbers. None have been seen for many years. New Haven River enters through a mountain ravine, on the west, over so rough and rocky a bottom for some two miles, that, in time of high water, it appears in a perfect rage, and winds its way by a circuitous route to New Haven. Upon this stream and Balwin's Creek, a tributary, there are many good mill privileges improved. Bristol Pond, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, and $\frac{3}{4}$ wide, in the widest part, lies on the west side of Hog's Back. It has a muddy bottom, and extensive marshes covered with white cedar, black and white oak, tamarisk, and a few scattering pines; and it is well stored with pickerel. There is another pond, covering 10 or 12 acres, on South Mountain, well stored with trout. There are several springs in this town impregnated with mineral or gaseous substances, at one time frequently visited for their curative properties. These waters, clear and cold, are in constant motion, like a boiling pot, and resemble "Clarendon." A bed of iron ore, of the brown hematite variety, fibrous and commonly radiated, has been worked in years past and made excellent iron; found in connection with this bed is the black oxide of manganese and an ochery variety of iron ore.

It is said, and generally believed, that John Brodt, a German, and fugitive from justice, made Bristol his residence for about twelve years before any settlement was commenced. The account given by himself, as the writer is informed by one who had seen and conversed with him, is substantially as follows: He came from, or

near, Unadilla, N. Y. He and one of his neighbors were owners of adjoining lands, and there was a misunderstanding between them about the line between their lots; this was the cause of bitter controversy between them. One day, Brodt, on his return from a hunting excursion, found his neighbor cutting timber, which he claimed to be on his land, and shot him dead on the spot. He immediately fled, and escaped punishment. On his flight, he called at Schenaboro', now White Hall, and procured ammunition, an axe, fishing tackle, and other necessary articles, and finally located in Bristol, then an unbroken wilderness. Here he built a small hut, where he was found by the committee, when they were surveying the first division of lots in the township. Capt. Bradley had then commenced a settlement some five miles down the river. He had built a log-house, and was expecting the arrival of his family. He pitied the solitary man, and invited him to make them a visit.

Soon after the arrival of the Captain's family, a very strangely dressed person made his appearance. As John Brodt stalked in, with moose-skin coat, with the hair on; breeches of undressed deer-skin, and a cap of fox-skin with the tail on; his short gun over his shoulders, followed by his aged and gray dog, the frightened children crept under the bed.

Brodt remained with them during the winter. His distant friends, on learning the place of his residence, petitioned in his behalf to the executive of New York for a pardon, which was granted; and soon after the receipt, he left for his former residence. We have no further knowledge of his history. It is said that he had a good education, and some respectable friends and connections. About fifty rods in a S. E. direction from Munson & Dean's Forge, a large chestnut-tree and a few stones of a fireplace mark the spot on which the guilty and unhappy fugitive long resided in solitude.

The first permanent settlement was commenced by Samuel Stewart and Eden Johnson, in the spring of 1786. Benjamin Griswold, Hen. McLaughton, Cyprian Eastman, Justus Allen, Robt. Dunshee, and John Arnold soon joined them; Gurdan Munsill, Amos Scott, Sam'l Brooks, Elij. Thomas, and Calvin and Jonathan Eastman were soon added, and their numbers continued to increase until 1810; from which time, until 1820, there was a decrease of 128. The population in 1850 was, by census, 1,312. Since 1850, it is thought there is considerable increase. The first person born in town was Mary Stewart, daughter of Sam'l Stewart, the first settler, who married Capt. Jehial Saxton, and now lives in Newburgh, O., a widow. The first male born in Bristol was Horace Griswold. The first marriage that appears upon record is that of Samuel Brooks and Betsey Rorapough, Mar. 16, 1791. The first death was that of a child of Amzi Higby, about 6 years old. The

boy had been sent by its mother to call his father to dinner. The father was chopping down a tree. The boy, with all the animation of childhood, ran near to him, calling out, "Pa! pa! dinner is on the table!" But when the father first heard the voice of his child, he also discovered the tree had commenced falling in the same direction; and, horror stricken, beheld his beloved son instantly killed by the falling tree.

The first physician was Dr. Joseph Cable; the first practising attorney, the Hon. Sam'l Halsey. The first settlers were generally persons of very limited means, compelled from necessity to labor with their own hands to subdue the forest and cultivate the fields as the only means of support for themselves and families. The females acted well their part; in addition to the ordinary cares of their families, they were often found in the field assisting to secure the crops of hay and grain; and not unfrequently were employed in piling logs and brush when their husbands were clearing their land. They were accustomed to spinning, weaving, and manufacturing their own and their husbands' and children's clothing. The wheel was the instrument of music on which they played, and it was seldom found out of tune. None of the first settlers were men of liberal education, nor were any of them very illiterate.

The town was organized Mar. 2, 1789. At the first freeman's meeting, held the first Tuesday of Sept. 1792, and from that time until the present, the town has been represented in the General Assembly, and the annual town meeting orderly held in March. The town pays heavy taxes, yet has always met its liabilities, and is as free from indebtedness as any town in the county.

Located in the centre of the town, on a plain 100 feet above the bed of the river, is one of the most delightful villages in the State. On the east towers a mountain, presenting a sublime and picturesque appearance. On the north and south is an open country. Casting your eyes to the west, in a clear day, the first object presented to view is the lofty *Adirondack* mountain chain; their scores of heads, in sportive mockery, seeming to vie with our own Green Mountains in Vermont. There is also within the village a beautiful enclosed park, (over an acre,) with an open space of near 6 rods on all sides. Taking into consideration the water power, its soil, always dry in the streets, and not dusty in a dry time, and its romantic scenery, it can hardly be surpassed in Vermont for beauty and convenience. Yet this handsome village, in 1800, was almost an unbroken forest, with not a single framed building, and but few small log-houses. This village now contains 3 good meeting-houses, (the Baptist, built in 1819; the Episcopal Methodist, in 1840; and the Congregational, in 1841, — the two first having each a good bell;) and a good academy building, with a good bell; a two-

story district schoolhouse; 2 grist mills; 2 saw-mills; 1 chair factory; 1 window blind, sash and door factory; 1 carding machine and clothier's works; 1 tannery; 4 blacksmith shops; 3 shoe shops; 2 paint shops; 2 harness maker's shops; 1 tavern; 4 dry goods stores; 1 hardware store and tin shop; 1 drugstore; 1 bookstore; 2 eating saloons; 2 milliner's shops; several mechanics' shops; and 94 dwelling-houses, mostly painted white; and is supplied with water by 4 aqueducts, fed from never-failing springs; — the principal one brought about 300 rods in water-cement pipes. There are now in the village, 2 practising physicians, Dr. F. P. Wheeler and Dr. L. Hasseltine, Jr.; 2 attorneys, Hon. Horatia Needham and Martin Copland. There are 8 districts in which a summer and winter school are regularly taught; though not what they should be, yet good as generally sustained in the State.

Charles Smith, Royal W. Peak, Anson H. Parmelee, Jeremiah Hatch, Jr., Adam K. Miller, George Eastman, Martin Lowell, Edwin Johnson, and Walter C. Dunton, are our college graduates.

The Baptist church, organized Aug. 7, 1794, Timothy Allen, first deacon, held their meetings at different places to accommodate the people, and had no ordained minister or steady preaching until Eld. Amos Stearns was ordained, Sept. 3, 1818, — the church numbering 44 members. The whole number during the 24 years since its organization is 108. In 1820, Eld. Stearns was dismissed for want of support. Elders John Dodge and David Hardy supplied them most of the time until Eld. Wm. W. Moore was ordained, June 16, 1836. The two first years of Eld. Moore's labor were successful, but during the last, various influences worked an alienation of pastor and people, and a separation ensued. Since Eld. Moore was dismissed, the church has employed for different periods, Elders Arnold Kingsbury, Solomon Gale, Elias Harbut, Richard Amnden, Cyrus W. Hodges, A. A. Sawin, P. C. Himes, and the present supply, Eld. Pinkam.

The Congregational church was organized July 8, 1805, by Rev. J. Bushnell, of Cornwall, who in an early day occasionally preached here. David Ingraham, first deacon, continued to officiate until he removed from town, 1815. They had no stated preaching for several years, nor house of worship, till 1819, when they built a house in connection with the Baptists and Universalists, each denomination to occupy in proportion to the amount paid for its erection; they occupied their share, until 1837, when they sold out to the Baptists, and, in 1841, erected themselves a respectable house. They had no settled minister until Calvin Butler was ordained, Feb. 10, 1842, at which time the church numbered 67. He continued to labor three years, and was dismissed for want of support. The church

has been temporarily supplied since, by the Revs. Beckwith, Frazure, Reggs, Morgan, Hoyt, Goodale, Hazen, and Kimble. At present they have no stated preaching.

There were a few Methodists who occasionally held meetings, as early as 1810, if not before. There was a class that united with a class in Monkton, whose leader was John Creed, who held meetings in a schoolhouse at the north part of the town. In 1813 a class was formed at the village, and meetings held at the house of Eben'r Saxton, an early and worthy member. Rev. Stephen Sovenberger preached the first Methodist sermon in Bristol. Rev. C. H. Gridley was the first circuit preacher; during his preaching, several united with the church. The first quarterly meeting was held by Rev. Jacob Beeman, when in charge of the Charlotte circuit, in Capt. Noble Munson's barn, in 1816, and since then there has been regular preaching most of the time, and quarterly meetings regularly. At that period Bristol belonged to the Charlotte circuit, but is now under the Troy Annual Conference, organized in 1832. The church is now supplied by Rev. Thomas Dodgson, and among its members are some of our best citizens, and its Sabbath school is in a prosperous condition. In 1819, by great exertion, they built a chapel, which answered their purpose until 1840, when they had become able to erect one after the modern style.

SAMUEL STEWART,

the first permanent settler of Pocock, (now Bristol,) was a soldier of the Revolution, in the battle of Bunker Hill; went to Quebec with Arnold in his detachment, that penetrated the wilderness by the way of the Kennebec River; was at the assault on Quebec, and after the fall of Montgometry, his term of service having expired, he returned home. He was soon after married to Miss Elizabeth Abbot, of Pawlet, and removed to Salem, N. Y.; from thence to Schenksboro', and from thence to Bristol, in June, 1786, where he continued to reside until the fall of 1817, when he removed to Royalton with an ox team, being 51 days on his journey. He was one of the first Board of Selectmen in Bristol,—had twelve children,—was a bold and resolute man, and died at Royalton, Aug. 27, 1827, aged 78.

BENJAMIN GRISWOLD

came from Westfield, N. Y. and was the third person with a family who settled in town. He located on what is called Bristol Flats, built a log-house and occupied the same a few years, when he removed to Cambridge, Lamoil county.

CAPT. CYPRIAN EASTMAN

was born in Norwich, Conn. in 1749. He was the second son of Jonathan Eastman, of Rupert, deceased. He married Rosannah Nelson, of

Rupert, by whom he had ten children. In 1787 he settled on Bristol Flats, and was one of the first selectmen. In June, 1791, a militia company being organized, he was chosen captain, and was also appointed one of the committee to lay out the first division lots of land and roads in said town. The Captain was a good citizen, and well esteemed. In the spring of 1798 he went to Montreal, where he took the smallpox, of which he died on the 23d of May, aged 49 years.

ROBERT DUNSHEE

was born in New Hampshire, and emigrated to Bristol in 1787. He commenced a settlement at the extreme south part of the town, and afterwards sold and removed to Bristol Flats, where he built a two-story house, afterwards used as a tavern. He followed the business of a saddle and harness maker many years. Again he sold out and removed on to the mountain road to the Little Notch. He, too, was one of the first selectmen. He was twice married. After the death of his first wife, by whom he had one child, he married Bershabe Eastman, a daughter of Capt. Cyprian Eastman, by whom he had several children. He was an industrious man, and a good citizen. He died from the effects of a cancer.

HENRY McLAUGHLIN, ESQ.

was born in Ireland, and served as a drummer in the army of Burgoyne, till he (Burgoyne) left Ticonderoga for Schenksboro', when he left his army and went to Williamstown, Mass., where he employed his time in teaching school a few years. He married Miss Mary Dunton, of Dorset, a sister of Gen. Dunton, of Bristol, and soon after, in March, 1787, removed to the latter place. The snow being very deep, he removed his goods from Middlebury on a hand-sled. He was our first town clerk, and afterwards constable; and five times one of the selectmen. He surveyed many of our roads, and was the proprietors' clerk. He thrice represented the town, and was ten years an acting justice of the peace. He commenced a settlement at the four corners, west of the village, where he built a brick house and kept a tavern many years. In 1803 he removed to Hopkinton, N. Y., where he kept a public house until February, 1812, when he and his wife for the first time returned to Bristol for a visit, and were taken sick and died within one week of each other. Their death was much lamented.

CAPT. GURDON MUNSILL,

a soldier of the Revolutionary war, was born in Windsor, Conn., Oct. 28, 1760. He married Miss Olive Carver, of Bolton, Conn., by whom he had eight children. He emigrated to Bristol, where he arrived March 21, 1789. He had been in town the previous year, and made some improvements. He was appointed by the Legisla-

ture, in 1788, collector of a land tax in Bristol; represented the town in 1796; was two years justice of the peace; and seven years one of the selectmen. He was appointed captain of a militia company in Bristol, in 1795, which office he held several years, and died Nov. 15, 1807, aged 47.

GEN. EZEKIEL DUNTON

was born in Dorset. He married Miss Comfort Kellogg, and removed to Bristol at an early day, where he continued to reside until his death, Feb. 13, 1824, aged 56. He was a good farmer and a much respected citizen. In 1794 he was chosen one of the selectmen, and was ten times re-elected. He was twice chosen constable and collector; represented the town in 1805, '03, and '13; was fifteen years a justice of the peace; and was appointed brigadier-general of the 2d Regiment, 1st Brigade, and 3d Division of the militia of Vermont. Holding that office at the invasion of Plattsburgh by the British, he took the command of a volunteer company as their captain, and was in the battle of Plattsburgh. He left four children, two sons and two daughters.

JONATHAN EASTMAN, ESQ.

was born at Norwich, Conn., in 1753, and was third son of Jonathan Eastman, late of Rupert, deceased. He married a Miss Haynes for his first wife, by whom he had one daughter; and a Miss Ruth Dean for his second, by whom he had five children. He removed from Rupert to Bristol in 1791. He was a worthy citizen, and our first representative in 1792, and again in 1795; four years one of the selectmen; eleven years town clerk; and seventeen years a justice of the peace. He died Dec. 16, 1816, aged 63.

A SPECIMEN OF AMOS EASTMAN'S POETRY.

[Amos Eastman, Esq., at the advanced age of 92 years, is still living at Bristol.]

THIS day my age is EIGHTY-EIGHT,—
How like a dream! how short the date!
The scenes and trials I've passed through
All lie before me to review.
The adage, true in every land,
We're twice a child and once a man;
May childhood innocence be mine,
With age, experience, all combine.
Time swiftly passes on, we see,
Waits not for you, waits not for me;
Then seek a City out of sight,
Where all is found that can delight.

FEB. 8, 1853.

BRISTOL SCENERY.

BEAUTIFUL may be the towns that lie beside the placid waters of Lake Champlain, but they cannot compare with the picturesque scenery of my own native town,—its grand mountains, with towering rocks, and lofty oaks and pines; its verdant hills, with gushing springs and rivulets. Earth's scenes are changing, but mountains and hills remain, remnants of primeval beauty.

The hand of man may change the wilderness to a fruitful field,—Omnipotence alone maketh the mountain to nod, and drieth up the source of waters. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so, indeed, in some measure, are they round about us. We cannot boast of mighty rolling waters, but there is magnificence in the ragged, rock-bound shores of our rivers. When the forests assume the October tints, we enjoy a sunrise over these mountains, beautiful beyond description, as hill and dale are lighted by the ascending King of Day. If there is any devotion in the heart, it must ascend in praise to Him who hath said, "Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool."

MRS. JAMES TUCKER.

THERE ARE MEMORIES.

THERE are memories that linger forever,
And yearnings deep hid in the breast;
There are feelings unspoken, that never
Shall change till the heart is at rest.
There are hours when the soul is all sadness,
And darkness rests down like a pall,
Tierced by no ray of sunshine or gladness,
And life seems a weariness all.

There are friends whose sweet sympathies cheer us,
The loving, the true, and the kind;
Oh, would they might ever be near us
To chase the sad gloom from the mind!
There's a pathway our feet may leave never,
Marked out by the finger of God,
Stern Duty is beckoning us ever
Where the footsteps of martyrs have trod.

There are hopes that grow brighter in sorrow,
And Faith sheds her heavenly light,
While she points to a fairer to-morrow,
A day not succeeded by night.
Where the faithful ones, wayworn and weary,
Are gathered to mansions of rest,
Exchanging these earth-scenes so dreary,
For joys in the home of the blest.

MRS. M. H. CASE.

POETRY.

POETRY is the harmonious and picturesque development of the truths of nature and of God. In its expression, it rises from the simplest lullaby song of the mother to the cradled nursing, to the loftiest anthems that swell the praises of God, and fill the immensity of his universe. In its range, it extends from the simplest truths of nature, on and on, to the sublimest utterances of God in all time and eternity. In its scenery, it embraces every exhibition of God's works; in earth, from the lowest existences to the highest; in air, the sublime and interminable range of all worlds, with all their multifarious existences; in heaven, all the revealed and conceivable perfections and glories of its high, holy, and eternal abode; in the immensity of the world beyond, the eternity of our being and God's, its forever developing and still forever undeveloped wonders and glories.

REV. C. W. WALKER,

Principal of Bristol Academy.

REST.

Rest for the weary hands,
When the work of life is done;
Rest for the weary feet,
When the race of life is run.
Rest for the aching head,
When the care of life is o'er;
Rest for the breaking heart,
When sin shall vex no more.
This is the rest we wish, we need,
Oh, such repose is rest indeed!

MRS. D. M. F. WALKER.

TO BE.

To be! Ah, 'tis a grand and fearful thing
To feel the dread responsibilities
That crowd around the soul, e'en in this life;
To know, each morn, that in the coming day
A future lies that may destroy bright hopes,—
Perhaps the dearest of the quivering heart,—
Throw shadows o'er the soul, whose length'ning
Shades may dim its lustre through all time;
Or else stir thrills of joy within the breast,
To swell and vibrate through eternity.

Through pleasure's eddies, and the passion's whirl,
The storm's rude wrath, the lightning's vivid curl,
The low'ring cloud of dark and fell despair,
The tempest-tost and trembling soul rides on,
Lives, ever lives, expands, and grows more strong;
Till, fretted by its limitations scant,
It launches forth upon that unknown sea,
Toward which time ever rolls its ceaseless tide,
There through unending ages to exist,
And quaff deep, satisfying draughts, for which
The soul in time oft longs, and thirsts, and gasps,
And stretches forth its hands, but cannot grasp.

L. H. THOMAS, M. D.

NO ROSE WITHOUT THORNS.

A YOUTH walked Life's garden to cull the fair flowers,
Where a garland he wove his brow to adorn,
When sweet cries of rapture were heard in Hope's
bowers,—

Eureka! Eureka! a rose without thorns!

His heart by loud beating re-echoed the sound,
And mocked at the sages who often have said,
A rose that is thornless no mortal hath found
In the way-path of life man ever must tread.

He gazed on its petals, his soul filled with fire,
Emotions welled up and burst from his lips;
I've found the rich treasure for which I aspire,
More fragrant than nectar that Jupiter sips.

He pressed to his bosom this blossom so fair,
He sought it at evening and gay smiling morn,
Nor dreamed he of sorrow, nor suffering, nor care;
He fancied the rose quite devoid of a thorn.

But as he caressed it he felt a sharp pang;
Like an arrow it sped, while bleeding and torn
His heart lay in sorrow; and upward he sprang
With wail of sore anguish,—“Alas! here's a thorn.”

Oh, ever 'tis thus in our longings for fame,
Or what is called glory and dazzling renown!
Hope ever allures by fanning the flame,
And then turns away with a wound or a frown.

Or Love gives a banquet, and we are his guest,
And earth seemeth joyous, and beauty adorns;
We think ne'er was mortal so favored and blest,
When lo! mid the whole lie numberless thorns.

JENNIE B. LOWELL.*

* Now Mrs. J. B. Cook, of Monkton.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF
CORNWALL.

BY REV. LYMAN MATTHEWS.

“They braved the savage in his native wilds;
They bade defiance to the wintry blast,
Smiled at the toils and perils of their way,
And onward came.”

IN the contest between New York and New Hampshire, respecting jurisdiction in Vermont, the “proprietors” of Cornwall acknowledged the authority of the latter province. This is evident from the Charter under which they derived a title to their lands, preserved among the proprietors’ records, bearing date Nov. 3, 1761. The claims of New York appear not to have been urged with much earnestness, for several years, as previous to 1764, no less than *one hundred and thirty-eight* townships received charters from Gov. Wentworth. The occupancy and improvement of these townships seem to have awakened within the New York claimants a new estimate of the value of the lands, and to have so far stimulated their cupidity as to call forth earnest and persevering efforts to establish and maintain their jurisdiction. To which of the governments they should render allegiance, would have been comparatively a matter of indifference, if the titles to their lands had remained unquestioned. But the declaration of New York, that the New Hampshire charters were void, and the settlers should either quit their possessions or repurchase from New York claimants, was met with determined resistance, as unjust. And the settlers, believing neither of the contending governments had the ability, even if disposed, to protect them in the enjoyment of their rights, declared themselves independent of both, and resolved to manage their own affairs in their own way.

The grantees of the charter of Cornwall are sixty-five, including several females, and they were mostly, perhaps wholly, residents of Litchfield Co., Conn. Owing to the destruction of their records previous to 1778, the original assignment of rights cannot be determined with precision.*

The charter “is to contain, by admeasurement, above 25,000 A., which tract is to contain something more than 6 m. sq., and no more,” and originally embraced all that part of Middlebury which lies west of Otter Creek, which tract was, with consent of the parties, annexed to Middlebury by the Legislature, in 1796.

The first settlements were made in 1774, in that part of the township annexed to Middlebury. The settlers were Asa Blodget, Jas. Bently, Jas. Bently, Jr., Thos. Bently, Jos. Throop, Theoph. Allen, Wm. Douglass, and

* A curious error is observable in the boundaries as prescribed by the charter, which it will be impossible to notice in this brief sketch, but which will be brought to view in a more minute history of the town, which it is hoped may be ready for publication at a period not very remote.

Sam'l Benton. About the same time, Eldad Andrus, Elisha Andrus, Aaron Scott, Nathan Foot, Sam'l Blodget, and Eben'r Stebbins made "pitches." None of these names are found among those indorsed upon the charter, from which we infer they purchased the right of occupying their lands from original proprietors. Indeed, their surveys specify certain "original rights," upon which the titles to their pitches claim to be based. Several of these persons, among whom were Asa Blodget, Sam'l Blodget, his son, and Eldad Andrus were taken prisoners by the Indians, but after suffering much hardship, and many threats of violence and death, succeeded in reaching their families. An interesting incident is related in connection with the story of Mr. Andrus's captivity, as follows:—

After having cut down his young apple trees, and in other ways annoyed his family, the Indians took away a mare and colt, the only animals of the horse kind in his possession, and by the family they were regarded as lost. After the lapse of two or three years, however, the old mare returned with her colt, now well grown, with another in company which mated it well, and they made Mr. A. a team for years.

After the surrender of Ticonderoga to the British, the settlers of Cornwall and the adjacent country became still more exposed to marauding parties of Indians and British soldiers; and the inhabitants deemed it prudent to retire from their farms to their former homes, in Connecticut, or Massachusetts, or to the southern portions of Vermont, where most of them remained until the relations between Britain and America assumed a more peaceful aspect. In 1783, as soon as the news of peace reached this country, several families returned, and in 1784, a very large accession to the number of settlers arrived, and made their selection of farms. This year the town was organized, and from this period the emigration to Cornwall increased with so great rapidity, that in 1809, only sixteen years later, the dwellings had become as numerous, and the population as great as in 1840, when it was 1,163; greater than in 1850, and as great, probably, as it will appear in the census of 1860. Of the early settlers, many lived to a very advanced age,—several beyond 90 years; and one, the mother of Eldad Andrus, to the extreme age of 106 years.

Is it asked, why has the population of Cornwall remained stationary as to numbers for more than half a century? The pulpits of our land, the halls of legislation, the courts of justice, the chairs of editorial and literary labor, the seminaries of instruction, the chambers of sickness, the marts of trade, the railroad and telegraph offices, the homes of agriculture dotting the broad prairies of the West, the agencies of benevolence, and the abodes of missionary toil in pagan lands, can answer the interrogatory. For in all these positions the sons of Cornwall have been, and in most of them may now be found discharging

their several responsibilities with a measure of energy and fidelity, in most cases, creditable to themselves, and honorable to the town which gave them birth, and nurtured their early years.

Our history, in this respect, must resemble that of many other towns in this Commonwealth. But there is, perhaps, no arrogance in the assumption, that the character of the early settlers of the town contributed in a somewhat unusual degree to this result. A large proportion of them possessed qualities which prepared them to be pioneers in a new settlement; qualities which, transmitted to their children through parental example and instruction, led those children to aspire after usefulness, or honors, or pecuniary gains in new fields of labor.

Like the Pilgrim Fathers, it was the first care of the early settlers of Cornwall to provide for the worship of God, and the education of their children. Before any roads were opened, they designated three dwellings in those parts of the town which would best accommodate their religious assemblies, and to these they resorted, on foot, from Sabbath to Sabbath, guided by "blazed" trees. In July, 1783, only one year after the organization of the town, the Congregational church was formed, and the year following, Rev. Thomas Tolman was ordained as its pastor. In consequence of a change in his religious sentiments, he was dismissed in 1790. Several years following, the church, though destitute of a pastor, sustained religious worship, maintained its discipline, and enjoyed a vigorous growth. In February, 1797, Rev. Benj. Wooster was settled as pastor, and sustained this relation till January, 1802.

In May, the following year, Rev. Jedediah Bushnell was installed. This year, also, the Congregational meeting-house was erected, the services of Mr. Bushnell's installation having been conducted, it is said, upon the unfinished timbers of the frame. Under the ministry of Mr. Bushnell, widely known as Father Bushnell, this church enjoyed its greatest prosperity, and was repeatedly favored with seasons of powerful religious revival. In the language of Father Bushnell, "The church was stable as the surrounding hills, each member being able to give a reason of the hope that was in him." Few ministers have held a pastoral charge in Vermont, whose influence has been more marked, or whose memory is cherished with more reverence and affection. His pre-eminent success as a pastor is attributable not more to his ardent piety and devotion to his chosen work, than to his wisdom, his fearlessness, and his scrupulous honesty. Human character seemed open to his view, which fact enabled him to give to his counsels and reproofs the directness of Nathan's reproof to David. In respect to his ordinary dealings, his people sometimes said, "Mr. Bushnell is very precise." But no man charged him with dishonesty. In this

particular he was above suspicion. The very narrow limits prescribed to this article, forbid us to dwell minutely upon a character which might well be presented as a model to those in the sacred office. The language of Cowper has rarely been more appropriate.

—"simple, grave, sincere,
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge.
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men."

After a ministry of 33 years, Mr. Bushnell was dismissed, in 1836, but continued to supply the pulpit until the following year, when Rev. Lam-on Miner was ordained, whose pastorate was of only two years' continuance, in consequence of the failure of his health. He was succeeded by Rev. Jacob Scales, who in 1843, also requested a dismissal. The ministry of S. W. Magill, installed in 1844, was also very brief, owing to the failure of his health. Subsequently, the Rev. G. W. Noyes and Rev. J. A. Bent were pastors for a few years, the latter having been released from his charge on account of the state of his health. In August, 1858, the present pastor, Rev. A. A. Baker, was installed.

In 1807, another meeting-house was erected in West Cornwall, and occupied by the Baptist Church, over which the Rev. Nathan Green was installed in 1809. He continued in office till 1824. From that date till 1841, the pulpit was occupied by stated and occasional supplies, when a Free church was organized, composed chiefly of members of the Baptist and Congregational churches. Since its organization, this church has enjoyed, for more or less protracted periods, the labors of several different pastors. At about the same date as the organization of the Free church, a Methodist church was established, which also erected a house of worship.

The number of school-districts is seven. All possess good schoolhouses; those recently erected are neat and commodious structures. The influence of these seats of primary instruction is obvious in the character of the professional men. To their influence may, perhaps, also be traced the origin of a Literary Society, established as early as 1804 or '5, denominated "The Young Gentlemen's Society," which numbered among its founders and early friends, the late Gov. Slade, Frederic Ford, M. D., Hon. Ashley Samson, Hon. Dorastus Wooster, Rev. Reuben Post, D. D., Levi Tilden, Esq., and others who have gone to their reward, besides many others who are still spared to finish the work which is given them to do. The society was modelled after the Philomathesian Society, of Middlebury College, and was kindred in its character and aims.

The active members, called *ordinary* members, were young men, while older men were elected

honorary members, with the expectation that they would occasionally participate in the exercises of the Society, and otherwise give it their countenance and support. The meetings were held weekly, on Thursday evening, from September to March, and punctuality of attendance was secured by a system of fines rigidly imposed, and as rigidly collected, unless there was rendered satisfactory reason for absence. The Society collected a library of several hundred volumes, judiciously selected.

Another organization, called the "Lane Library Association," has been formed in town during the last year, in consequence of a legacy left for this purpose by Gilbert C. Lane, of Cornwall, a young man of much promise, who died near the close of 1858. The condition of this legacy required that the people of the town should raise an additional sum specified, for the same object. This sum has been raised, and nearly 400 volumes have already been purchased, a portion of the funds having been reserved for future use. By agreement between the Lane Association and the Young Gentlemen's Society, both libraries come under the management of the new Association, and thus united, present to the town an invaluable source of improvement.

With the advantage of well-conducted schools, and the various incitements to intellectual culture furnished by the society above described, it is not difficult to assign a reason for the fact, that nearly 50 young men from Cornwall have passed through a collegiate course, while many others, by a more restricted course of study, have prepared themselves for the learned professions, and other vocations in which they are now successfully employed.

The pursuits of the people have been almost exclusively agricultural. The soil, easy of cultivation, possesses a degree of fertility which amply repays the toil of the husbandman. Of late years, however, sheep husbandry has been gaining a precedence. The raising of wool for the manufacturer, and of sheep for the butcher, has proved remunerative, while the rearing of the finest grades of sheep for the western and southern markets, in which many of our farmers have engaged, has been highly profitable. The constant influx of purchasers from every quarter of our country, even from Texas and California, sufficiently indicates that amateurs in this branch of trade find Cornwall and the vicinity the best locality in which to make their selections. Thousands of valuable sheep have been scattered over the wide West by our citizens, and several are at present engaged in a direct trade in this species of property with the wool growers on the coast of the Pacific,—an enterprise which we hope may prove profitable to those who sell and those who buy.

The surface of this township is pleasantly diversified with hill and dale, having in the eastern part an extensive swamp, which abounds in ex-

cellent timber, and which, when reclaimed, forms the most valuable meadow. In the west part of the town, bordering on Lemon Fair River, there is a broad expanse of alluvial land, extending several miles, and, like the valley of the Nile, possessing exhaustless fertility, in consequence of annual or more frequent inundations. Marble and slate exist, which probably might be quarried with profit, and in West Cornwall, there is an extensive quarry of dark blue limestone, known in this region as the "Peck quarry," from its owner's name. This stone comes from its native bed with a surface so perfect as to render needless the chisel of the mason.

There are, also, several mineral springs in town, which possess considerable medicinal properties. One is sufficiently impregnated with iron to prove useful as a tonic. Two others are powerfully cathartic, and one in the south part of the town is said to produce much the effect on salt rheum, and other cutaneous affections, as the waters of Clarendon.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.*

"With moistened eye,
We read of faith and purest charity,
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
Oh, could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!"

SEVERAL of the earliest emigrants to Cornwall had, before their arrival, exhibited their patriotism by the endurance of toils and hardships in the service of their country during the Revolutionary war. Two, at least, of their number, had continued in that service until the exertions of themselves and their compatriots were crowned with victory, and independence, and peace. These results secured, they gladly laid aside the implements of strife, and assumed those of quiet and productive industry. They wielded the axe in subduing the forest, and in providing homes for those they loved, with no less energy and effectiveness than they had wielded the musket in defence of invaded rights.

SAMUEL INGRAHAM

was born in Washington, Mass. With the spirit which animated every patriotic bosom at that period, he joined the army when only 16 years of age, in response to the first call for volunteers, after the massacre at Lexington. The company to which he belonged was stationed on one of the eminences in the vicinity of Charlestown, during the battle of Bunker Hill. Though panting, as he used to say, to take part with their comrades, they were not ordered into action.

*The writer deems it proper to remark, that these sketches have been hastily prepared by his pen, because the gentleman from whom they were expected was unable to supply them. They present a few of many names, equally deserving of grateful remembrance, all which the writer hopes may soon be presented to the people of Cornwall, with more adequate delineation.

His company remained in the vicinity of Boston until the evacuation of the city by the British, after which they were employed in different localities, as their services were needed. Mr. Ingraham was in the service during the war, and when, at last, he was honorably discharged, received, as the writer has heard him remark, "the balance then due for his services, in continental currency, so nearly worthless that, at the first place on his way homeward, where he could procure any food to satisfy the cravings of hunger, he paid \$16 of his hard earnings—two months' pay—for two pounds of green cheese."

Though Mr. Ingraham enjoyed but slight advantages for early education, his natural endowments were superior. Possessing quick discernment, wonderful retentiveness of memory, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge, he acquired extensive general intelligence; was often called to fill town offices; was a safe adviser; peculiarly social and amiable in all his relations; and lived and died an honest man, and humble Christian.

DANIEL FOOT

came to Cornwall from Watertown, Conn., the year before the commencement of the Revolutionary war, but having been driven off by the Indians, he enlisted in the army early in the contest, and became connected with a company of mounted Rangers, which was often employed in extremely perilous service. He appears to have been a fearless man; fond of adventure, and always ready to encounter any danger to which his duty as a soldier exposed him. He used to relate that, on one occasion, after a severe skirmish, in which his companions were killed, or captured, or dispersed, he was reduced to the necessity of cooking his moccasins for food, supplying their place with others made from a part of his blanket. Being in the vicinity of Ticonderoga, when it was surrendered to Burgoyne, he and one of his comrades were despatched to warn the settlers of Cornwall of their danger, and aid them in escaping to a place of safety. After the war, Mr. Foot returned to his adopted home, and became a permanent resident, employed during a life, protected to extreme age, in the peaceful pursuits of husbandry.

WILLIAM SLADE, ESQ.,

sometimes called Col. Slade, from having been a militia officer, came from Washington, Conn., in 1786. He was a man of strong mental powers, and great energy and decision. From his first residence in Cornwall, he bore a very active part in town affairs, and was always regarded by his fellow-citizens as qualified to fill any place in which his services might be required. The precise length of time he was connected with the army cannot now be ascertained, but it is known that he was one of the unfortunate prisoners on board the notorious Jersey Prison ship, and that

by an iron constitution he was sustained through indescribable sufferings, which proved fatal to most of his companions. He was for several years sheriff of Addison county. He was an active politician,—was an especially staunch supporter of the opinions and measures of Madison, in respect to the war of 1812. He was known as a man of public spirit, and more capable than most men of forming an impartial judgment, in cases where his own interests were involved. He died in 1826, aged 73.

HON. JOEL LINSLEY

was born in Woodbury, Conn., and came to Cornwall among the earliest settlers. He was formed, by nature, to exert a controlling influence in any community in which he might reside. He was appointed town clerk at the organization of the town in 1784, and held that office much of the time till near the close of his life. He represented the town several years in the State legislature; was assistant judge, and afterward chief judge of the County Court. In every office, his duties were discharged with marked ability, and to universal acceptance. Few men enjoy, with keener relish, the pleasures of social intercourse. Possessing an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and humor, and unusual conversational powers, he was the life of every circle with which he associated. The aged and the young alike found him an agreeable companion. To the unfortunate, he was a sympathizing friend; to virtuous indigence, a cheerful benefactor; and of any judicious scheme of benevolent effort, a munificent patron.

DEA. JEREMIAH BINGHAM

was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1748. He first removed to Bennington, and resided till 1784, when he came with his family to Cornwall. It is not known to his children to what extent he was engaged in military service. They know only that he was connected with the quartermaster's department of the garrison at Ticonderoga, at the time of its surrender to Burgoyne. In this school he perhaps received the training which secured to him the systematic habits for which he was distinguished. He was, withal, a man of indomitable energy and perseverance, as well as inflexible moral and religious principle. The writer recollects having been present at a meeting of the church, in which they were attending to the discipline of a son of Dea. Bingham. They were about proceeding to the final act of excommunication. They were slow to act, through deference to the father's feelings. Perceiving their hesitation, and understanding its meaning, the venerable man rose, his face suffused with tears, and when the emotions which had choked his utterance allowed him to speak, he said, "Brethren, I love my children, I suppose, as well as you love yours; but if I do not love my Saviour better than I love my children,

I am not worthy to be called his follower. Go on, brethren, and do your duty."

Dea. Bingham was chosen first deacon of the Congregational church, soon after its organization, and continued to discharge the duties of the office until extreme age induced him to desire a successor. He was a model of promptness in supporting the gospel at home, and of liberality in conferring his benefactions on every meritorious object of Christian charity. He was, in a word, a happy illustration of the truth, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." Having previously done for his family what he deemed proper, he left at his decease a considerable estate, to be distributed, by the directions of his will, for benevolent purposes.

Dea. Bingham was very fond of expressing his thoughts in writing, especially in rhyme, and his favorite poetry assumed the acrostic form. Of these poems, he has left enough to constitute a considerable volume. After a life of constant activity and usefulness, "he came to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died.

But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long:

E'en wondered at, because he dropped no sooner;

Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;

Yet freshly ran he on twelve winters more,

Till, like a clock worn out with beating time,

The wheels of weary life, at last, stood still."

His tombstone marks 93 years.

DEA. DANIEL SAMSON

came very early to Cornwall, and was, for many years, a colleague with Dea. Bingham in the deaconship. Though an equally efficient officer of the church, he was, in temperament, dissimilar. The former was excitable, while Dea. Samson was always mild. Like the "beloved disciple," his leading characteristic was affection. As a panacea for every jar and every difficulty, he would exhort his brethren to "love one another." He was easily moved to tears, and his tender entreaties, accompanied with tears, we may not doubt, soothed many a ruffled spirit, and hushed many a strife among brethren, which might otherwise have grown to formidable proportions. Possessing sound judgment, he was always a safe counsellor, as well as a most discreet member and officer of the church. Several years before his decease, Dea. Samson removed from Cornwall with his youngest son, and resided with him in Barre, N. Y., until he died in 1842, aged 84 years.

To the preceding sketches of the fathers we add notices of a few of the sons of Cornwall, who have served their generation with distinguished usefulness, and gone to their reward.

HON. WILLIAM SLADE.

son of Wm. Slade, above mentioned, was born in Cornwall in 1786. At the age of 17 he entered

Middlebury College, where he maintained a high standing with compeers, several of whom have since become distinguished in professional life. After he graduated he studied law and commenced practice, in Middlebury, in 1810. But legal practice appears to have had for him very slight attractions. In 1814, '15, and '16, he edited a political paper in Middlebury, called the "Columbian Patriot." While in this employment, he was appointed Secretary of State, and soon after called to various other civil offices. Indeed, it probably would not be exaggeration to say, that between 1816 and '46, he held a greater variety of civil trusts, in this State, and under our national government, than have ever been held by any other native of Vermont. His last political service was rendered in 1844-46, as governor of this Commonwealth. From this period to the time of his decease, he was Cor. Secretary and Gen. Agent of the Board of National Popular Education. He possessed versatility of character, which prepared him to fill these numerous and varied offices with credit to himself and with benefit to his country. Whatever the post assigned him, he always appeared equal to its demands. In his labors as editor and compiler, he exhibited sound judgment and discrimination. In his speeches while a member of Congress, he showed himself a fearless, as well as an able defender of the right, when arbitrary power menaced its subversion.

As Secretary of the Board of Education, Gov. Slade found his most congenial employment. Here his benevolence had full scope. As companies of female teachers were, from time to time, prepared for their chosen vocation, he accompanied them, with all a father's solicitude, to their several fields of labor; saw them properly located, and inducted into their work of enlightening and training the minds and hearts of the rising myriads of the West. In this, as a loved employment, he continued even after the destroyer had marked him as a victim. To this he clung with a grasp which was relaxed only by death. The crowning excellence of Gov. Slade's character was his ardent piety, which was best known to those most familiar with his daily walk.

"His care was fixed

To fill his odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame."

The decease of Gov. Slade occurred in Middlebury, his place of residence, in 1859.

HON. ASHLEY SAMSON,

son of Dea. Samson above mentioned, was born in Cornwall, and graduated at Middlebury College, with the class of 1812. He was an early member of the "Young Gentlemen's Society of Cornwall," and much devoted to its interests. He chose the legal profession, and passed through a thorough course of preparatory training. After

a year or two of practice in Pittsford, N. Y., he removed to Rochester, where he prosecuted his professional labors until 1827, when he was appointed first judge of the court of that county,—an office to which he was repeatedly called in subsequent years. He also served as a member of the State legislature.

Judge Samson possessed peculiar qualifications for the discharge of judicial functions; was too discriminating to be deluded by sophistry; too honest to exhibit undue favor. Like his venerable father, simple, amiable, and ever actuated by obvious Christian principle in the performance of duty, he lived to serve others rather than himself, and by his will, devoted a considerable estate almost wholly to benevolent purposes.

REV. REUBEN POST, D. D.,

was born in Cornwall in 1792. He finished his collegiate course in 1814; and after a year spent in teaching, passed through the usual course in the Theological Seminary at Princeton in 1818, and became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in the city of Washington, where he continued until 1836, officiating also, a considerable part of the time, as chaplain to Congress. Having resigned his charge in Washington, he removed in 1836 to Charleston, S. C., and was installed pastor of a church in that city, with which he remained till his decease in 1857.

To the class of 1812, belonged also,

JOSEPH R. ANDRUS,

born in Cornwall in 1791. After receiving his degree at Middlebury, he spent some time as a resident graduate at Yale College. His theological studies he pursued partly at Andover and partly with Bishop Griswold of R. I., from whom he received Episcopal ordination. He labored for a few years in different localities; his heart, meanwhile, being deeply interested in the cause of African colonization. To this cause he at length devoted his life, and sailed for Africa early in 1821, as the first agent of the American Colonization Society, accompanied by a colony of negroes. He fell a victim to the climate, July 28, 1821, only a few months after his arrival. While living, Mr. Andrus was held in high esteem for his Christian virtues. And his voluntary sacrifice of himself for the welfare of benighted Africa, will cause his name to be held in remembrance as one of her most earnest friends. When the gospel shall terminate her savage strifes, and stay the traffic in the blood of her children,—shall illumine her now dark abodes, and transform them into safe, and quiet, and peaceful homes; when the dwellers on her plains and in her vales shall sing in unison, the psalms of thanksgiving to the Lamb that was slain for their redemption,—then shall the name of Joseph R. Andrus be repeated with admiration, and gratitude, and love.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE ANNUAL
EDUCATIONAL REPORTS OF HON.
WM. SLADE.

Education is the true and proper and harmonious development of all the faculties of the human soul,—the conscience, the heart, and the understanding. What is man worth, without a conscience sensitively alive to the distinction between right and wrong? And what, without a heart, trained promptly to *obey* the voice of God thus speaking within him? Shall we bestow years of labor in sharpening the intellect, leaving the conscience to blindness, and the heart to hardness, and call it education? And yet this is what thousands on thousands are doing with their children!

If the training of the intellect alone were the whole of education, it would be difficult to show that woman is not, even for this, superior to the other sex. But when the heart of a child is to be reached, and its conscience made sensitive,—when its waywardness is to be restrained, its passions subdued, its confidence enlisted, and its feet led in the right way, it needs no argument to prove that woman possesses, in her gentle manner, her tender sympathies, her look of kindness, her calm patience, and her characteristic love of childhood, a special and peculiar adaptedness for this delicate and difficult work.

It was well said by Dr. Rush, that “mothers and schoolmasters plant the seeds of nearly all the good and evil in the world.” It is fearful to think that a generation of human beings are, at this moment, under their training for an endless future of good or of evil;—that the invisible handwriting of every day will be brought out and made legible, when exposed to the action of future trial. It is a thought that should go to every heart, awakening to strong and enduring effort the patriotism which is worse than wasted in political strife, and the religion that evaporates in unavailing controversy about “questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, railings, evil sayings, and perverse disputings of men.”

The people of this nation must be educated,—*all* educated,—*rightly and truly* educated. The strength of our institutions is in the consciences and hearts of the people. To neglect conscience and heart education, is to give ourselves over to inevitable ruin. The well-known examples of the downfall and extinction of nations, in which science flourished, and the arts were carried to the highest perfection, but in which the conscience and the heart were left to darkness and debasement,—men being “given over to a reprobate mind,” and “filled with all unrighteousness,” are warnings to us, of fearful and terrific import. Free schools, an open Bible, and moral training are to be our sheet-anchor, in the gathering storm.

JOEL H. LINSLEY, D. D.

born in Cornwall, in 1790; graduated at Middlebury College, 1811; taught in Windsor till 1812; read law till 1813; was tutor in Middlebury College till 1815; finished reading law, and practised till 1821; read theology over one year; from thence was a Southern missionary about one year; after which, Congregational pastor in Hartford, Conn. 8 years; of Park Street church, Boston, Mass. 3 years; President of Marietta College, O., 10 years; since which he has been pastor of the 2d Congregational church in Greenwich, Conn.—The extract below is from an address delivered on occasion of his inauguration to the presidency of Marietta College, O.

“Another objection of a very grave, and certainly of a very extraordinary character, is preferred against our Collegiate Institutions. By some, they are declared to be *aristocratic in their constitution and tendencies*.

“Of all the charges that have ever been brought against these institutions, this, I apprehend, has the least foundation in truth. It may, indeed, be valid, to a certain extent, when alleged against some of the foreign universities, whose privileges are costly, and confined, also, to certain favored classes; but what possible application can it have to the colleges of this country; and above all, to those in the West? They are open alike to all; and their honors are within the reach of all,—the humblest as well as the highest. The most indigent youth in the community, if he is blessed with a sound head, and a resolute heart, may possess himself of their best advantages, and highest rewards; and he may find in our own community, citizens, whom that community delights to honor, who have, by their own example, illustrated the truth of what I state. At this moment, you shall take the census of Western Colleges, and a majority of their students will be found to be the sons of parents who are able to afford them very little pecuniary aid. The proportion of indigent young men, in these institutions, is as great, and I believe greater, than in our primary schools. With what shadow of candor or truth, then, are our colleges described as *aristocratic*? So far are they from deserving this reproach, that it would not be difficult to show that their influence is eminently of an opposite character. Look at a single fact. Probably eight tenths of the members of our general Congress are men who have enjoyed the advantages of a *liberal education*. Now, I venture the assertion—not without some knowledge of the facts in the case—that three fourths of the whole number of such, will be found, upon investigation, to have had their origin in families by no means distinguished, either by birth or fortune. They are, for the most part, the sons of farmers and mechanics, or of professional men of very moderate property; and they are indebted, for their present elevated posi-

tion in society, chiefly to the fact here insisted on, the peculiarly accessible character, and popular bearing of our higher seminaries of learning.

"Our colleges, then, as at present organized, are eminently *anti-aristocratic* institutions. They well deserve to be called the 'People's Colleges.' To a great extent, their endowment is contributed by the wealthier classes; but, when endowed, their privileges are for the equal benefit of all classes. If there existed but two or three colleges in the country, or even if there were none, the rich could still liberally educate their children; but what would become of the poor? They could not meet the expense. Our colleges, then, on the ground of their republican plan and tendencies, may fairly claim the favor and the patronage of the whole community."

TO E—.

BY CHARLES LINSLEY.

A native of Cornwall, now residing at Rutland; for about 30 years First Justice. A brother of Rev. Joel H. Linsley.

THE songs of summer birds have come,
And spring is seen on field and tree,
And yet there is for me no home,
While I'm so far away from thee.

Stern winter's robe is laid aside,
And gushing springs swell o'er the lea,
But thou'rt no longer by my side,
Yet still I ever think of thee.

The peach-tree blooms with beauteous flowers,
And sweetly hums the honey-bee;
But slow and tedious pass the hours,
While I'm so far away from thee.

The choicest flowers of spring I'd give,
My precious ones again to see,
For cold and cheerless 'tis to live,
So far away from them and thee.

DANVILLE, Ky. 1832.

VISIT TO THE INTERIOR OF A COAL-MINE. — REFLECTION.

BETHANY, BROOK CO. Va. June, 1858.

The sun hung low in the west at the close of a day of rare beauty, even for luxuriant June. The air was a tremulous golden haze, in which the sunbeams melted and floated. They wreathed the hill-tops with a halo of glory; rested lovingly upon the verdant meadows, and in the depths of the silent woods came quivering, glancing, sparkling down, looking through the leafy canopy like myriads of stars in an emerald sky. The landscape itself was not remarkable, except for the charm lent it by the light and its shadows. It possessed the usual characteristics of an old Virginia country scene; broad fields of wheat, oats, and corn, interspersed by neglected commons covered by straw-stacks, russet and green, and dotted with clumps of sassafras and locust saplings; rambling rail fences stretched in every direction at all possible and imaginable angles; now and then a brown or white farmhouse, with its village

of stables and cabins, and the never-failing girdle of forests circling, bounding all.

At a short distance on the east and north rose several coal-hills, or, as they are termed here, coal-banks. Curiosity to explore one of these great natural stone-houses impelled us in their direction. We soon approached the entrance (at the base of the hill) of one of the largest, where the Deity in his beneficence, when the earth was young, stored away vast quantities of this material so necessary to the wants of the teeming millions that shall inhabit the earth through the vista of ages nestled in the womb of futurity.

The colliers had ended their week's labors, and laid up their tools to rest until six o'clock of Monday morning. They had left an hour earlier than was customary on other days than Saturday.

We introduced ourselves to this vast reservoir of material for human comfort and advancement, and asked permission to walk in and explore its inner temples. We were answered through the mute lips of darkness and silence. She had closed her labors for the week, and was now wrapt in seeming meditation, preparatory to the rest of the coming Sabbath. It seemed almost sacrilege to disturb the quiet of her solemn worship. It appeared very proper to give the coal-bank over to sleep, like a laboring man after his toil. It is very impressive to stand a few yards in from the entrance, and feel the hush of human voices, and picks and bars, and note the solitude of one of those sleeping caverns. The thought that a mountain of earth, its rocks and trees, might chance cave in upon you, makes the intruder walk forward with cautious pace. But curiosity gained the mastery of fear, and we stepped boldly onward. With a match from our pocket, we lit a lamp attached to one of the many pillars of coal which are left as so many sentinels to guard life all through the vast interior. It expelled the darkness about us, and sent its benevolent rays far in advance to cheer our darkened pathway. The murky columns of coal stationed at irregular distances throughout this mammoth vault, and charged with the heavy task of supporting a mountain upon their shoulders, looked sadly tired. They are needy fellows, standing pensive and silent, but disposed to endure, with much forbearance, their terrible back-load. We had left our taper several yards in the rear, and were groping again in the dark. With a fresh lucifer we lit up another lamp to join the first, in its good work of sending darkness into exile. By the aid of a cane we felt our way onward, determined to see more of this subterranean world. By lighting up the lamps along our route we soon made the end of our tour, and arrived at the vast deposit of glittering coal which lies packed and stored away in limitless quantities, awaiting the wants of our race. We now stretched our vision backward, that, if possible, we might see the place of our ingress. Nought was to be seen but here and there a feeble lamp struggling stoutly with the

damp and thick darkness. Being nearly one fourth of a mile from the entrance, and nearly the like distance below the surface, taking a direct line upward, we could but feel that we were now occupying a *retired* situation in life. We naturally gave ourself up to reflection. We sat upon a smooth, hard lump of coal, and converted the place into a cloister. We whispered in the ear of Solitude, and solicited her communings. We talked with Silence and shared her mysterious presence. There are some thoughts that will no more come upon the soul among rude sounds and harsh labors, than dews will fall at mid-day.

A deep sense of the goodness of the Creator in constructing these vast laboratories, that will, through all time to come, pour forth their treasures to enhance the happiness of man, takes possession of the whole soul, and makes impressions that no time can efface. Here was the great motive power for diffusing comfort and happiness throughout the vast circles of human society, from the blazing hearth-fire of the lone widow in her cabin of logs, up to the marbled grate of the wealthiest merchant or minister of state in the land. Here was the hidden spring that puts in motion the floating palaces and carpeted walks between the continents; that impels an amount of machinery of greater horse-power than feeds at the crib of all the civilized nations of the earth; that drives thousands of thundering engines with their winding dragon-tail of cars, freighted with life and hope, and is the great guarantee for the realization of the brightest hopes of the votaries of science.

Our flickering lamps admonished us to seek communion with the outer world. Accordingly, we walked slowly forward, retracing our steps and extinguishing the lights that marked our entrance and subsequent progress. We soon stood exhumed upon the greensward. The sun had disappeared,—the birds had ceased their carolling and gone to their bedchambers,—the cows had lain themselves away for the night, and were quietly chewing their cuds. The watch-dogs were baying at the moon, which was now up and dressed in her borrowed but queenly robes,—the stars stood out on the sky, and the falling dews spoke a word of admonition to cut short our lingerings. We accordingly sought our quarters and retired, nailing on the things that had been as a bath to the soul, and introduced it to a fuller conviction of the Great Unseen; and that in the midst of these treasures we should adopt the spirit of a child in his father's house, and know that the secret springs of joy which they open, are touched of God.

S. B. ROCKWELL.

CORNWALL, Vt., }
Now "SPRINGSIDE," Middlebury, Vt. }

THE SONG OF OUR HOME.

WE mingle in the heated strife,
The manly toils and burdens bear—
But when our fleeting life is low,

When sigh our aching hearts for rest,
When cold, unfriendly winds do blow,
And still our souls remain unblest,—
We gather round that old loved spot,
Where oft we've passed the gala day,
And, each within our fated lot,
We while our dying hours away.
Though birds enchanting music lend,—
Though flowers around us sweetly bloom,—
Though zephyrs each soft errands send,—
Still threat'ning clouds hang o'er with gloom;
And naught at length enchants our eyes,
Nor skies, nor earth, where'er we roam;
Our weary feet impulsive rise,
And beat their lengthened pathway *home*.
Thus, too, our heavenly Father calls
Our wayworn souls to realms on high;
To dwell within those shining walls,
Where weariness and death shall die.
Though up and down these grassy hills,
Our feet long time with joy have trod,
There is a joy our soul still fills,
And calls our spirits home to God.
For darkness on these hills will fall,—
Death's shadows thick will surely come;
Oh! may we hear our Father's call.
"My child, 'tis night, and now come *home*."

MRS. MARY ROCKWELL.

TO MATTIE.

THERE are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain and sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are friends whom the heart prizes dearly,
Who faint by the wayside at last;
There are tokens we cherish so nearly,
That perish like dreams of the past.
There are volumes unwritten we treasure,
And clasp in a fondest embrace;
There's affection the world may not measure,
That finds in our own heart a place.
Our lives may not ever find places
Of beautiful sunshine and flowers;
But is there no friendship which traces
Deep lines of true feeling like ours?

E. SUMMERS DANA.

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF FERRISBURGH.

BY R. E. ROBINSON.

IF the traditions of the St. Francois Indians are to be relied on, the eastern shore of Lake Champlain was anciently inhabited by the Zoquageers, a subdivision of the great Abenakee tribe or nation which once occupied the northern part of New England. By the forays of their enemies, the warlike Iroquois, and the encroachment of the whites, the Zoquageers were gradually driven from Vermont, and their last village of consequence within its limits, was on Missisque Bay, in the present town of Alburgh. They had, for the most part, removed before the Revolution to the St. Francois River, in Canada, where the survivors of this once powerful tribe now live, commonly known as the St. Francois Indians, though they style themselves as of old, Zoquageers and Abenakees, or as they pronounce it, *Wau-han-a-kees*. Their names of rivers in Ferrisburgh were, of Great Otter Creek, Pecunk-tuk,

or the Crooked River; of Little Otter, Wenakakutuk, or the River of Otters; and of Lewis Creek, Sungahnee-tuk, or the Fishing Place.* Lake Champlain they called Pe-ton-bouque.†

Before the middle of the last century the French king had granted large tracts on Lake Champlain to several of his subjects, and according to an old French map of 1748, what is now Ferrisburgh was partly or wholly included in the seigneurie of Mons. Contrecoeur fils. In 1772, after the conquest of the French possessions in America, the grantees under the French Crown petitioned that their claims might be confirmed by the English Government, but as the seigneurie of Contrecoeur had been reunited to the Crown Lands of France because of the failure of the grantors to fulfil the conditions of their deed, their claim was invalidated. In the "Ordinance of the Governor of New France, reuniting to His Majesty's Domain all seigneuries not improved," mention is made of a "remonstrance of Seigneurs de Contrecoeur, in which they set forth that they have done everything to settle their grantees; that it was impossible to find individuals willing to accept lands, though they had offered them some on very advantageous terms, and were willing to give even 300 livres to engage the said individuals. . . . that they intend to do all in their power to find persons to settle said seigneuries, and they hope to succeed therein; requesting us to grant them a delay on the offers which they make to conform themselves herein to His Majesty's intentions." Hence it appears that there were no early French settlers in what afterwards became Ferrisburgh.

In an English map of later date, a part of Ferrisburgh is within the limits of military grants to Capt. Williams and Lieut. Cuyler, but there is no evidence that there were any settlers under these grants.

Ferrisburgh Charter was granted, by Gov. Wentworth, of N. H., June 25, 1762; applied for by Benj. Ferris, of Oblong, Dutchess Co., N. Y.; granted to David Merritt, Thos. Douglass, Valentine Perry, Gid. Gifford, Timo. Dakin, Anthouy Field, J. Field, Benj. Ferris, Reed

Ferris, and 53 others. The survey and division into lots was made the next year by Benjamin and David Ferris, surveyors for the Proprietors, but no settlers appear to have been in the township till about 1769, when a settlement was commenced at the first falls of Great Otter Creek, (then called New Haven Falls,) and a saw-mill erected there. Not long after, Col. Reid, who claimed under a N. Y. patent, forcibly ejected the N. H. settlers, and put tenants of his own in possession, who built more houses and a grist-mill. They were in turn dispossessed by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, their houses and grist-mill destroyed, and Pangborn, the rightful owner, put in possession of his property. In July, 1773, Col. Reid came on with a number of Scotch emigrants, and again expelled the N. H. settlers, and repaired his mill. When this became known at Bennington, Allen and his followers proceeded immediately to New Haven Falls, and forcibly reinstated their friends. They broke the millstones and threw them over the Falls, and warned the miller not to repair the mill "on pain of suffering the displeasure of the Green Mountain Boys." The Scotchmen, being informed of the nature of the dispute, left the place. (See "Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Heroes," by H. U. DePuy.) A difficulty presents itself in tracing the early history of the town, from the fact that the first Records were destroyed by fire in 1785, while in possession of Timothy Rogers, the Proprietors' clerk and surveyor, whose account of this mishap is subjoined, as recorded by him in the Ferrisburgh Records.

The first settlement within the present limits of Ferrisburgh (for the events just related occurred in that part of Ferrisburgh which is now Vergennes) was begun by Charles Tupper, who came from Pittsfield, Mass., just before the Revolution, and commenced improvements near where J. Borroughs now lives; but upon the breaking out of the war he returned to Pittsfield, joined the American army, and was killed in battle. One Ferris began a settlement near Basin Harbor about the same time, which he also abandoned at the commencement of the war.

Mrs. Betsy Gage, an old lady near 81, says that her father, Zuriel Tupper, a brother of Chas. Tupper, was the first settler in Ferrisburgh, after the close of the Revolution. He came in the autumn of 1783, and in March, 1784, brought his wife and three children to Ferrisburgh. During his previous visit he had built a bark shanty for their accommodation, and this they occupied until the completion of their log-house. Mrs. Gage, who was then 5 years old, says that she well remembers seeing the sun shining down through the roof of their primitive abode. At the same time, Mr. T. had prepared a small plat of ground and sowed some apple seeds, and to him belongs the honor of raising the first apples from the seed in town.

Mrs. Gage's mother was 51 months in her

*This was told me by John Watso, or Wadlso, an intelligent Indian of St. Francois. He also gave the names of some other rivers of the Champlain Valley. Azasatagake was their name for the Missisquoi River, signifying, The stream that turns back. (Missisquoi is a corruption of Mussepique. The place of arrow flints; and applies only to the bay of that name.) The Au Sable was known as Popoquamaneetuk, The Cranberry River, and Saranae is corrupted from Senhaleuac-tuk. The river of sumac-trees. The dried leaves of the sumac were used by them for smoking, and hence the tree was of sufficient importance to give a name to the stream where it grew in abundance.

† Watso's definition of this word is, "The waters that lie between;" that is, between the countries of the Abenakees and Iroquois. Others of the tribe with whom I have conversed interpreted this name otherwise, but cannot give an intelligible translation of it.

new home without seeing another woman; then Abel Thompson and family came, and soon after Z. Tupper's brother Absalom, Nathan Walker, Isaac Gage, and others came.

At Nathan Walker's house the first religious meeting was held, at which the Rev. Ephraim Sawyer, a Baptist clergyman, officiated. Afterward, when Zuriel Tupper built a frame house, he fitted up a room in it which was long used as a place of worship, and for town meetings. This was the first tavern kept in town. The old Frazier House at Frazier Falls, known in early times as the Blue House, was the first frame house. The first schoolhouse was built of logs, and stood near the Booth Corner.

Mrs. Gage thinks that the first male born in Ferrisburgh was her brother James, and the first female her sister Lovina.

Among the original Proprietors, most of whom were inhabitants of Dutchess Co., N. Y., were several of the Field family. When the charter was obtained, their father had taken "rights," as they were termed, for each of his sons, with the exception of one who chose a *new saddle* in preference to a right of 400 acres of wilderness, the price being the same for each, \$7.50. Anthony Field, one of these sons, having lost his property in the Revolution, resolved to try his fortune in the wilds of Vermont, and accordingly, in the fall of 1785, Anthony, his eldest son, was despatched on horseback to Ferrisburgh, to look at his father's land there.

As far as Pittsford there was a road; from there to Vergennes there was nothing but marked trees to guide the young pioneer; the streams were unbridged, and he had to swim them, driving his horse across before him. He went to Timothy Rogers, at Little Otter Creek Falls, who sent a man with him to show him his father's right. In traversing the width of the tract, they did not see a rock nor stone, and Anthony, on returning to his father, gave so favorable a report, that it was determined to remove to Vermont the next spring.

On the 1st of May, 1786, the family, consisting of the parents and eight children, (to one of whom, Mr. Benjamin Field, I am indebted for this account,) left Tarrytown, on the Hudson, in a small sailing vessel, which took them up the river as far as Half-Moon Point, now Waterford (?), and from there to the south end of Lake George they went in an ox-cart. At Lake George they found a man who had built a boat there for the purpose of transporting himself and effects to Grand Isle, and arranged with him to take them to Great Otter Creek. Arrived at the lower end of Lake George, a settler who was erecting a saw-mill there, drew their boat and goods across to Lake Champlain with his oxen, where they again embarked. The wind soon arose, and the boat being so heavily laden that they could not keep her free from water, they

were obliged to land on the east shore of the lake, and encamp for the night. The next morning was calm, and they resumed their voyage down the lake to the mouth of Great Otter Creek, and up that stream to Vergennes, where they landed on the 15th of May, having been 15 *days* on a journey that is now accomplished in as many hours. From Vergennes they went to Abel Thompson's, in Ferrisburgh, where Mrs. Field and the young children remained 6 weeks, while the men were making a clearing and building a house on their "right," where Thomas Field now lives. The first season they cleared 10 acres and sowed it with wheat, and their labor was repaid by a bountiful harvest. There was a gristmill in process of erection at Frazier's Falls, but there was no grinding done there for a year after the Fields came, and they had their flouring done at Vergennes. The creek had to be crossed in boats, as there was no bridge there at that time, and on one occasion when Benjamin went to mill, he attempted to cross too near the Falls, and barely escaped being carried over them.

Mr. Field says that bears were the only wild animals that troubled the settlers. They destroyed their crops and stock, and gave them great annoyance, till the young backwoodsmen turned hunters and killed them off. George, one of the brothers, shot one at nightfall in the cornfield; he ran into the woods, where they found him dead the next morning. Benjamin shot another that had caught one of their pigs, and they followed one to his winter quarters in a hollow pine, where they killed him. On one of their hunting excursions the boys found three Indian canoes, turned upside down with the paddles under them, and the poles of a wigwam, near the mouth of Mud Creek on Little Otter. They appeared to have been left there two or three years before.

Settlers now began to come in more rapidly. Many of the Proprietors were members of the Society of Friends, and several families of that persuasion moved into town. They built the first meeting-house in Ferrisburgh; it was a log-house, and stood where the old Friends meeting-house is.

I shall here leave this imperfect sketch of the first settlement of our town for some abler hand to fill out and bring down to the present day, with the regret which all must feel that measures were not sooner taken to gather up the fragments of our early history, before so many, indeed, almost all of those who played their part in it, had passed from among us.

ADDITIONAL ITEMS.

Ferrisburgh was organized, Deming says, March 29, 1785; Thompson says, in 1786.—The religious denominations are Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Friends. The Friends and Methodists have a meeting-house, and there

is a Union house near the centre. — Several persons have lived to be near 100 years old. — The epidemic of 1813 carried off between 60 and 70, mostly adults. — Otter Creek is navigable 8 miles to Vergennes, and Little Otter Creek 3 miles, by the largest vessels on the lake. In Little Otter Creek are 4, and in Lewis Creek 3 falls, on which mills and other machinery are erected. — No town-ship in the State has afforded more or better tim-ber for market. The soil is in some parts clayey, — others consisting of very productive mould. — In this town was born Delia Webster, of Aboli-tion fame, but we have no data from which to form a sketch. — Population in 1850 was 2,075. — There are 2 post-offices, Ferrisburgh and North Ferrisburgh, and 2 railroad stations of the same name. — The appearance of the town-ship is that of a thrifty farming section. From some points the views are decidedly fine. In particular, upon a rise of land, after passing a pleasant villa on the route from Monkton to Ver-gennes, the beholder looks with growing admira-tion off toward the beautiful Champlain, not afar. — We first called upon Friend Robinson, who gave a word of encouragement and sent us over to the hospitable family of Esq. Rogers, with the kind injunction to our escort, "Now thee speak a good word to friend Rogers for this lady and her cause." Kind and courteous old gentleman; if not quite converted to Quakerism, we were altogether to *Friendism*. Suffice to say, at the Esquire's we were received with a *Vermont welcome*. In the evening we went back and lived over the early days of the settlement, the trials and expedients of those hardy, honest pioneers; listened to the story of one good church-going man, who, the first winter of his residence in town, having no sleigh or sled, fitted runners to the trundle-bed, in which he took his wife and chil-dren to meeting every Sabbath day; when the mountain squall threatened, covering over the heads of the happy load with an old quilt or cov-erlet, so that at the door where the meeting was held the plump little troop were turned out from the bunk where they nightly snuggled down to sleep, warm and rosy as if fresh from their slum-bers. There was to us godliness and beauty in the homely story. Few things have we more vastly enjoyed in our present labors than like rehearsals, told in the brief tarryings at almost every stage of our tour. Who can but heartily admire the man and woman, who, in every cir-cumstance, "puts the best foot forward!" Such were our forefathers, our foremothers, in Ver-mont. That evening and morning at Esquire R.'s was one of those visits Time never brushes with his wing as he passes reverent by.

An account of the burning of the Ferrisburgh Records, entitled,

"A COPY OF THE ACCOENT OF TIMOTHY ROG-ERS HAVING HIS RITINGS BORNT."

"Know all men by these presens that yestor-day which was the sekont day of the 10 month I timothy Rogers of ferrisburgh was a moving from Botin bay in ferrisburgh to letill ortor erik forls and as I went by wartor I did not git up the Bay till about mid nite and my wife and five childorn and one woman peggy smith by name and one child was all in an open bote and it was a dark rany time we landid about a quarter of a mild from the hous som of the hands went up and got fir when they got down agane the fire was so rand out we cindid some fir by the side of a tree To lite barks that the famaly mite se a littil to walk up to the house for my wife was sik I led hir by the hand this morning Being the 3 day of the 10 m 1785 about son rise one of my men came and told me the tree by which the fir was kindled was bornt down and bornt up a large chist of droys that was packd as full as it cold be off cloths and Ritings of grate importuns I sepose I had about forty deads for about Six Thousand acors of land som on Record and som not notes and bonds for about two thousand dolars and all the proprietors Records of ferris-burgh som other gods was bornt with all the cloths only what we had on these whougs names who air here sind ar setain witness to the same for they helpd me move and seen the fire of the same this 3d of the 10 m 1785 likewise they sen the heaps of Riting in their proper shaps bornt to ashes"

"Timothy Rogers"

"Silas Bingham"

"amos Catlin"

"Zimry hill"

"Stephen Ryce jun"

At the foot of the page is written,

"go to tother leaf forad page 21"

On the page referred to, the following is re-corded, viz:—

"Rutland county s wallingford Janary ye 28th A. D. 1786 personly aperd Timothy Rogers and gave his Afformation to the truth of the within writting depisition to before me

Abarham Jacktion just of peas

adornson county Ferrisburgh september the 24 day 1791 this sartafys that timothy Rogers being cold upon by the request of the select men of ferrisburgh to giv accoupt of the proprietors Records and said timothy perd with the foregoing to show that said Records was destroyed in Octo-ber 1785

Abil tomson asistant judg

the abov being don as apers was thought best for me to Record the same therefore was Re-corded in proprietors Book page 21 the 30 of the 9 m 1791

By me Timothy Rogers proprietors Clark.

UNITED STATES.—[AN EXTRACT.]

BY REV. S. H. TUPPER,

A native of Ferrisburgh, and graduate of the Vermont University, now resident at Charlotte, in Chittenden county.

WHERE once the log-built huts were thick,
Now stand large houses built of brick;
And marble mansions line the ways
Where herds were wont to rove and graze.
As if by magic cities rise,
And temples tower in Western skies, —
In fairest climes within our zone,
Until this age but little known.
One evil, only one we fear,
And this increases year by year;
With riches, *lawless spirits* reign,
And crimes increase with worldly gain;
In dissipation's vortex bred,
Are thousand youths to ruin led, —
To pamper pride and lust for cash,
Four millions groan beneath the lash.
And churches, too,—Oh, what a shame!—
Wrest gospel truth for sinful gain!
God speed the day, in mercy speed.
When all in bondage shall be freed!
Ere *Justice*, weary with our deeds,
For *vengeance* on our people pleads;
And Mercy cease to stay the blow
That lays a guilty nation low.

Like Nineveh we should repent,
Nor wait to have a Jonah sent,
A greater has our danger taught,
That we to judgment must be brought;
A wicked nation's doom we see,
In Zion's fruitless, withered tree.

GOSHEN.

BY NATHAN CAPEN.

GOSHEN, containing 13,000 acres, and two gores in Caledonia county, of 2,828 and 7,339 acres, was chartered, by the legislature of this State, to John Powell, Wm. Douglas, and 65 others, Feb. 2, 1792, and rechartered to the same, Nov. 1, 1798. It was argued, the inhabitants in each of the gores might, with equal propriety, organize themselves into a town, and their proceedings would be valid as our own; consequently, an act of the legislature, legalizing our organization, was obtained soon after. The meeting for the organization of the town, was held on the 29th of March, 1814, at the dwelling-house of Simeon C. Davis; presided over by Henry Olin, Esq., of Leicester. At this time there were but 17 families in town. Jabez Omsted was the first settler, in March, 1807; Nathan Capen was first town clerk; Grindal Davis, Noah Allen, and Anthony Baker, first selectmen; listers, Sim. C. Davis, Nathan Capen, and Jas. Fitts; first constable, Anthony Baker; first male born in Goshen, Mial Carlisle, son of Joseph Carlisle; first female, Polly Allen, daughter of Noah Allen. It was evident from the first settlement in the north part of Philadelphia, in consequence of the mountain dividing it nearly through the centre, making a distance of

3 miles between the habitable parts, the town would soon be divided for the mutual convenience of the inhabitants in the north part and Goshen; consequently, Nov. 9, 1814, the north part of Philadelphia was annexed to Goshen. Phineas Blood was the first settler in the annexed portion, (1806.) First child born in this part of the town, was Roswell W. Mason, March 11, 1811. Jabez Omsted, March, 1807, had put up the body of a small log-house, and moved his family. His wife had been sick for some time; but, such was his anxiety to be on his land in the sugar season, with the assistance of three other men, he brought his wife on a bed, and took up their abode in a log-hut, without a floor, rafter, or roof, save a few boards and brush to cover their beds, and shelter them from the storms of that inclement season. Such accommodation for a sick person must have been anything but inviting. Omsted, at this time, was past middle age; had lost his property, and came here in debt, hoping to retrieve his broken fortune. With the assistance of his son Jonathan, he succeeded in clearing a few acres; worked hard, and fared harder, till his creditors thought best to close the concern. At that time the civil process ran in this wise: "And, for the want thereof, take his body." It did not require a very rigid scrutiny of Omsted's effects to satisfy the officer that the body must pay the debt. So Omsted was taken from his family, and incarcerated in jail, at Middlebury. He soon obtained the limits of the yard; but the time he was compelled by law to stay was too long for any other purpose than to prove that imprisonment for debt was but the relic of a barbarous age. In his case, it was too well exemplified. He wrote to his family, saying, on a certain Saturday night, he would be at home. When that Saturday night came, his family watched with the greatest anxiety for his return; the children often running out, while day lasted, to see if there was any appearance of their father; and, after dark, listening to every sound, in their eager anxiety to greet him. The mother would walk short distances in the direction she expected him to come, making it her rule not to go beyond sight of the house. Saturday night, to Mr. Omsted's family, wore off dearly. He did not come. There was a lurking feeling that possibly he might be sick; but hope sought to alleviate their fears by suggesting the probability that he had stayed on the road to attend meeting on the Sabbath. So they waited patiently on through the day. Monday brought a dreary east wind and snow-storm, which rendered travelling almost impossible. While Mrs. Omsted was preparing breakfast, a stranger knocked at her door, and inquired for her. She said she knew that he brought tidings from Mr. Omsted, and, without further preliminaries, asked if he was sick. His reply was, Very sick. After a moment's pause, he added, He was alive

when I came away, but there is no probability that you will ever see him alive. Mr. Omsted died the same morning that the messenger left. Preparations were made to bring him home for burial, that his family might have the cold satisfaction of looking upon the lifeless form of that beloved husband and father; but, either through fear of having the debt transferred to the person who should remove him, or some unexplained cause, he was buried in Middlebury.

The first settlers were generally obliged to buy their grain of farmers in adjoining towns. The method of transportation was to carry it on their backs. The manner of payment was almost universally by days' work, in which they were rich, and possessed of but little else which they could spare. So universal was the practice of working out in haying, on one occasion they felt compelled to raise a barn on Sunday, there not being help at home sufficient to do it on a week day. While talking of the hardships to which our first settlers were subjected, with Nathaniel Belknap, now 76 years old, he said, his eye brightening up, — I tell you, we saw hard times. The young folks now-a-days couldn't begin to stand it as we did. I moved into my log-house, here in the woods, when there was but one board on it, and that I brought from New Hampshire. And for weeks after, said Mrs. Belknap, I could lie abed and count the stars. Said the old man, I have been more than a mile beyond Pittsford village to buy a bushel of corn. I couldn't find it between here and there. When I paid for it, I had to take 5 pecks, because I couldn't make change. I took it, and started for the mill; got it ground; shouldered it, and carried it home. But, he added, I didn't get off the bed the next day. He had travelled at least 25 miles that day, and 13 with 5 pecks of grain on his back. His second winter was a hard one. He took a job of lumbering in Pittsford; bought a yoke of oxen, and calculated to work his way through the winter, and have a team in the spring; but his oxen sickened and died, and he lost his cow before spring.

Joseph and Wm. Carlisle, Jr., on one occasion travelled three days before they could find a bushel of grain that they could buy, while their families were in need at home. It was often the case that the women would go to Brandon to get necessities. On one occasion, Mrs. Joseph Carlisle went to her brother's in Brandon; borrowed his horse, and went to the village; but, before she got home, night came on, when neither she nor the horse could follow the road. She called for help with a will, but this so alarmed her child, she dared not repeat her call, lest the child should cry itself into fits. So she sat down on an old log, and held the horse by the bridle until morning. When she sat down, she wished her father would come and help her out of the wood in which she was lost; she said, immediately a bright light stood out before her,

up a little from the ground. She always thought that if she had followed it, it would have led her out into the right way. Her father had been dead some time. She had sat in the woods not more than half a mile from home.

Anthony Baker had laid up a good supply of provision, in order to have enough to last till he could raise it here; and left hay to winter his stock in Sudbury, so that one would have supposed the hardships incident to a new settlement would have skipped him; but he came in with the rest for a full share, his only cow dying the first winter; and one winter, when he thought he was going to live right along, had wintered 4 cows and 14 sheep, before grass grew, two of his cows died, and the wolves killed 7 of the sheep and all the lambs.

But why enumerate hardships? When I asked old Mrs. Gale what were their hardships, she answered, very significantly, "*It was all hardship.*" The men were sometimes disheartened, but we always hoped for and expected better times." The first saw-mill was built by Anthony Baker in 1817. Till then all the boards used in town had to be drawn from Brandon. The first school-house was built in 1815, in the first district. The first persons baptized in town were John White, Nancy Blood, Lydia Carlisle, and Hannah Smith, in 1815, by Rev. Edward B. Rollins. In the same year, Amos Sawyer and Fanny Sawyer, his wife, and Merriam Ayer, the wife of David Ayer, were baptized. These seven members constituted the first Christian church. The first school in town was taught by Martin Carlisle, in the winter of 1814. Nathaniel Alden was the first Methodist preacher; he came from Ripton. The first Methodist society was established in 1818; its members constituting this society were William and Rebekah Clark, his wife, Benjamin and Mary Phelps, his wife, and Polly Clark. Of this number there are none living. The first acre of potatoes was planted by Simeon C. Davis in 1811. In the year 1816, Noah Allen raised, on $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres, 1,360 bushels of English turnips.

PHINEAS BLOOD,

$3\frac{1}{2}$ years in the Revolution, settled in Goshen in 1806. He conceived the idea of annexing the north part of Philadelphia to Goshen, as soon as it was organized. He built a log-house on 4 different lots of land, and disposed of them, and then built a framed one on another lot, between the years 1806 and '20; was one of the principal men in town from 1815-'21; the second representative in 1815-'16, and a justice of the peace 5 or 6 years; was a respected citizen, and something of a rhymester. He died Sept. 10, 1822. His widow is still living, and is over 90 years of age.

REUBEN GRANDEY,

$7\frac{1}{2}$ years in the Revolution, was a good soldier. He came here in 1809; was an unassuming man,

who contented himself with his domestic concerns; died April 30, 1819, and was the first person buried in the present burying-ground.

ABIATHAR POLLARD,

a Revolutionary soldier, was in the battle of Red Bank. He said he was one of the 400 men under Col. Greene, who defended Fort Mercer against the British attack, and fired 60 rounds of cartridges before the contest was decided and the enemy left them. He died Dec. 1813, was the first grown person that had died in town, and was buried near the west line of lot No. 50, by the side of the road. There is nothing to mark the spot where the old patriot was buried, and occasionally wagons are driven over his grave.

JAMES COWEN

was out in the service, but not in such a manner as to obtain a pension. He came to town in 1823; was a man of uncommon intellect, and wonderful memory. I have heard him say, for 40 years he could repeat the texts of every discourse he had heard preached, and the occasion of its delivery; and three days after its delivery, he repeated every word of a discourse. He was a pious man, and almost invariably attended meeting. In argument he was systematic and lucid, cogent in reasoning, and logical in discourse. He was once where the ordinance of baptism was being administered. After all those who had requested had been baptized, Cowen stepped forward and said, "Here is water; why may not I be baptized?" "If thou believest, thou canst." Said the old man, "I believe." But his belief was not sufficient to satisfy the ministering official, and he was not baptized. His religious belief was *restoration*. On one occasion he stated in meeting that he had had a passage of Scripture on his mind for some time, and as there was no appointment for a certain Sabbath, which he named, he would try to talk on that subject. And for fear he might get confounded, he would give out the text there, and in case of his failure, the audience could help him. But the old man was adequate for his subject. However, a few days after the delivery of his discourse, he said he shouldn't preach any more; for no sooner had he got one passage of Scripture from his mind, than another was impressed upon it. He composed several pieces of poetry; but only one is to be found, and that was written after he was 81 years of age, but a few days before he died, and shows the state of his mind at the time.

My ears are deaf, my eyes are dim,
And vision flees away;
My memory fails, my strength far spent,
My flesh must soon decay.

I listen, but I cannot hear;
I gaze, but cannot see.
Bless God! I feel, and that to me
Is good as good can be.

Some fragments of my broken thoughts
With me yet still remain;
To Jesus I devote them all,
And bless his holy name!

Sometimes I fancy I can hear
The holy angels sing;
While they seem hovering round my bed,
Borne by their golden wings.

They seem to waft a heavenly breeze,
Which proves a royal feast.
When I am fanned by angel-wings,
I'm freed from all distress.

My time is short, for death draws near,—
A happy change for me,
Thus to depart and be with Christ
To all eternity.

He died May 13, 1845, aged 81.

This town could not be properly accused of the want of patriotism in the war of 1812, for Asa Grandey, Jr., and David Omsted were killed in battle at French Mills. Jesse White, a much respected citizen, was in the U. S. service during a great part of the war, and Sanford Grandey was also in the service, and in the battle at Plattsburg. Such was the noise of that battle that the guns were heard here. Asa Grandey and his wife walked the road before their house, wringing their hands in an agony of grief, expecting to hear that Sanford was killed, as Asa had been before. When the alarm was given that the British were marching on Plattsburg and a battle expected, Sam'l White, Grindal Davis, Sim. C. Davis, Reub. Allen, Dav. Ayer, Jr., Martin Carlisle, Benj. Phelps, Jr., Rob. Mason, Henry S. Jona. Omsted, and Leon. Toby took their equipments and started for Plattsburg. The battle was fought, however, before they arrived. John Ayer and Jesse White also served 18 months in this war.

NOAH ALLEN

came here in 1809; was one of the first selectmen when the town was organized, and held that office a number of years; he was a kind, obliging neighbor, ready to help in time of need, and give for all charitable purposes according to his ability. Such was his generosity, by some he has been styled the father of the town. Noah Allen and his 6 sons were prominent, substantial men, first and foremost in all things pertaining to social, moral, and religious improvement. Noah Allen died May 20, 1844.

GRINDAL DAVIS

came to Goshen in the spring of 1811; was elected first selectman at the first town meeting in 1814; in May, 1814, was appointed a delegate to the convention to amend the Constitution; in September chosen representative to the general assembly, and removed from town, in 1815, to Yates, N. Y., where he now resides, a wealthy and respected citizen.

NATHAN CAPEN

came to Goshen in 1810; was appointed town clerk when the town was organized, which office he held 23 successive years, and a justice of the peace nearly the whole time; delegate to the convention to amend the Constitution in June, 1828; elected to represent the town in September, 1831, by a unanimous vote, and chosen representative 6 successive years. Places of trust and responsibility were often accorded to him, for he was generally considered an upright man. He died March 12, 1852, aged 66.

ABIAHAR KNAPP

was the first minister that settled in Goshen. He came here in 1822, and reorganized the Christian church or society, Dec. 9, 1822. The number of members who joined the society at this time was seven, previously baptized. This society flourished for a time, but now exists only in name. Elder Knapp preached here for 8 years. In September, 1830, was elected to represent the town. He removed to New York the fall of 1830.

JOHN LAIRD

was an inhabitant in 1847; had lived in town and out, as interest prompted him. He was something of a versifier. It was currently reported of him that he versified the whole book of Genesis. One of his neighbors having carried off a load of ladders and sold them, and brought back rum, Laird complimented him after this fashion:—

I think I have read in an old book of mine,
There was once a man could turn water to wine;
Since he has gone, another has come.
But the best he can do is to *turn ladders to rum*.

Our inhabitants have ever shown themselves willing to, and capable of, defending themselves against all attacks and intrusions of wild beasts, and on a number of occasions have not been scrupulous about carrying the war into Africa, as one case in point will show.

Josiah Brown and Perley Green came here in 1819, from Brookfield, Conn. Brown's wife was Green's mother. She had saved a small quantity of ammunition that belonged to her first husband. Calvin Green soon followed his mother and Perley to Goshen. Asa Green, a minor, still remained in Brookfield. In a year or two Asa came here on a visit, in the fore part of March. Mrs. Brown divided Green's ammunition among them. After Asa had finished his visit, his brothers proposed to put on their snow shoes and take a direct route to Hancock. The three Greens and Charles Brown started across the mountain. Young Brown, who also took a gun, had a small dog, which followed them: Soon after they began to descend the mountain, they came to a large birch-tree turned up by the roots, partly, and lodged. Near the root they discovered a small hole through the snow, iced around. They

began to tread in the snow and ice, when the little dog came up and signified that there was something under the old roots. In a moment more a yellow nose was protruded. It was a hurrying time with men, dog, bear, and all. When the bear came out, Brown fired. So near was he to her, he saw the wad burning on her shoulder; but she was quick out of sight, and the dog would not follow. They went on, and stayed with Esq. Ranney, in Hancock, who was quite a hunter, and kept a good dog. In the morning Asa pursued his way, and the others induced Ranney to take his dog and return with them after the bear, supposing on account of her wound she would not go far. There had fallen a little snow during the night. When they got to the track the dog would not follow. On reaching the den, they went in and made quite a noise with the old bear's children. They soon succeeded in capturing two cubs, one of which Ranney carried home, and Brown the other, which they tamed. Brown sold his to Wm. Cook. Ranney came down the next March, and on his return, in hopes of coming across a deer yard, induced young Brown to put on his snow shoes and accompany him part way. When they reached the height of land, Brown proposed to go down and visit the old bear's den. There they found much the same appearance as the year before. Immediately, Ranney's dog went into the den. Mrs. Bruin not liking such an unceremonious call, or being partial as to what company she entertained, soon ejected him from her domicile, and followed him out, intending to give him such a flagellation that he would be more mannerly in introducing himself upon the notice of strangers. As quiet as she was, he acted as if he thought she had hurried him out rather too quick, and that in doing so she had been as rough and unceremonious as he had, and that he shouldn't hurry about leaving the doorway, but would take the next lesson there. The bear and dog immediately closed in for a fight. The men, with their snow shoes on, stood by. Ranney saw at a glance that his dog would get the worst of the fight unless he had help immediately; so he stepped astride of the bear, and took an ear in each hand. When she felt the whole weight of this new element in the controversy was made to bear upon her, she turned her attention from the plaintive and suppliant tones of the dog to the more defiant antagonist on her back. In her efforts to get rid of Ranney, she took his hand into her mouth and bit it through. Ranney couldn't fight any more; but Brown's dog, when he found there was fighting, applied himself to her haunches, which had a tendency to lacerate her feelings so severely, she now turned her special attention to him, having no further fear of Ranney or his dog. Meanwhile, Brown had cut a small club, and came to the scene of action just at the time the bear turned upon his dog. She had hurt the dog so that he wouldn't

trouble her any more than Ranney and the first dog. The bear at once raised herself upon her haunches to fight Brown. He struck at her, but she would either dodge the blow or ward it off with her fore feet, and every time she warded off or dodged a blow she would hitch forward toward Brown, and he would step back and strike again; Ranney in the mean time begging Brown to desist and let the bear go, and come and do up his hand. Brown, however, didn't feel like beating a retreat under such circumstances, and kept plying the blows. After some time spent in striking, dodging, and hitching up, the bear made a mistake in the rule of fencing, and a blow fell upon her nose, which she instantly dropped into the snow, and Brown, plying his club vigorously, soon killed her. He then did up Ranney's hand, and he started for home. Brown dressed the bear, and found the ball he had shot her with the year before. He then went into the den and found two more cubs, which he killed on the spot. When asked why he didn't keep and tame them, he replied, he "found it a d—d sight easier to kill young bears than old ones."

The truth of this story can be verified.

The first framed house was built by Daniel Hooker in 1810, a small, unpretending domicile, 24 feet square, posts 6 feet high, with six 12-lighted windows, glass 6 by 8. The old man, now 78, lives there yet, and so endearing are its associations, and so strong his attachment to it, that he contends it is the best house in town.

I would add the name of Jona. Bagley as a first settler in 1809, and a Revolutionary patriot. He lived in town a number of years, was considered an honest, respectable man, and died in Brandon at an advanced age. Jona. Loveland settled in 1809; was a soldier during the English and French war of 1756. In his younger days he was married, but either because he made a hasty choice or was sick of faded charms, soon left his spouse for another Dulcinea, with whom he lived and raised a large family of children. In the mean time, his lawful wife died, and the old man made a profession of religion; whereupon he proposed to go into meeting and be publicly married. Old Esquire Blood told him he should think he would rather go into some swamp. "But," said the old Esquire, "before I had done with him, he was lawfully married." He was then near 80; probably the oldest man ever married in Goshen.

WM. CARLISLE, JR.,

came here in 1816; was a tough, hard-laboring man; raised a large family of children; was never wealthy; a man of excellent memory; and such was his style of relating anecdotes, that he would always enchain the attention of those around him, and even children would invariably sit with breathless attention to hear his stories. The most minute circumstances he would relate with admirable precision; and that his stories

were strictly true there can be no doubt, for he always told them exactly alike, word for word, whenever he repeated them. He died May 11, 1858, aged 79. His wife died on the 14th of the same month, aged 74.

JOSEPH CARLISLE,

the second settler in town, came here in 1808. He was a hard-laboring man, but riches never appeared to be for him. For several years he was considered our best leader in vocal music, and his performances would compare favorably with those of later years. He was trustworthy, and labored hard for the rights of all; and never feared to denounce wrong in any place. His word was as good as his note. He died September, 1859, in Michigan, aged 77½ years.

BENJ. PHELPS

settled in 1813; he always took a decided stand in favor of the church; was so attentive and faithful in his Christian duties, that for years, a meeting in town without him and his wife, Win. Clark and wife, and Amos Boynton and his wife, would have been considered almost a failure. He died July 5, 1857, aged 89. His wife died Dec. 25, 1856, aged 87. She had been a church member 70 years. Tryphenia Shedd died March 12, 1851, aged 89; the two oldest persons ever deceased in town. Their exact age cannot be obtained.

GRANVILLE.

BY HON. A. G. ALLEN.

GRANVILLE was granted November 7, 1780, and chartered to Reuben King and others, August 2, 1781. It was originally called Kingston, from King, a name quite common among the proprietors and first settlers; but, owing to some local prejudices, the name was changed, Nov. 6, 1834. Settlements were commenced soon after the close of the Revolution, by Renben King and others. At a meeting of the proprietors holden at Windsor on Sept. 28, 1784, a vote was taken to give 100 acres of land to each of the first women who should go with their families to make a permanent settlement in the town. This offer was accepted by Mrs. Hannah King, wife of Daniel King, — a Mrs. Sterling, and Mrs. Persis Ball, wife of Israel Ball, grandfather of Joseph P. Ball, who has represented the town several years in the General Assembly, and is one of the most influential men in town.

Joseph Patrick, the first town clerk, held the office upwards of 40 years; was the first justice of the peace, and first representative. Some of his descendants still reside in town, and occupy respectable positions in society.

The climate, though somewhat rigorous, has ever been regarded as very healthful; and, notwithstanding the privations and hardships in-

cident to new settlements, only 17 deaths occurred during the first 20 years, and two of these were men upwards of 80 years. The dysentery was mortal in 1806. Many aged persons who were among the early settlers have died within a few years, and with them many interesting historical events are shrouded in oblivion.

Among those who have resided longest in town, and who still live here, is Amos Lamb, aged 85, and his wife Eunice, aged about 90. They are the parents of Joseph Lamb, so well known as a wealthy citizen, and member of the General Assembly. Uncle Amos, as he is called, retains his mental faculties remarkably well, — relating many interesting incidents of bygone days, even in detail. The following is given nearly verbatim as related by him, a short time since: "When the country was new, and only a few settlements had been made, a man by the name of Powers went to the State of New York, to build a mill for some one there, leaving his wife and boy, a lad of about 9 years, in their log cabin. On the Saturday following the boy left home about noon, and, failing to return at night, the fear-stricken mother gave the alarm, and search was made the following day. Intelligence having gone to the adjacent towns, many bold, warm, and sympathizing hearts were found at the lonely cabin of the bereaved mother soon as the dawn appeared on Monday morning. With horns and sonorous voices, they spread out upon the mountain side, and passed through the ravines and dark recesses of the mountain forest. It was in April, and snow still covered the mountains far down their sides. The boy was thinly clad, without shoes or stockings. The sun was sinking behind the snow-capped mountain, and no traces of him had been found. Many, in despair, were preparing to return home, — but, fortunately, I (says Mr. Lamb) had taken a circuitous route, and coming to a swampy piece of ground, partly covered with snow, saw evident footprints of the lost boy. This joyful news was soon communicated to the whole party, and the search again commenced with renewed vigor. Just as the last rays of the setting sun were silvering the mountain tops, the words 'He is found' were borne on the 'wings of the wind' to many a glad heart. The boy, faint with hunger, benumbed with cold, and bewildered, did not recognize his friends; and, from fear, for a long time refused to come into the arms so gladly extended to embrace him."

The catamount, the black bear, the wolf, the moose, the lynx, the beaver, and the deer, for a long time roamed unmolested on the mountain sides, or played and sported on the banks of the limpid streams. For a time after the settlement commenced, many of these animals made their nocturnal visits, committing numerous depredations on the property of the inhabitants; but they have now chosen some other retreat, or become extinct.

Among the many heroic and daring deeds

worthy of particular notice is that related of the widow Mary Lamb, 89 years of age, now residing in town with her son William, a respectable and influential citizen. Her husband being absent, Mrs. Lamb was left, with the children, to take charge of the domestic affairs. One morning she heard a terrific scream in the dooryard, and on looking out saw a catamount making an onslaught upon the poultry. On opening the door the dog rushed out, and a fearful encounter followed. The dog finding himself unable to grapple successfully with his antagonist, fled into the house, followed by the catamount. Fear for the safety of the terrified children nerved the strong arm of the mother to desperation, and seizing the fire poker, she gave the "varmint" a heavy, well-directed blow, and with the assistance of the dog, now weak from loss of blood, succeeded in killing him. The dog died soon after, from wounds received in the contest.

The wolf and the bear are now occasionally seen. Hunting and destroying these animals used to be fine sport for the bold and daring hunters. Among the last, but not the least of these, were Zenas Robbins and Josiah Lewis, now residing in some of the Western States. These men not unfrequently followed bears on a still hunt several days in succession, camping out upon the mountains at night, while their families at home felt quite sure that when they returned they would bring ocular demonstrations of their success. On the west mountain, in what was formerly Avery's Gore, is a large cave, called the "Bear Den," in which these men, "Put like," have often entered torch in hand, and, when they heard the terrific growl and saw the flashing eyes, the sharp crack of their well-directed rifles reverberated through the dark recesses of the cavern, and Bruin was soon hauled up the dark entrance to be examined in the light of day.

About 25 years since 13 bears were thus taken from the same cave by these men, assisted by others, in one season. Several years later 4 were taken, — and, among them, one that weighed over 400 pounds. The last taken in this retreat were caught in the winter of 1855, when Lewis, in company with McDonald, son of Zenas Robbins, entered and dislodged 4, one old one and 3 cubs. These were exhibited in different parts of the State during the winter.

The religious denominations were originally Congregationalist and Baptist. In 1840, the Methodists and Universalists had very much increased. In the winter of 1843, a sect calling themselves Adventists held a series of protracted meetings, in which great religious excitement prevailed, and the different churches for a long time expected that great numbers would be added to them; but, as is too often the case, one extreme was followed by another, and the churches, not possessing sufficient stamina to resist the reaction that followed, crumbled beneath its weight. Since

that time a general dearth in religious culture has been but too visible.

At present a new era seems to be opening to cheer and resuscitate the desponding hearts of these Christians. Rev. J. B. Smith (Congregationalist) is now laboring zealously, and an increasing interest to attend church and sustain the gospel is manifesting itself. A society is formed composed of different denominations, and they are uniting their efforts to support preaching every Sabbath, and many, in the language of the Psalmist, are saying, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

The town is watered by White River and its numerous branches. The water is remarkably clear, soft, and pure, and every pebble can be easily seen at the bottom of the stream, though the water is very deep. It would be difficult to find a farm in any part of the town that does not have on it a gushing spring of excellent water; and the man or woman who would substitute a beverage for this, must be insensible to Heaven's richest blessing.

Several streams, coming down from the mountain sides, unite in a beautiful valley near the centre of the town, and form White River: one of these, called the Alder Meadow Branch, rises in the northerly part of the town, and the traveler, by passing up to the head of it, finds himself also looking upon the head waters of Mad River, that flows into Lake Champlain. The altitude between the waters that flow into the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain is found to be much less at this point than at any other for a great distance north or south. On one of the branches, and in sight of this stream, may be seen Moss Glen Falls, so much visited by citizens and strangers, and admired by all for the picturesque scenery with which they are surrounded. The water falls over a massive rock 100 feet; 50 feet — at the lower part — is a perpendicular descent. Several writers have given graphic descriptions of these falls and the surrounding scenery, one of which recently appeared in the "Vermont Standard."

The land bordering on White River and its branches, lying as it does between two mountain ridges, is sometimes inundated, and the roads and bridges much damaged by the superabundant water coming down like a torrent from the surrounding hills and mountains. The fertility of the meadows adjacent to the streams is much increased by the fertilizing sediment left upon them when the water subsides.

The most remarkable freshet within the recollection of the present generation was that of July, 1830. The height of the water at that time, as indicated by those who were present, is almost incredible. It appears, at this time, there was a mountain slide near Moss Glen Falls, which literally filled the deep gulf between the mountain

on the west and the hill on the opposite side, forming an immense dam of earth, rocks, and trees. The flood wood left in the tops of the trees, and on the side of the mountain, proved the water to have been 75 feet deep above the slide. When this immense barrier gave way, the water above rushed through the narrow valley, carrying destruction with it, and spreading out upon the broad intervals below covered them with several feet of water, filling the inhabitants with consternation, whose hearts were already throbbing with fearful apprehensions. Although this flood came in the night, and thick darkness covered the earth, no lives were lost: some saved themselves in the chambers of their houses, some by swimming, and others by constructing rafts on which they escaped to the adjacent hills. The house of David Wiley, in the eastern part of the town, was swept away, and he and his family barely escaped with their lives by clinging to a projecting rock, under which they stayed until morning.

In the winter of 1840 and 41 an epidemic prevailed. The typhus fever went through many entire families, and in many instances the most athletic and robust were the first to fall by its fatal power, — while the scarlet fever was making fearful ravages among the children and youth. It was truly a time when mothers, like Rachel of old, wept for their children, "and would not be comforted, because they were not."

The town now contains 793 inhabitants, and, from natural or other causes, there is greater equality in property and general intelligence than is often found. The people are industrious, frugal, thoughtful, and temperate. They neither suffer from a bloated wealth, proud aristocracy, "Young America," or extreme poverty. Agriculture constitutes the chief pursuit, the land being well adapted to grazing, having great power to resist drought. The number of horses, cattle, and sheep, is probably greater in proportion to the number of inhabitants than in most other towns. There are, however, many engaged in the wood, coal, and lumber business, particularly along the eastern slope of the mountain, in the vicinity of the Vermont Central Railroad, which passes through the N. E. corner of the town at a place called Sandusky, where there is a post office, printing office, and railroad station, and some other business, mostly under the supervision of D. Tarbell, Jr. At a little distance from Sandusky there is an aqueduct, or trough, constructed, extending far up the mountain, through which by means of water a large quantity of wood is annually floated to the railroad.

An extensive steam mill, which cost about \$15,000, containing a saw-mill, stove machine, and much other valuable property, was consumed by fire on the 16th of September last. This mill is accidentally represented quite too far west on the map of Addison county. The area should

have been filled with an entire school district, in which are 106 inhabitants, and many excellent farms not represented on the map.

The town is divided into 6 school districts, and 3 fractional districts connected with school districts in Warren, Rochester, and Hancock. In two of these (Nos. 1 and 2) are found hand-ome, commodious, and well-ventilated school-houses; while the others, though fully equal to the majority of similar structures in the State, are better calculated to disseminate disease and death, than health, intelligence, and happiness. The schools have very much improved within the last few years, resulting from a uniform system of textbooks, under which a more judicious classification is obtained; and in these respects the schools may justly rank among the first in the State. Each district usually supports a school 6 months each year, and select schools are becoming common in different parts of the town. There is a greater number of teachers, both male and female, than find employment at home, — and some are teaching abroad.

Among the eminent professional men who claim Granville as the place of their nativity are Rev. Jonathan Lamb, a graduate of Vermont University, and author of several books; Rev. Prince Jenne, for many years pastor of the Congregational church in town, now deceased; Dr. J. M. Parker, an eminent physician in the Southern States; Hon. Henry Starr, a self-taught, but learned judge, now residing at the West; and Uriah Rice, principal of Seventh Ward school in Cincinnati. Those possessing thorough business habits are Harvey Lamb, an extensive manufacturer in Pennsylvania; Chester Lamb, formerly an alderman in New York city, now connected with the St. Nicholas House; Artemas Rice, a wealthy speculator in California; and E. B. and George Ford, merchants in Massachusetts.

Music, both vocal and instrumental, is receiving much attention. An excellent choir, led by A. W. Ford, is found at church every Sabbath. The "Green Mountain Brass Band, (of which Capt. A. Fisk of Rochester is leader, and Gen. A. G. Allen drill-master,) consisting of 20 members, has merited and received a wide-spread reputation for its excellent music and gentlemanly deportment.

Gold has been found to some extent in White River and its branches. It was first discovered by Cyrus Kennedy, who washed it from sand taken from the bed of the river. Having thus gathered several pieces worth from \$1 to \$2 each, he purchased the land; but for want of means, or other causes, no extensive mining was done. The land is now owned by the Hon. Stephen A. Thomas, and a charter is obtained under which it is expected a more thorough investigation will soon be made.

A limestone ledge has been discovered, and opened to some extent in the northerly part of the town on land owned by William C. Chaffee, Esq.

The town contains 1 (Union) meeting-house, 1 store, 1 tavern, 1 railroad station, and 1 snath factory, which furnishes employment for several men, and supplies the market with large quantities of scythe snaths annually. There are also 2 post offices, 2 blacksmiths, 2 carriage makers, 3 shoemakers, 8 carpenters, 3 clapboard mills, and 8 saw-mills. With such facilities the antiquated dwellings, having answered their intended purposes, are now being rapidly superseded by more modern and convenient structures.

A large grist and lumber mill has been erected the present year by E. N. Spalding, an energetic, practical, business man. The building is capacious, and thoroughly built in all its parts, and demonstrates well the character of its proprietor. It is situated near the junction of the three principal branches of White River, near the centre of the town; and this locality, from its water-power and other local facilities, is destined to become a place of considerable business.

A MARRIAGE CEREMONY VERSIFIED.

In Granville, June 5, by A. G. Allen, Esq., Mr. Edgar H. Chadwick and Miss Adelia A. Allen, both of Granville.

You, sir, take the lady you hold by the hand,
As your own lawful wife, by the laws of the land;
Engaging to love her, and give her your aid,
When health shall attend her, or sickness invade;
To provide and support her, you covenant, sir;
To forsake other lovers and cleave unto her;
And do as God's law and the statutes advise,
Till God send his message to sever these ties.

And you, lady, take him you hold by the hand,
To be your own husband, by the laws of the land;
Engaging to cherish, to love and obey
Him in sickness and health, through life's troubled
way.

His pleasures and sorrows you promise to share,
As God's holy law and the statutes declare;
Till Death, as a messenger sent from the skies,
Shall sunder you from him, and sever these ties.

To assent to these pledges, on you I now call,
That they may be known and acknowledged by all;
If each of you now will consent to these bands,
You will here make it known by disjoining your
hands.

Now I, by authority vested in me,
Declare that you husband and wife shall now be,
And call on all present, who purposely came,
And God, your Creator, to witness the same.

A. G. ALLEN.

THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

It is only by recurring to the chronicles of the past that we can arrive at any appreciation of the ravages of time. Then we ascertain that the many things which were, are not; that they withered at the touch of time, and were hurled into the dark chasm of forgetfulness.

History reverts to the scenes of other times. We review the catalogue of names perpetuated in song; we trace the lives of those who bore

them, from their youth upward; we mark the struggles through which they passed, the numerous obstacles encountered, the many trials undergone for the emancipation of our country from hostile hands; and as we muse we wander through the lapse of ages and hold communion with those great and good patriots of the past. We stand upon the battle-field; we see the clashing steel; we hear the roar of the booming cannon, the death-groan of the victim. We pause. This is only the kindlings of imagination over the records of the past; we can only regret the great, the good, the noble should thus have passed away. The dilapidated walls of architecture, the rusting sword on the cold floor of antiquity, the mouldering bones of the ancient warrior, all evince an invisible power whose mission is to destroy. Where are the champions who fought in defence of the word of God, and caused its sacred light to penetrate the darkest recesses of superstition? Where those noble martyrs who suffered for the propagation of the truth,—who removed the mask that enveloped the face of Christendom, and caused the true light to shine forth amid the gloom of darkness? Where those brave pioneers of the sixteenth century, who caused the city of seven hills to totter upon its foundation; who removed the briars and brambles from the path of Christianity, and planted in their stead the seeds of piety and truth? Their deeds are recorded on the tablet of history; their names have become immortalized by being linked with one of the great revolutions of the world. Yet, they are gone,—gone to the charnel-house of Time. Where is the wild, uncultivated race, that traversed our hills and vales a few short centuries ago, unmindful of the rich soil beneath their feet? Receding from the stage of existence like a momentary vision,—as a race nearly extinct, doomed to annihilation. The hand of civilization, the children of education, have usurped the abode of ignorance, and inculcated the moral principles of civilized life. Time, indeed, has made sad havoc of that strong and noble, though uncultivated race. And where shall we find the precedent of such a victor? Shall we ascend the summit of renown for a rival? Time plucks the fairest wreath from the brow of Fame. Shall we seek the path of knowledge to find an equal? Time is knowledge; for in him are all things accomplished.

CELIA M. BALL.

HANCOCK.

BY C. G. ROBBINS, ESQ.

HANCOCK lies in the S. E. corner of Addison county; has one post-office, and 23,040 acres by charter, granted Nov. 7, 1780, chartered July 31, 1781, by Vt. to Samuel Wilcox and his associates. The settlement was commenced in the year 1783, by Joseph Butts, from Canterbury,

Conn., Dan'l Claflin, from New Salem, and John Bellows, from Dalton, Mass., with their families. Several young men also began improvements the same year, among whom were Zenas Robbins, from Pittsfield, Mass., and Levi Darling. Eben'r, son of Dan'l Claflin, was the first child born here.

The town was organized June 18, 1792. First town clerk, Zenas Robbins; constable, Noah Cady; selectmen, Dan'l Claflin, John Bellows, and Jas. Claflin. First justice of the peace, Esias Butts, 1799, and first rep. in 1800. First physician, Darius Smith, 1801, who lived and died in the town.

The first public house was kept by Joseph Butts, at the now small village of Hancock; afterwards by Esias Butts for many years. Dan'l Claflin commenced on the mountain farm, on the road to Middlebury, in an early day, and kept a public house for many years, a really convenient place for travellers who had to pass over the mountain through the then mostly wilderness country from East Middlebury to Hancock village, to *wood and water up* for the journey, which they usually did, in those good old times, with a hearty good-will. The first sawmill and gristmill was built by Zenas Robbins, about 1800; till then the inhabitants went to Stockbridge, some 10 miles, to mill.

Nature has surrounded us with her towering mountains and evergreen hills, her mimic sheets of water falling in beautiful cascades from their mountain homes, and uniting with each other until at last they form the beautiful Connecticut. On the summit of the mountain over which crosses the road to Middlebury, is a public house, called the Mount Vernon House, kept by Messrs. Packard. One half a mile from this place is the Mount Vernon pond, accessible only by a winding steps cut in the rocks. The pond is one half mile in diameter, and affords to pleasure seekers a fine place for trouting, boat-riding, and exhaling the pure mountain breezes.

SENATOR ALLEN.

GEN. ALONZO G. ALLEN was born in Barnard, Sept. 2, 1811. His grandfather, Elnathan Allen, removed from Connecticut about the year 1780, to the then wilderness of Vermont. He is said to have been a distant relative of "Old Ethan." Be that as it may, the subject of this notice has shown by his life that whether he be connected or not with him by *blood*, he certainly inherits much of his *spirit*.

Until the age of 14, he resided on his father's farm, remote from school, and noted for but two peculiarities,—a passionate love of books, and a waywardness of disposition, which would sooner yield to a mother's kind request than the father's stern command.

His father at that time entering into commer-

cial business, installed his son as clerk, who, being rather an apt scholar, soon learned the lessons usually taught in the N. E. rum and cod-fish shops of those days, and became, in modern parlance, a "fast boy."

At the age of 17, a clergyman residing in the same district, (who had often tried to approach him with good counsel, and only met levity and boyish jests in return,) made application to his father to employ him as teacher in their district school, of which he was superintending committee.

The boy was taken aback, — the father hesitated; but the clergyman insisted that Alonzo had all the elements of a good teacher. He entered the school, receiving the munificent remuneration of \$8 per month, and to the surprise of many, and the satisfaction of all, he was successful.

This was the turning point of his life. From that time, higher aspirations controlled his actions; and although deprived of a classical education which was intended for him, in consequence of the pecuniary reverses of his father, he made himself master of all the fundamental principles of an English education, and for some 30 years has been a teacher during the winter season in district schools, with uniform success; and may be considered as one of the most untiring and active friends of the cause of popular education in the State.

He removed to Granville in 1837. In 1838, was elected captain of the militia under the then existing laws, and served 5 years. In 1856, elected captain of the Green Mountain Rangers, which office he held until promoted to that of Judge Advocate General by the Legislature, in 1857. He was elected town superintendent of schools upon the establishment of that office, and has continued to perform its duties to the present time with credit to himself, and signal benefit to his town.

He has served as justice of the peace for upwards of 20 years; represented his town in the legislature in 1843, '48, '56, and '57, and was elected Senator for Addison county in '59.

In person, Gen. Allen furnishes a fine specimen of a Green Mountain Boy. — 6 feet 2 inches in height, and well proportioned. May he long live an example of an affectionate husband, a kind parent, and a useful citizen.

HENRY JONES.

REST IN HEAVEN.

Art thou a wanderer? doth no loved one's smile
E'er meet thine own, thy sorrows to beguile?
In this wide world, hast thou no heartiest claim?
Lingers there not within some cherished name
Of one, perhaps, who far in childhood's hour,
Won thy young heart, and still with lingering power
Retains the precious gem, though time has wove
A web which dims the lustre of thy love?
Hast thou no harbor on life's troubled sea?
Wanderer, there's rest in heaven for thee.

Art thou a mourner? doth the cold earth cover
The forms of loved ones all, none left to hover
Around thy pathway? must thou tread alone
Life's dreary walk, looking for naught beyond
To smile upon thy toil? no word of love
To recompense thee? Mourner, look above!
When life's dull task is over, then thy soul
Shall find its long anticipated goal;
And friends shall smile and welcome thee with song,
And thine own voice shall help the strain prolong.
So murmur not, for when from earth once free,
There's rest in heaven for weary souls like thee.

MARY S. ROBBINS.

LEICESTER.

BY JOHN L. PERRY, ESQ.

LEICESTER extends 6 miles east to west, and about 3½ miles north to south. Middlebury and Brandon were laid out prior to Leicester and Salisbury, and the charter for these towns was intended to cover the territory between Middlebury and Brandon; but when the survey was made, it was found there was not land enough on which to locate both towns.

After a long controversy between the proprietors, the line was run and established by a joint commission, consisting of members from each town.

The charter of the town is supposed to have been granted in 1761, and the first inhabitants settled as early as 1774. Jer. Parker and Sam'l Daniels, from Massachusetts, were the first settlers who moved their families into Leicester. They had, two or three summers previous to their moving, worked on their land, and returned to their families in the fall. A son of Jer. Parker is said to have remained on his land alone during the winter, for the purpose of feeding his cattle, with no person nearer than Middlebury and Pittsford.

Jer. Parker and his son were taken by the Indians during the Revolutionary war. The son was carried to Crown Point; but the father being very deaf, was released. The family returned to Massachusetts, where they remained until after the war.

Chloe Parker, now the wife of Capt. Eben'r Jenney, and daughter of Jer. Parker, above named, is said to be the first white child born in town, (March 2, 1777.)

Sam'l Daniels was killed in a skirmish with the Indians in Shelburn.

The town was rapidly settled after the close of the war, and organized in March, 1786.

Eben'r Child was the first town clerk, — John Smith the first representative.

There has been no church organized here, except the Methodist, by a preacher by the name of Mitchel, who came into town about the year 1800.

A brick church was completed in 1820, erected by an association called the Leicester Meeting-House Society.

The first physician in town, Dr. Elkanah Cook,

was a self-taught botanic physician, much esteemed as an upright man, and skilful practitioner, by the early inhabitants of Leicester and the adjoining towns. He was a stout, resolute man, with but little education, but possessed a sound judgment, and exercised considerable skill in leech-setting, and other surgical operations.

There being no roads, he would take a pine torch and travel through the woods to visit the sick at all hours in the night, often the distance of 6 or 8 miles; and no stormy weather ever hindered him. Such hardships, however, destroyed his health. He died Aug. 27, 1815, aged 77; but appeared much older.

Prudence Barker, widow of John Barker, one of the earliest settlers, died Dec. 5, 1846, aged 99 years and 9 months. She was the oldest person who has died in Leicester.

Aaron Esty, another of the first settlers, died July 31, 1844, aged 98 years and 6 months.

Thirza Robbins, widow of Moses Robbins, one of the early settlers, is now in her 93d year, and retains her mental faculties remarkably. She is the oldest inhabitant in the town.

There are ten persons now living in town, over 80. The population is supposed to be about 600.

The soil of the town is fertile, and well adapted to agriculture, which has been the business of the inhabitants since the first settlement. There being no water-power, or mechanical establishment, the people are dependent upon Salisbury and Brandon for those conveniences.

The Rutland and Burlington Railroad crosses the town near the west end, and the (miscalled) Whiting depot is in this town. And we have a daily mail.

There is a mine of iron ore in the east part of the town, which has been extensively worked by the Forestdale Iron Company in Brandon, and large quantities of excellent stone lime are burned annually near the depot, and sent by railroad to New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and other places.

The town of Leicester has always maintained its equal standing with other agricultural towns in the State; and has furnished its fair proportion of men of talents suitable for legislation, the bench, the pulpit, and the bar.

HON. HENRY OLIN.

BY REV. FERNICE DARWIN AMES, A. M.—FORMERLY OF LEICESTER, NOW METHODIST CLERGY-MAN AT BRANDON.

HENRY OLIN was born in Shaftsbury, May 7, 1768. He was a son of Justice Olin. His mother's maiden name was Sarah Dwinell. His father, as well as his grandfather, Henry, was a native of Rhode Island, in which State, at East Greenwich, his great-grandfather, John Olin, the first ancestor of the name in America, settled in 1678. Hon. Gideon Olin, of Shaftsbury, was an uncle of the subject of this sketch.

Judge Olin settled in Leicester about the year

1788. His parents followed some years later, and ended their days in Leicester. His early literary advantages were but moderate. On account of his unwieldy size and awkward manners, the people of his adopted town were not at first much prepossessed in his favor. But his native wit, shrewdness, and sound sense soon rendered him a general favorite. He was chosen a member of the Legislature in 1799, and was 21 times re-elected. He was first chosen an Assistant Judge of the County Court in 1801, which office he held 8, and that of Chief Judge 15 years, making 23 years of uninterrupted service upon the bench. He was chosen a State Councillor in 1820, and '21, a member of Congress in '24, to complete the unexpired term of Hon. Charles Rich, deceased, and 3 consecutive years, from 1827, Lieut. Governor of the State. His popularity at home rose so high, that at one election he had nearly the unanimous vote of his fellow townsmen for Governor. In politics he was a Jeffersonian Democrat, and a modern Whig, and in religion a zealous Methodist.

He removed to Salisbury in the spring of 1837, and died there on the 18th of August following. His ashes repose in the graveyard in the town in which he spent most of his life, and in whose affairs he bore a far more conspicuous part than any other man has ever done. His father, mother, and first wife are all interred near him.

Judge Olin was twice married, first in 1788, to Lois Richardson, one of a family of 12 children, who all lived to mature age, and were all members of a Baptist church, in the east part of Cheshire, Mass. By her he had 9 children,—2 sons and 7 daughters—who reached mature age, and 2 sons who died in infancy. Among the former were the celebrated Dr. Stephen Olin, and Mrs. Moses Wright, mother of Rev. Moses Emory Wright, who was born and reared in Leicester, graduated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Ct., in 1853, and is now a minister in the N. E. Conference of the M. E. Church. Judge Olin's second wife was a widow Barnum, whose maiden name was Polly Sanford. She still survives.

In his physical proportions, the Judge was almost gigantic. He was the oracle of the community, and his conversation the charm of any company in which he happened to be. "When passing a neighbor's house of a summer's day," says a fellow townsman, "he would stop in the street, or under some convenient shade, his wagon, which would at once be surrounded by the family, men, women, and children, and without alighting, he would tell them a few favorite stories, and pass on. Many a man has thus been beguiled of his day's work; many a woman has suffered her nearly cooked dinner to spoil, and many a child forgotten its playthings. While his hearers were bursting with roars of laughter, the Judge would remain composed, and apparently asleep; but as the laughter began to subside in others, it began to operate in himself.

There would be an opening of the eyes, broad, beaming with fun, then an internal shaking of the body by two or three long-suppressed convulsions, which did not move the muscles of his face, and the matter ended.

He was likewise possessed of a retentive memory, which enabled him, by reading and observation, to repair many of the deficiencies of his early education, of a clear perception of right, an ardent love of justice, and unbending rectitude,—qualities which account for the esteem in which he was held as a judge and legislator. He was a man of strict morality, and very useful as a peacemaker among his neighbors, thus preventing many a petty lawsuit and neighborhood quarrel, of which he had great abhorrence.

STEPHEN OLIN, D. D., LL. D., born in Leicester, March 3, 1797, was, in physical proportions, one of the grandest types of the human kind; a man of the kindest feelings,—constant in friendship, and of the noblest impulses. Like his father, while the grandeur of his intellect commanded respect, his wit and good humor made him a universal favorite. He was one of our deep, original thinkers, possessing wonderful powers of description and analysis, an able speaker, and ready writer. His mind, like Webster's, was ever equal to the occasion, and might be compared, in the language of the eloquent Hilliard, to a mighty stream, the transparency of which concealed its depth, and its depth concealed its mighty flow.

Mr. Olin graduated at Middlebury College in 1820, where he had distinguished himself for ripe scholarship, and has ever since been regarded as one of the brightest lights that ever emanated from that institution of learning. The valedictory oration had been assigned to him, but sickness prevented his performing that honorable part.

After recovering from this illness he removed South, where he labored successfully as a teacher. He had designed to make the law his profession, in keeping with his father's desire, who saw unmistakable evidence, in his son's character and ability, that success in that field would crown his efforts. But becoming imbued with the principles of Methodism, which appealed more forcibly to his sense of duty to God and to man, he turned his great powers into a channel which brought him into high sympathy with the nobler attributes of man, and won for him undying fame.

In 1824 he joined the South Carolina Conference, was admitted into the travelling ministry, and stationed at Charleston. As a preacher, earnest, faithful, and sincere, possessing in a wonderful degree that power which causes the hearer to *feel* what is said, his pulpit efforts were like the overwhelming rush of a mighty Niagara,—the manifestation of a conscious power which knew no bounds.

In 1826 he was elected professor of belles-lettres in Franklin College, Georgia; in 1828, ordained an elder in the Methodist Episcopal Church; in 1832, elected president of the Randolph Macon College, and in 1834 the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by three colleges, and LL. D. by Yale College in 1843. In 1837, in consequence of feeble health, he journeyed to the old world, where he travelled several years; the results of which may be found in his published "Travels in the Holy Land."*

While absent, he was elected President of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. On his return, in 1840, his health being still precarious, he resigned, but was reelected in 1842; and though in feeble health, continued laboring with great zeal for the cause of education and religion, till the 16th of August, 1851, when this great and good man paid the debt of nature, with the calm assurance that all would be well,—yea, more than well!

In a sketch of this kind, generalities only can be given, which can do nothing like justice to the character of such a man as Dr. Olin. Yet so well did he perform his part in life, so true was he to his highest sense of duty, his name will ever be associated with all that is noble and god-like. For further information concerning him, the reader is referred to the published works, and "Life and Letters of Dr. Olin," (from the pages of which the facts in this sketch are taken,) which best reveal the majesty of his talents and the purity of his soul.

A. E. STANLEY.

PARAGRAPHS FROM DR. OLIN.

CIRCUMSTANCE MODIFIES MIND.

THE human mind is as the thoughts with which it is chiefly conversant. It is very much the creature of its own ideas. The man who from early life has been familiar with topics and interests of great significance, is educated by them. His intellect takes its character and coloring from the ideas which habitually act upon it and dwell in it. Even the sights and sounds that engage his outward senses,—the beautiful landscape, or the sublime mountain scenery upon which he has long been accustomed to gaze,—the roar of the cataract which sends forth its thunder night and day near his dwelling-place,—will by-and-by be found to have filled the imagination and the memory with images and recollections, and with sentiment, which are likely to exert a strong and permanent influence upon his mental capacity, upon his character, and his destiny. Still more must every-day pursuits, and the profound interest that suggests the current topics of conversation and thought, and that imposes upon the mind its most stirring, strenuous employ-

* Travels in the East, 2 vols., numerous smaller works, and 2 vols. of his miscellaneous writings, have been published since his decease.

ments, leave upon it durable impressions, and become chief and influential conditions of its development and growth. If two individuals, equal in capacity and education, spend their lives in a great industrial establishment, the one as owner or superintendent, the other as a common laborer, the master is likely to become a man of decided ability, of comprehensive views, inventive genius, and sound judgment, while the operative makes no progress beyond the acquisition of some degree of skill in his own special department. The first has a variety of interests to consult, and responsibilities to meet; has questions to settle and decisions to make every day or hour, upon which are suspended results of no inconsiderable moment. This gives variety, multiplicity, and activity to his ideas, and the mind expands and acquires new vigor by such processes. The work of the subaltern, on the contrary, is mere routine, and his mind stagnates and dwindles amid the incessant, monotonous whirling of spindles and water-wheels.

That is likely to become the most powerful intellect which is most constantly and earnestly busied with great thoughts and great designs. . . . The mind wants an ample supply of worthy ideas to furnish it with interesting, productive occupation. With these it must make progress and attain development; but without them, never. This truth is important, not to students only, but to all who desire mental growth and discipline. It is especially important for those who labor at occupations little friendly to intellectual improvement. Such persons should seek a remedy for the disadvantage of their position by reading good books, which are the great storehouse of ideas and thoughts, and which offer a ready and sufficient resource.

GLIMPSES OF HIS DOMESTIC LIFE.

ATHENS, April 17, 1828.

. As you make no allusion to the fact, I presume you have not heard of my being married. The event, interesting at least to me, took place in April, last year. I was married to Mary Ann Eliza Bostick, in Milledgeville, in this State. She is a native of Georgia. I supposed that even these small circumstances might have interest for you, derived from our long community of sentiment and views. I need not say anything of her who is the partner of my joys and ills, since a man is proverbially unfit to portray his wife, through a common weakness, from which I can plead no exemption.

FROM THE PREFACE TO HIS TRAVELS.

I remained more than a year in Paris, deriving no benefit from the best medical advice which that capital afforded, and hovering continually upon the borders of the grave. I was accompanied, however, by a beloved and honored wife, herself in the vigor and bloom of health, and every way fitted to be the minister of the richest

earthly blessings which it has pleased God to confer upon me. Rarely endowed with the talent of doing good, and communicating happiness, and a bright example of the conjugal virtues,—patient, indefatigable, and inventive; full of cheerfulness, hope, courage, and faith, she was the angel of my sick-room, who watched by my restless pillow day and night during these dreary months, anticipating and satisfying the wants of my situation, with a skill and untiring assiduity which strong affection can alone inspire and sustain. It is not surprising, perhaps, that, under the divine blessing upon anxieties so benign, I passed successfully through this trying crisis.

The ensuing autumn and the winter of 1838-'39 were spent in a visit to London, a journey through Belgium and France, and a residence of three months in Rome, all rendered doubly delightful by the sense of returning health, and by the presence and ardent and intelligent participation of one to whom I was so much indebted for this unspeakable blessing.

NAPLES, May 14, 1839.

I have lately been called to pass through a scene of deep overwhelming distress. God in his mysterious but righteous providence, has taken from me my beloved and honored wife, who expired in this city on the 7th inst. . . . The night previous was one of great distress, and I thought her insensible to everything. At about 5 o'clock she opened her eyes, and looking at me for some time, she said, with tender concern, "My dear, you have been sitting by my bed the whole night." She seemed desirous that I should speak to her, though I had refrained from it on account of her weakness. It was apparent she was soon to depart, though I did not suppose her end was so near. I said to her that I thought she would die to-day. She said she thought so, too, and added, in answer to my inquiry as to the state of her mind, that she felt herself to be near the kingdom of heaven. These were her last words. Unable to speak, she yet gave a most interested attention and cordial assent to a number of passages from the Holy Scriptures, which I quoted for her consolation. She sat up in the bed as she had done throughout her illness, being unable to bear a recumbent posture, or even the support of pillows. She had inclined forward and rested upon my hand.

I repeated some lines to her from the beautiful hymn, beginning,—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"

lines which she had often sung to comfort me when apparently on the verge of eternity. I said, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" . . . I quoted that and many similar passages of Scripture which pressed upon my recollection with affluence, which, even at that dread moment, shed a ray of comfort on my breaking heart. She still gave

tokens of attention and assent. The blessed words of Christ in his last prayer, before he was betrayed, were upon my lips: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me." "Yes, my dear," I said, "Christ wills that you should be with him where he is, to behold his glory, where are the Father and the spirits of just men made perfect." At that moment her head fell from my hand, and the last struggle began. She spoke no more, though she continued to breathe till near 10 o'clock, A. M.

A PILGRIM'S THANKSGIVING.*

LONE, desious wastes and wilds I tried,—
The arid plain,—the mountain high,—
Where yawning caverns loudly cried,
"One step leads to eternity."

But He who sends his angel-train
To make the heirs of life secure,
Made valleys hills, and hills a plain,
And made my sliding footsteps sure.

I saw the angry tempest frown,
And set his vengeful hosts at strife;
He sent his dark tornadoes down,
To gorge them on the spoils of life.

But while the fury of the Lord
Was poured on lifeless Nature's breast,
I claimed the promise of his word,
And 'neath his sheltering wings had rest.

Unhurt I felt the noontide ray,
And drank the poison of the air;
For God my refuge was by day,
And midnight watches owned his care.

Being eternal! "King of kings!"
Whose courts adoring seraphs throng,
From whom the hope of mortals springs,
To whom their songs of praise belong,

Oh, may thy providence and grace,
Which blessed, sustained, and brought me here,
Be still my strength and hiding-place,
Through all the changes of the year!

S. OLIN.

MY CHILD.

SWEET flower of Spring! I welcome thee with joy.
As, from the cloud-veiled sky, when darkness rests
Upon the plains of earth, and dismal winds
Are howling the sad dirge of blighted hopes,
A star shines mildly out, and with a beam
Of heavenly innocence, bespeaks the pure
And lasting brightness of celestial joys;
So, on the stormy plain of life,—beset
With trembling fears, and disappointed hopes,
Thy tiny form goes ever on before,
Chasing earth's sensual vapors from my heart,
Like pure evangel guiding it toward heaven.
Already from this breast affection's tendrils
Have gone, strong out, and caught thy tender form.
Yes, my sweet child, I love thee! love thee so,
Henceforth, sustained by his almighty arm
Who holds revolving worlds obedient

* A record of the year 1826; the unstudied effusion of a tried spirit yet in the furnace,—melted, but not consumed; written on the eve of Dec. 31, in a dreary inn at Barnewell, "in the midst of a wild and sterile region."

To his omnipotence, yet stoops to earth,
And e'en the humble sparrow guards from harm,
My great desire shall be to keep thy feet
From every path of sin. Sweet task of love!
To guard a soul immortal from temptation's power,
And bring it home to God. More glorious work
Can never angel's ransomed powers engage,
Than that which travels back to time's great source,
And from the garner of Omniscience draws
God's free, unbounded mercy to its aid,
In training an immortal soul for heaven.

Rev. L. S. WALKER,
Methodist clergyman at Leicester.

TAKE ME HOME.

THERE'S love beneath the old roof-tree
Which nowhere else I find;
I've sought amid the proud and gay,
But left it far behind.
Take, take me home; the old moss-roof
Will shelter me again,
As when I wove bright fancy's woof,
In childhood's golden train.
The dear old trees, where sunbeams sleep,
Reach out their arms for me;
Oh, take me home, and let me weep
Beneath the old roof-tree!

Oh, take me home! my father stands
Beneath that dear loved tree,
With watchful eye, and outstretched hands,
And calls in vain for me.
Oh, let me go! my sister sighs,
And startles in her sleep;
And on her lips one loved word dies,
She calls my name, and weeps.
Yes, let me go; I'm weary here,
From dearest friends apart.
Oh, take me home, my mother dear,
And fold me to your heart!

ADA MCCANON.

LINCOLN.

BY JAMES T. GOVE.

LINCOLN first embraced a territory about 6 miles square. In 1824, a strip of the eastern side, two miles in width, was joined to Warren, and an addition, 1 mile in width, made to the western side by the annexation of a part of Bristol, and in 1848 Avery's Gore was annexed on the south.

Potato Hill, an elevated peak of the mountain on the east, lies just within the limits of the town. This peak commands a fine view of the surrounding country, and is a place of frequent resort during the summer season. The surface of the town is rather uneven, the northern and southern parts being more elevated, descending by a gradual slope toward the New Haven river. This river flows in a N. W. direction into Lincoln, where it is joined by another considerable stream, and flows on through the central part of the town, into Bristol. This is a clear stream, having for the most part a stony channel, often broken by precipitous descents over ledges of rock. Its mill privileges are numerous. A stranger, on entering the town from the west, is forcibly struck with the romantic wildness of the

secrery. The land is generally rugged and stony, but not wanting in the materials of a good soil.

In 1790, the town was granted to Col. Benj. Simons and 64 associates, by a charter from the Vt. Government. Date of the charter, Nov. 9, 1790. In 1794, Dec. 10, a survey having been made, and lots numbered, each proprietor was assigned two divisions of 100 acres each; these divisions comprised about 3-5 of the grant; the remaining 2-5 were divided the next year.

The first settlements were made in the north part of the town, early in the spring of 1793, by Loren Orvis, Lawrence Delong, and Marcus Heading, who entered at nearly the same time, in the month of March. The only improvements that had been made previous to this time, consisted of one or two log-houses, and a road that had been cleared from the north toward the central part of the town.

In the year following, several new settlers took up their residence in the town. The privations and hardships incident to the country in the early periods of settlement fell to their lot. Being destitute of wagons, they used sleds both summer and winter. The nearest stores were at Middlebury and Vergennes, and the nearest grist-mill at New Haven. The want of passable roads, and of accessible places of business, the fierceness of wolves, and the general destitution of common conveniences, rendered their condition peculiarly hard and trying. It seems that in 3 years after the first settlement, the number of inhabitants was sufficient to render a town organization expedient. Accordingly, it was effected on the second Tuesday of March, 1798. Howland Delong, town clerk, Loren Orvis, Jed. Duffey, and Jas. Varney, selectmen, and Sam'l Eastman, cons.

A log schoolhouse was built near the old graveyard, and a school established as early as 1797, and was the only school for Lincoln, the south part of Starksboro', and a part of Bristol. It is said the first school was taught by Olive Duffey. Other schools were established in the course of a few years.

Most of the early settlers belonged to the Society of Friends, and meetings for worship were instituted among them at an early date; these were held for some time at private houses, until a log meeting-house was built on a piece of land now in possession of Hannah Brown. This branch of the Society of Friends was for many years in a flourishing condition. They are now few in number, but continue to hold meetings for worship, and for business. The first organization of the Society was July 16, 1801.

The Christian society organized Nov. 13, 1840; first No. of members, 20; present No. 86; Merritt W. Powers, first pastor; Milo Duffey, present pastor. The Methodists organized in 1836; their present number is 82. There was formerly a Free-

will Baptist church, but they no longer exist as a religious body. The first recorded death, Elizabeth, wife of Samuel Eastman, Sept. 29, 1797; first recorded marriage, Samuel Meader and Phebe Delong, Dec. 10, 1801; first born, Harley Heading; greatest known longevity, Thomas Lee, 93 years, 13 days, died May 29, 1859; oldest person living in town, Mary Nichols, 95 in June, 1859; first physician in town, Benj. Fober; post-office established July 23, 1835, Luther M. Kent first P. M.; first store kept by Joseph Blanchard, 1829; present No. of stores, 2, of school districts, 11, and population by census, 1850, 1,057.

The year 1830 is celebrated by the occurrence of a severe and destructive freshet. On the night of the 26th of July, the rains of the two preceding days and nights had raised the principal streams to such a height, that trees, bridges, mills, forges, and dwelling-houses were swept away in its torrent. The soil and the crops in many places suffered the same destruction. The loss of property occasioned by this freshet is said to have been severe. Many narrowly escaped with their lives from the fury of its waters.

Lumber, wrought iron, maple sugar, among other productions, are exported to a considerable extent. Several saw-mills, and clapboard-machines are in active operation. There are two iron forges that manufacture large quantities of iron.

The town is now in a prosperous condition, and has been rapidly improving in thrift and appearance within a few years.

From Lincoln we give the only specimen of versification obtained. For many years there resided in this town one of those eccentric beings, compounded of shiftlessness and oddity, spiced with a knack at extempore rhyming. One time McComber, our present hero, was lounging around a new tavern, recently fitted up from an old building where meetings had been formerly held. The landlord preferring his departure before dinner, plainly hinted his room would be better than his custom, whereupon, a waggyish friend present, knowing McComber's talent, suggested that he should make a verse in honor of the new house, and the proprietor should give him a dinner. The landlord, having no objection to a poetical compliment upon his stand, consented to the arrangement; but demanded the verse before dinner. The poet claimed the dinner first. At length they compromised, — half the verse before dinner, and the other half after, and McComber at once recited, —

There swings a sign, — 'tis made of pine,
And hangs among the trees;

Adjourning the completion till he had devoured the waiting dinner, with a facetious smile, he readily repeated and concluded, —

There swings a sign, — 'tis made of pine,
And hangs among the trees;
This house was once a house of prayer,
But now a den of thieves.

WAYSIDE SKETCH.

ALONG the river road, from Bristol to Lincoln, is perhaps as wild and picturesque a highway as may be found in our

"Land of the mountain and the rock."

Great boulders are more numerous, and larger than elsewhere seen. Huge rocks, in one place, right and left, deep-bedded, extend into the road. The traveller rides beneath the shadow of the rock, and might shudder at the uplifted front of crushing weight, but the firm column looks too strong to totter, too solid to fall; even the slim mossing, and puny shrubs that struggle for existence in the slight fissures, give sense of security. The heart of the beholder only beats a little quicker, fuller, deeper.

Below this rocky pass, a few rods, the murmur of a waterfall draws away from the roadside, out upon a table rock. The New Haven river is noted for the beauty of several falls; but you feel none can excel this, nestled in the gorge of the mountains, outpouring from its broad-rimmed basin, down its wide and well-worn circular and gradually descending steps, a constant volume of clear water, whose uttered voice comes up like the pure alto in some tranquilly triumphant hymn. You long to be painter and poet there, but rather painter; for both the fall and its frame of scenery around, smile at the effort of words, and exceed the beauty of a pen-picture.

MIDDLEBURY,

DIGESTED FROM THE HISTORY OF HON. SAMUEL SWIFT. PUBLISHED BY A. H. COPPLAND, 1859.

1761. MIDDLEBURY was chartered Nov. 2, 1761, — 68 shares to 62 grantees. John Everts, Esq. having three towns to survey, named the one on the south Salisbury, the one on the north New Haven, and the third, from its *middle* position, Middlebury.

1766. John Chipman came from Salisbury, Conn. with 15 young men. They cut their way through the wilderness to their different destinations. Chipman made choice at Middlebury, and cleared the first land in town, 6 or 8 acres; but did not then make a permanent settlement.

1773. Benjamin Smalley, from Salisbury, Conn. was the first settler who came with his family, and built of logs the first house in town. John Chipman and Gamaliel Painter soon after came with their families.

1774. This year Robert Torrence and family settled. The other settlers before the war were Joshua Hyde, Wm. Hopkins, Daniel Foot, Simon Chandler, Enoch Dewy, Joseph Plumly, John Hinman, Jas. Bently, Philip Foot, and Elber Everts.

Upon our return to Bristol village, we were gratified to find among the landscape sketches at Dr. J. M. P. Walker's, a very correct one of this charming fall.

1776. The first recorded deaths are those of Zerah Smalley, who died Dec. 1, 1776, aged 18, and his sister Anah, the February following, aged 20.

1778. The settlers built their first log school-house, and Miss Eunice Hcep taught the first school in the settlement. This memorable fall there was a general destruction of property and capture of prisoners all along the borders of the Champlain, which caused a complete desolation of the settlement till after the close of the war. The settlers buried in the earth what of their effects they could not take in their flight. Olive, daughter of Robert Torrence, who was but five years old when her father came to Middlebury, gave, a short time before her death, (in 1850, at the age of 84,) the following account. They came down Otter Creek on a raft, and built their cabin on the spot where the family still reside. At the time of the flight she was 8 years old. When the rumors of the depredations in adjoining settlements came, the men left their hoeing, and hollowed out from the trunk of trees six canoes which they held in instant readiness. In August the message came. The Tories and Indians were approaching. They buried their sugar, flour, pewter, &c. under the floor of their cabin. Her mother went out once more to look upon the promising garden vines she had taken so much pains to culture; then they all proceeded down to the creek, where a raft was constructed upon which the women, children, and goods were placed, and their journey commenced up the creek, their only highway. "Mrs. Bently carried in her arms the first child born in town, — Hannah Bently, — which being the only infant among us attracted much attention." The fugitives landed at Pittsford, where a military post was stationed. "Mrs. Torrence followed the train of women and children, carrying in her arms a child two years old, in a sort of double gown brought over her shoulders." Met a regiment of soldiers drawn up in front of her. The colonel recognized her, and called out, "My God, there's Sally Peek!" (her maiden name.) "It makes a man's eyes run to see you brought to this!" At his suggestion the soldiers gave up their quarters to the women and children. The family were absent from Middlebury 8 years, 7 of which Mr. Torrence was employed in casting ordnance for the army.

Judge Painter, though driven from his home, did not leave the State till the British had gained a dangerous control over all western Vermont. He had been acquainted with Ethan Allen before he came to Vermont, and was "intimately associated with him, Warner, and Baker, in their movements." He once visited the British post

"We do not know how Miss Torrence or our historian reconciles the statement of Hannah Bently, an infant on the raft, being the first born in the settlement, when Mr. Torrence and family settled in 1774, and Mrs. Torrence is here introduced with a child two years old in her arms.

while they held Crown Point, in order to spy out their condition and plans. He played the part of a half idiot, "taking with him a basket in which he carried a little butter, a few eggs, and some notions to sell among the soldiers." The guard had been instructed to let no suspicious person pass, and Painter, notwithstanding his appropriate dress and foolish appearance, was too suspicious-looking; hence, instead of being admitted into the fort, he was taken into a boat and rowed toward a large boat in which were the superior officers, before whom he was to be carried for examination. He knew he was in the power of an enemy who would soon be able to prove the falsity of his feigned character. He saw that the eyes of the officers were watching his every movement, but, as though seeing not, suspecting not, and casting himself down into the boat, began to count over to himself the profits of his traffic. If he sold mother's butter for so much per pound, and sister Susy's eggs for so much apiece,—this innocent unconcern and idiotic gibbering saved him. The officers began to dread the ridicule it might bring upon them to take so much pains to capture a "perfect idiot," and upon a little consultation turned their boat about and allowed him to enter the fort and traffic with the soldiers; which being done, he hurried his departure with a fixed resolution never to hazard his life in another such undertaking.

At another time, passing through a Tory nest in Clarendon, meeting three men on horseback, he escaped suspicion by boldly inquiring, before they could challenge him, for their rendezvous,—the residence of their leader.

Col. Chipman was first commander at Fort Edward, and next at Fort George. Of the latter he was commander at the time of the capture of the garrison. Not aware of the proximity of the enemy, he had sent out all his forces except 60 or 70 men in scouring parties. Surprised by "an overwhelming force, the garrison was forced to surrender." He was taken prisoner, but exchanged in 1781, and afterward rose to the rank of major. While in command of the forts, Mrs. Chipman remained with him; and Mrs. Loomis, his daughter, has now in possession his orderly book, in which is "an order for a court-martial signed by Col. Warner, supposed to be in his own handwriting."

1783. The former settlers began to return in April,—Benjamin Smalley, Bill Thayer, Jonathan Chipman, with their families, Daniel Foot and his five sons, and Joshua Hyde.

1784. Judge Painter, Col. Chipman, and Robert Torrence returned. Robert Torrence built and occupied a brick house, which is still standing, till his death in 1816. And here his two daughters lived and died. Mr. Torrence served in the French war, "and it is supposed with the Green Mountain Boys, under Ethan Allen. They were special friends in after life,

and had exchanged guns and powder flasks." "The former," Mr. Battell says, "I saw, which the good ladies preserved with religious care, — a long duck piece, hanging up, loaded in a spirit not unworthy of a token of the hero of the Grants." John Chipman soon surrounded himself with the luxuries of life. On the site of his first cabin, he built "a handsome brick house, which he opened for the entertainment of travellers coming into the country." The colonel was "a man of commanding person and address, with talents peculiarly fitted for an executive officer." From 1789 to 1801, he was county sheriff, and much of the time held offices of trust in town. He died in 1829, aged 84. The following is his own summary of services in the Revolution.

"I turned out, at the commencement of the war, as a volunteer with Col. Ethan Allen, in the spring of 1775, to take Ticonderoga and Crown Point. In May or June, I received a second lieutenant's commission in Capt. Grant's company, Col. Seth Warner's regiment. Went into Canada; was at the taking of St. John and Montreal; was discharged at Montreal, and returned home in the first part of December. In the summer of 1776, I received a first lieutenant's commission in Capt. Smith's company, Seth Warner's regiment, and joined the army at Ticonderoga in March, 1777. I was in the retreat with the army, and was in the battle of Hubbardton. I was also in the battle of Bennington, so called, on the 16th of August of that year, and was at Saratoga at the taking of Burgoyne in October. We were ordered to Fort Edward and Fort George in 1778 and 1779. I was promoted to a captaincy, and served in that capacity until October, 1780, when I was taken prisoner at Fort George. I remained in this situation until the summer of 1781, when I was exchanged, and remained a supernumerary until the close of the war. COL. JOHN CHIPMAN."

Daniel Foot was the man for a pioneer. "There must be forests to subdue, and new dwellings to erect, or it was no place for him." It was said he owned more than a thousand acres before the war; but, having buried his wife, he divided among his children his property at Middlebury, and at the age of 80 started off "to make a new settlement in Canton, then a wilderness." "On his way through Montreal, he took the smallpox, of which he died a few days after his arrival. He died at last in the woods, and for lack of boards for a coffin, was laid in bark from an elm tree."

Capt. Stephen Goodrich and his two sons, William and Amos, came into town the spring of 1784. The father returned after they had taken possession, leaving his two sons to make a commencement before he moved his family. They erected a shanty, and spent the summer in clearing the land. Amos, in his old age, de-

clared to Mr. Battell, who visited him to gather incidents in regard to the early settlement, that "he never was happier than in this solitary place." A few strips of bark on the roof above their bed protected them from the rain, and a few slabs of basswood logs, set up about them, kept off the wind. The whole region around the falls was a dense hemlock forest. Only Foot was on Foot street, Chipman and Painter beginning again, in the southwest part of the town, Hop Johnson in the village quarter, and Washburn building a saw-mill. Not till 1785 were other farms commenced. The same year his father, with his mother and sister, came on with cart and oxen, five cows, etc. Guided by marked trees they made their way through the wilderness to the river, where the family and cart were floated down the creek on a raft. There were no cattle near them the first two summers; the third, each of the neighbors had a cow. Stephen Goodrich died in 1823, aged 93; Amos in 1784, aged 57; William in 1812, aged 90.

1784 or 1785. Abisha Washburn, of Salisbury, Conn. "spent the summer in getting up a saw-mill on the falls. In the fall, he went to Salisbury, and the authorities of Massachusetts engaged him to cast cannon for the impending war. In the spring of 1784, Washburn returned to rebuild the mill which had been destroyed by the Indians during the war, and by the aid of Chipman and Painter, the mill was in operation in 1785, but swept away by a freshet the succeeding spring." Washburn made the first and only settlement in the neighborhood of the village before the war. He died in 1813, aged 91.

1786. Stillman Foot in 1786 built a house for his family, which is the oldest dwelling-house now remaining, and occupied by J. S. Bushnell, Esq. Daniel Foot built the first bridge across the creek; the abutments of logs, the string-pieces single, formed from pine trees, and the whole covered with poles. The village was organized the same year at the house of Daniel Foot, and the first highways surveyed.

1787. Dea. Ebenezer Sumner, who settled in 1787, was one of the first deacons in the Congregational church; a man of piety and a "faithful supporter of religious institutions." He died in 1844, aged 87. His widow, who died at the age of 84, in 1853, gave the following relation. She was married in 1780, and came 10 days after to Wells, Rutland Co. where they lived 7 years, and then with their little family removed to Middlebury. Their log-house stood at the north end of Foot street, and so darkened by the wood at first it was very gloomy. Before the organization of the church there was with some of the people much religious interest, and they came into meeting, from a distance, on ox-sleds. She did not remember the names of the first preachers, but Dr. Smith preached two or three times a year before Mr. Barnett came, who was ordained

in a barn. One summer the meetings were held in her husband's barn. She remembered the dysentery, so fatal about 40 years before. "A grave was opened in town every day for 4 weeks."

1787. John Willard, M. D., commenced practice in Middlebury about 1787. From 1801 to 1810 he was marshal of the district of Vermont. Becoming noted as a politician, he dropped his practice and gave himself to political duties; for a number of years was chairman of the central committee of the Republican party; one of the directors of the Vermont State Bank till the Middlebury branch was closed, and in 1812 appointed county sheriff. The doctor was a native of Madison, Conn. "His father, Capt. John Willard, a shipmaster, died when he was a child." For awhile, he aided his mother in carrying on their small farm, but growing tired of farming, went to sea, where he was taken by the British and "subjected to the horrors of the Jersey prison-ship." After his release, he became "quarter-master in a Connecticut regiment of volunteers, and served to the close of the war." After which he entered upon the study of his profession. In 1809, he was married to Miss Emma Hart, Principal of the Middlebury Female Seminary, which he aided her in bringing up to a high standard. They removed to New York in 1819. Dr. Willard died May 25, 1825, at the age of 66.

1788. Samuel Miller, the first lawyer in town, and one of the most distinguished citizens, settled in 1788. In 1790, he married Rebekah Mattocks, daughter of Hon. Samuel Mattocks, State treasurer for many years. He had an extensive practice, and stood side by side with Daniel Chipman, at the head of the profession in the several counties in which they practised. In 1797, he was an influential member of the General Assembly. While the prominent men of Middlebury were pressing their claims before the legislature, it was remarked that "the influence of Painter with his cunning, Chipman with his argument, and Miller with his courteous address, if it were possible, would deceive the very elect." Mr. Miller was devoted to the village, and contributed liberally to build up its institutions of religion and education. He was particularly active in procuring the college charter, and gave \$1,000 to establish the first professorship. Of the Congregational church he was a member, and left it a legacy of \$1,000, and \$500 to the Vermont Missionary Society. He died of cancer on the 17th of April, 1810, aged 52.

1788. Judge Painter put in operation the first grist-mill.

1790. The greatest scarcity known in town occurred this year, some families, wholly destitute of bread, subsisted upon the boiled heads of unripe wheat, and fish from the creek.

1791. Mrs. Wm. Goodrich taught the first primary school in the village.

1792. The county courts were removed to Middlebury, where they have since been held.

1793. Post-office established; Robert Huston, first postmaster.

1794. The first jail built of wood, with prisoners' cells and dungeon; second of stone, at about \$4,000 cost, 1796; third of brick, at about \$8,000 cost, in 1845.

1796. The court-house commenced; first occupied in 1798; remodelled to expense of \$1,250.11 in 1814. Nothing but the old frame remains to the now handsome court-house. 1800 and 1806, the State legislature held its sessions here. John Seymour built the first store in the place this year.

1801. Joseph D. Huntington and John Fitch, Dec. 16, published the first number of the first newspaper, the Middlebury Mercury, and soon added a book-binding and store; in the fall of 1802, the first Vermont Register, and Law Magazine, by John Simmons, Esq., of Middlebury, the first book of legal forms ever published in this State; and in 1803, Discourses on religious subjects, by the late Rev. Job Swift, D. D. Since 1812, weekly newspapers have been uninterruptedly published; frequently 2, sometimes 3; occasionally, other periodicals; in all, 15 different books and 20 different periodicals.

MIDDLEBURY REGISTER. The People's Press was published by H. Bell, Esq., 1841-'49; name changed to Northern Galaxy, 1843; 1848, to Middlebury Galaxy; 1849, J. H. Barrett and Justus Cobb, Esqrs., commenced publication in their name; 1856, Mr. Barrett withdrew, Cobb & Fuller published; 1857-'59 Justus Cobb and Rufus Mead publishers; January, 1850, name changed to Middlebury Register. The Register is now published by Mead & Fuller.

1802. MARBLE AND MARBLE FACTORY.

The discovery of marble was made by Eben Judd as early as 1802. 1803, he obtained from Appleton Foot a lease to dig marble for 999 years anywhere on his lot between his house and the creek, the whole foundation of which was marble. A factory was erected, in which was carried on the first extensive manufactory of marble in the State, with a machine for sawing first put in operation by Dr. Judd, which is now extensively used elsewhere. Here, marble of finer texture than wrought in any other part of the United States, both white and black and dove-colored, elegantly variegated, was for many years sawn, ground, polished, cut, and carved with an elegance not surpassed on this side the Atlantic; wrought into costly monuments, tables, jambs, sideboards, mantel-pieces, &c. and exported to Boston, New York, Canada, and the South. In 1857, N. H. Hand purchased the building and established his pail-factory, which in full operation is capable of manufacturing 600 pails daily.

1806. BANKS. The State legislature estab-

lished a bank with two branches,—the Woodstock and Middlebury branch. In 1812, a burglary was effected; the directors were called on for missing funds; lawsuits ensued; judgments were rendered, and the State bank at length discontinued. The Middlebury Bank was chartered Nov. 10, 1831; the Middlebury Savings Bank, Nov. 12, 1836.

1808. FIRES AND FIRE COMPANY. Fires have from time to time done their work of destruction, consuming, now the dwelling-house of the citizen, then the shop, the mill, the factory, and the forge. Among these wrecks, one of the most conspicuous was the burning of the mill curiously constructed upon a rock projecting over the creek, about 30 feet from the falls below, the inlet and outlet of the flume formed in the solid rock, so that the water never froze. The fire company was organized in 1808.

1811. MANUFACTURES. As early as 1811, Major Daniel Page commenced building a stone cotton-factory, and manufactured some cloth, before the close of the war of 1812, sold for 50 cents per yard which would now sell for 36 or 38 cents per yard. Mr. Joseph Gordon, who had set up several factories in Scotland, built for Mr. Page 20 power looms,—the first ever built in the United States, with the exception of 6 in Rhode Island. Isaac Markham, who died in 1825, aged 30, with decided reputation as a machinist, manufactured the iron of the machinery. The building is 150 feet by 37, 6 stories high in front, 3 at the rear, built of gray and white limestone; has at present 100 looms, and manufactures daily 1,600 yards of heavy sheeting. On the opposite side of the river stands the flourishing manufactory of Davenport & Clay, which has heretofore known too many vicissitudes to enumerate here. Among the most liberal patrons of every important interest, religious, educational, or political, were the late Rufus and John Wainwright, who established themselves in the tin and iron business at an early day. Their principal business was the manufacture of stoves.

1812. During the fall an epidemic fever scourged the town that raged till into 1814, designated the fever of 1813, and proved the most fatal disease that ever visited the place. In 1826, the erysipelatos fever prevailed to an alarming extent, and in 1855, when no epidemic prevailed, there was "a remarkable mortality among prominent citizens." Number of deaths recorded from 1806 to 1859, 1,660.

Upon the declaration of the war, Col. Summer called out his regiment, of which 3 companies belonged to Middlebury. Sept. 6th or 9th, 1814, Gen. Warren came on to the village common to raise volunteers. By the time he had marched "once or twice around with martial music, 40 or 50 men had fallen into the ranks," and "the number was afterwards increased, according to

different estimates, from 150 to 200." When a dozen or two were ready to start with him, they marched for the field of battle, and others followed as soon as they could get equipped. A patriotic party of men and boys were employed in the office of Esq. Seymour the night before the volunteers marched, making cartridges for the detachment. Fearing to introduce a light, they worked on in the dark, and in the morning one present, pointing to the floor, literally blackened by gunpowder, exclaimed, "We have certainly been in more danger here to-night than any of our volunteers will be in at Plattsburg." Another party, meanwhile, raised a contribution of \$275 for ammunition and equipments. Gen. Warren, with his first detachment, reached the campground the evening before the battle, another party the next morning, and some not till after the engagement. Bethuel Goodrich was the only one wounded from Middlebury.

Gen. Warren, during the war, rose to the rank of major. Gen. Hastings Warren was not only distinguished as a volunteer in the defence of the liberties of his country, and his high military position, but as one of the early settlers, — a citizen of business enterprise, useful and influential for many years. He died in May, 1845.

1856. Sept. 10, died Elnathan Hammond, the oldest man our history gives as ever deceased in town, at the age of 95 years. Also, Mrs. Eleanor Sellick, widow of Daniel Sellick, one of the early settlers, Oct. 27, aged 97.

1859. MIDDLEBURY, the shire town of Addison District, has a central position, and slightly rolling surface, with the exception of "Middlebury mountain," on the east; a clayey soil not easy of tillage, imbedded with rich marble quarries; two rivers, the Otter Creek, noted for its picturesque falls and three-mile bridge, and Middlebury river, which enters into the creek near the south line of the town, and two villages, — "Middlebury," incorporated in 1816 under the name of "Middlebury borough," changed in 1852 to the "Village of Middlebury," — one of the oldest and handsomest villages in Vermont, revered by its citizens and named with praise by its numerous visitors, with a population of between 2,000 and 3,000, embracing within its limits the court-house and new stone college, with its handsome grounds, Female Seminary, 5 churches, 18 stores, 3 groceries, 2 meat markets, 9 manufactories, 23 mechanic shops, etc.; is literally not *one*, but many houses "built upon a rock," the whole foundation upon which it rests being one marble bed, — and East Middlebury village, which lies up the north border of Middlebury river, eastward to the foot of the mountain, where the river issues from a deep gorge, — a pretty village of 430 inhabitants, (in 1850,) with a neat church, owned by the Universalists, 2 stores, 2 saw-mills, 1 grist-mill, 1 tannery, 1 sash-factory, and several machine shops.

EDUCATIONAL.

COMMON SCHOOLS have been gradually improving. The number of districts is 11.

THE ADDISON COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL was incorporated Nov. 18, 1797; Rev. Jeremiah Atwater, from New Haven, first principal.

FEMALE SEMINARY. — Without a legal corporation, through the agency of Hon. Horatio Seymour, Miss Ida Strong, of Litchfield, Conn. in 1800, opened her school in the court-house, which soon rose to such reputation as to attract pupils from nearly all parts of the State. In 1802-3, a voluntary association made preparation for the erection of a suitable building. Mr. Seymour gave the grounds. The requisite funds were raised by subscriptions. Young men from the lawyers' offices, stores, and mechanics' shops, in their enthusiasm volunteered and built a plank walk across the flat, wet ground in front of the building. Miss S. kept her school in successful operation until her health failed. She then journeyed to Bennington Co. to rest a season, but continued to decline, dying at the home of a pupil in Rupert, October, 1804, at the age of 29. Miss Strong was the pioneer of female education in Vermont; a woman of no common talents, education, and energy, evinced by her building up the first distinct school, for the education of females in the higher branches, established in this State. In 1807, the school resumed its operation under the charge of Miss Emma Hart, from Berlin, Conn. Of her marriage in about two years with Dr. Willard, and removal, we have already spoken in our sketch of the Doctor. It was in Middlebury that Mrs. Emma Willard, the "representative woman, who suitably typifies the great movement of the nineteenth century for the elevation of woman," laid the corner-stone of her educational services. We quote the following from Mrs. Willard's communication: —

"The school, which in 1814 was begun in Middlebury, is fairly entitled to the honor of being the first Normal School in the United States. It was in Middlebury that the stream of lady-mathematicians took its rise, which afterwards went out from the Troy Seminary to every part of the Union. If otherwise than as a teacher, I have done any good to posterity, for which they will remember me after my decease, Middlebury will be associated with it. My theory of the circulation of the blood, by means of respiration, now so extensively acknowledged, would never have been formed but for events occurring in Middlebury. After my marriage, Dr. Willard's office of Marshal called him to make long journeys from home. But his old medical library, with Cheselden's Anatomy to begin with, remained at home. He had a passionate attachment for these old authors, and talked to me in their language, and I kindled into his enthusiasm, and prepared myself, much to his delight, to respond, and to understand what he taught me, and thus I obtained some knowledge of scientific physiology and medical practice as it then stood.

EMMA WILLARD."

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE was incorporated Nov. 1, 1800, Rev. Jer. Atwater, President. Two classes were received the same fall, the first consisting of one member, Aaron Pety, graduated in 1802; number of next graduating class, 16. Pres. Atwater resigned in 1809. Henry Davis, D. D., succeeded in the presidency in 1811; resigned in 1817. As a president, he was very popular; his graduating class of 1815 numbered 30. In 1818, Joshua Bates, D. D. succeeded Dr. Davis. During the administration of President Bates the college rose to its highest prosperity. The undergraduates numbered 160; the graduating class of 1838 numbered 40. Deciding to return to the ministry, Dr. Bates resigned in 1839, and died in 1853, aged 77, at Dudley, Mass. where he was settled as pastor. From 1839 to 1840, there was a total change in the Faculty; and the corporation began to realize that the institution, in order to maintain its reputation among the well-endowed colleges in the land, must enlarge its endowments. The college was at first destitute of funds; the tutors supported by contributions from the citizens, and its only building of wood, erected for the Grammar School.

DONATIONS. — State contributions, about \$1,400; Daniel Parker, an American in Paris, contributed \$178; Prof. Hall made up the sum to \$300, and named it the Parkerian fund; the income to furnish premiums for best speakers from lower classes; the exhibition held the evening before Commencement draws a large audience; citizens subscribed \$3,000 for stone building for students' rooms, built in 1816; from 1815 to 1818, \$1,400 more; in 1819, came a large legacy from Judge Painter, and \$12,500 from the will of Jos. Burr, of Manchester; the professorship of Chemistry and Natural History placed on this foundation bears the name of the donor; Dea. Isaac Warren, of Charlestown, Mass. also bequeathed \$3000, the income for the support of young men for the ministry; 1833, \$30,000 raised by subscription for building a stone chapel, new rooms, repairs, &c.; \$500 by Wm. Bartlett, Esq. of Newburyport, Mass. made up by others to \$740; a literary fund; the income for distinguished students in need; 1818, a chemical fund of several thousand contributed principally by Windham County; a legacy of \$10,000 from Joseph P. Fairbanks, of St. Johnsbury; some 5,000 acres of land in Albany, Orleans Co., by Gen. Arad Hunt, of Hinsdill, N. H. deeded to the corporation; other lands from donors in different parts of the State.

SOCIETIES. — The Philomathesian, incorporated in 1852; meetings weekly for literary improvement, and an annual address and celebration at Commencement; library, 2,500 volumes; the Philadelphian, for promotion of religious information; library, 800 religious and theological books; and the Beneficent, for providing indigent students with text-books. The college has a library of 10,000 volumes, a handsome

cabinet, and is provided with chemicals and apparatus on a liberal scale.

PRESENT FACULTY. — Benjamin Labaree, D. D., President and Prof. of Moral Philosophy; Wm. H. Parker, A. M., Prof. of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Rensselaer D. C. Robbins, A. M., Prof. of Languages; Geo. Hadley, A. M., M. D., Prof. of Chemistry and Natural History; Rev. Samuel M. Boardman, A. M., Prof. of Rhetoric and English Literature, and pro tempore Prof. of Intellectual Philosophy; Chas. M. Mead, A. B., Tutor in Latin and Greek; Lewis A. Austin, A. B., Tutor and Librarian.

In conclusion, we can only give brief notices of but few among a number of once distinguished members, now deceased. Frederick Hall, LL. D. first professor in any department in the college; elected Tutor in 1805; Prof. of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in 1806; visited Europe during his professorship; resigned in 1824; and was Prof. in the Episcopal College, at Hartford, and Pres. of Mount Hope College, Md. and died in 1843. Solomon M. Allen graduated at this college in 1813; in 1816, Tutor; in 1817, Prof. of Languages; "upon the 23d of September went upon the roof of the college building to remedy a defect in a chimney; the scaffolding gave way, he was precipitated to the ground, and died from the injury the same evening. "Perhaps no event ever spread such sadness over this whole community. He was known and loved by all." Edward Turner was elected Tutor in 1823; in 1825, Prof. of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. While in that office he was married to Sophronia Storrs, daughter of Col. Seth Storrs, and died in January, 1838, aged 41. Prof. Turner was reserved in conversation, but distinguished as an accurate mathematical and classical scholar. Solomon Stoddard, who with Mr. Andrews published "Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar," was a professor in the college 9 years. From his official duties he retired to his native town in Massachusetts, in 1847, where he soon died. Charles B. Adams, "on the recommendation of Prof. Hitchcock, in 1838, was appointed Prof. of Chemistry and Natural History." During his professorship he spent one winter in India making explorations and collections in different branches of natural history. He was, under appointment of Gov. Slade, for 2 years State Geologist; in 1847, resigned to occupy a similar professorship at Amherst, and died in 1853. Hon. James Meacham was born in Rutland, Aug. 10, 1810. In early life left an orphan, he commenced an apprenticeship in a cabinet-maker's shop; but not destined for this occupation, by his native talents and energy and the kindly aid of a discerning neighbor, he raised himself to distinction. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1832; studied theology at Andover; was principal awhile of the academies of Castleton and St. Albans; from 1836 to 1838 tutor at his "Alma Mater;" and from 1838 to 1846 pastor of the

Congregational church in New Haven. He was elected Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at Middlebury, in 1846. In 1849, chosen a representative to Congress; in 1850, "resigned his professorship, and continued to represent the State until the time of his death, just before which he had been unanimously nominated by his party for a new election." "Before his election to Congress he had established a high reputation as a writer and extempore speaker, and as a member he was universally respected. Several of his published speeches have obtained him an enviable reputation as an orator." "His position as chairman of the committee on the District of Columbia brought upon him exhausting labor, which with other duties made serious inroads upon his health, previously much impaired. A few days before the close of his last session, too much enfeebled to discharge his official duties, he left Washington for his home, and on his arrival, said he had come home to die." His prediction a few days after was verified. He died Aug. 23, 1856, at the age of 46.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY.—The associated Alumni have held annual meetings at Commencement since 1824. The meeting of 1850 was the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the college. The assembly was large, and the exercises rendered interesting by addresses from Rev. Dr. Bates, late President, and Rev. Dr. Hough, late Professor; closed by a numerously attended dinner, enlivened by the singing of a song written for the occasion by Edward D. Barber, Esq., and delivery of a characteristic poem by John G. Saxe.

SONG.—(AN EXTRACT.)

BY E. D. BARBER.

WHERE Justice holds her scale,
And blindly hears each prayer,
Within her highest pale,
Thy sons sit honored there.

In the Senate-hall their voice
Hath filled the nation's ear;
And made the free rejoice,
And tyrants quake with fear.

Where the angel of the grave
His shaft points at the heart,
They show their power to save,
And turn aside the dart.

Where'er the Poet's hand
Hath swept the trancing lyre,
Thy sons have graced the band,
And touched its chords with fire.

Where'er the battling throng
For freedom strike or fall,
Thy pilgrim shout and song
Ring clear to Freedom's call.

Where the good their triumphs win,
And love to God and man
Redeem the world from sin,
Thy sons still lead the van.

They lift the banner high
In the islands of the sea;
And 'neath the Indian sky,
They plant the gospel tree.

Then honor to thy name,
Our mother, loved and dear,
We cherish still thy fame;
We leave thee with a tear.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

THE Congregational Society was established in this town as the "standing order." Its history is a part of the history of the town. Mr. Collins is said to have been the first man that ever preached in town. Occasionally there was a sermon read, but no regularly organized church and stated preaching till 1789. Jan. 1, this year, they voted to raise "a tax of threepence on the pound, to be paid in wheat at 5s per bushel, for the support of preaching." It appears that Mr. Parmlee preached some 3 or 6 months that year. But Mr. Burnett was the first settled minister, ordained Nov. 11, 1790. The ordination was held in a barn, — probably the one previously built by Daniel Foot, to accommodate meetings. The church of 12 members had been organized a week before, on the 5th. Mr. Burnett's salary was £50, money, per year. A controversy soon arose about where meetings should be held, which rendered the pastor's position very unpleasant. At the end of 5 years he was dismissed, but remained in town 2 years longer. Mr. Burnett then left Middlebury, and after several removals, died at Dorham, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1837, aged 84. After Mr. Burnett left, "various clergymen were temporarily employed until 1805, and the meetings had been held in the court-house, from its completion, in 1798. The erection of the first church was commenced in 1803, and dedicated May 31, 1809." "The house was regarded as not inferior to any in the State," — its steeple, 135 feet in height, is "still admired for the beauty of its proportions." Previously, in 1803, Oct. 13, Mr. Merrill was ordained. Rev. Thomas A. Merrill continued his pastorate 37 years; and during his ministry large additions were made to the church and society. "He had a reputation for talents of a high order," and the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by Middlebury College in 1837. "By his connection with all the ecclesiastical bodies of the Congregational denomination, and important benevolent associations in the State, he exerted, by punctual attendance and active labors, an extensive influence among the clergy and churches." Several of the last years of his life, by his own request, he was released from his pastorate; but preached occasionally, supplying destitute churches around him, as long as his health permitted. He died April 20, 1855, of heart disease. After the resignation of Mr. Merrill, the pulpit was temporarily supplied by different clergymen, until the installation of the Rev. James T. Hyde, (present pastor,) June 10, 1857.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

BY W. T. WEBBE. (A SUMMARY EXTRACT.)

THE history of St. Stephen's Church, and the Society to which it belongs, can only now be given with that brevity and incompleteness that results from deriving the knowledge that we possess from dry records of past occurrences, and not from the memory of an eyewitness, or an actor in the scene. Many matters, that to the worshippers in this church, scattered all over the land, would be of the greatest possible interest, must go unnoticed, unrecorded. The Society was organized Dec. 5, 1810, under the name of the "First Episcopal Society in Addison County," according to an act passed Oct. 20, 1797, entitled, "An act for the support of the gospel." Services were held, and arrangements made with clergymen who visited the village occasionally, and supplied, for a season, the wants of the people, until 1811, when a resident minister was secured, — the Rev. P. Adams, from 1811 to 1814. Public worship at first was held in the court-house. Then a room belonging to the late Judge Seymour was placed at the disposal of the Society, which was used for many years. At length a building belonging to Mr. Daniel Henshaw, was fitted up for the exclusive purpose of public worship, and continued to be so used, until the present edifice, known as St. Stephen's Church, was erected. There is no record as to the completion of the erection, or as to the time of the consecration of the building. This, as we learn from other sources, took place on the 14th day of September, 1827. Rev. W. T. Webbe, elected by the vestry on the 4th of June, 1834, and instituted to that office on the 4th of July, 1835, is the present rector.

METHODISM IN MIDDLEBURY.

BY REV. D. M. HALL. (AN EXTRACT.)

REV. EBENEZER WASHBURN was on the Vergennes circuit in 1801. In 1842 he published in the Christian Advocate and Journal: "At Middlebury I found a small and persecuted class. Our preaching was at the house of Lebbeus Harris, and in the midst of that village, our average congregation was from 25 to 30."

Speaking of the trials which he endured on this circuit, he says, "I have had stones and snow-balls cast at me in volleys. I have had great dogs sent after me, to frighten my horse as I was peacefully passing through small villages; but I was never harmed by any of them. I have been saluted by the sound of 'glory! hosannah! amen! hallelujah!' mixed with oaths of profanity. If I turned my horse, to ride towards them, they would show their want of confidence, both in their master, and in themselves, by fleeing like base cowards."

Middlebury first gave its name to a circuit or station in 1810, and PHINEAS PECK was the

first resident pastor. Mr. Peck is remembered by some who yet live, and is represented as a man of sound sense, sterling integrity, and good preaching talents. At the end of his first year there were 60 members reported. In 1813, SAMUEL HOWE was stationed in Middlebury, and again in 1816. During his first year the first chapel was erected, — a humble structure, yet, doubtless, much better than the "loft" in which they had worshipped since leaving the house of Lebbeus Harris. Mr. Howe became an itinerant in 1801, and labored diligently till 1831, when impaired health rendered it necessary for him to take a superannuated relation. On the 16th of Feb. 1838, he went to Troy to attend the funeral of an aged and esteemed member of the church. After the sermon, which was preached by another, Mr. Howe made a few remarks, and closed by saying: "I have entered my 78th year, and expect soon to follow the deceased, and hope to meet him in heaven." He immediately retired to one of the class-rooms in the basement, sat down in a chair, and expired before the procession had left the church. "How many fall as sudden, — not so safe!"

The next in regular succession was CYPRIAN H. BRIDLEY. In 1820 he was compelled to take a superannuated relation, during which time — 24 years — he resided in Middlebury; in 1844 he became effective, and travelled till 1850. He is now at Appleton, Wis., with some of his children. Many in this place will call to mind his small, but wiry frame, — quick, elastic step, mighty prayers, and moving exhortations. When he was young in the ministry, it was supposed by many, even in the moral and orderly village of Middlebury, neither unlawful nor dishonorable to disturb Methodist meetings, and maltreat Methodist ministers. Mr. Bridley has interesting recollections in this department of experience. On many occasions he was followed from evening meetings by savage *hootings*, and assailed by dangerous missiles. On one occasion his window was broken in the night, and a large, heavy *file*, thrown into his house, was found sticking in the wall above the bed on which he lay at the time of the assault. He facetiously remarked that he thought the devil was about to retire from business, as he had begun to distribute his *tools*. EBENEZER BROWN was a minister of rare talents. Under his labors, "the place was too strait," and the house was enlarged. Still, a portion of the "old-fashioned Methodists" were not quite pleased with the preacher. He was not *loud* enough for them, though sufficiently so to be heard with distinctness and ease in all parts of the house. Besides, he had a fashion of tying his white cravat in a *double-bow*, in front, and moreover, his hair stood up in front, instead of lying smoothly down on his forehead. When labored with for this last offence, his explanation was that he had a "cowlick" on one side of his forehead, and his hair on that side stubbornly

refused to comply with the *usage*, and he chose to allow the other side to keep it company. In 1822, NOAN LEVINGS, D. D. was appointed to this station. Having afterwards served the churches in Troy, Schenectady, Albany, and Vestry street, New York, he was elected financial secretary of the American Bible Society. During his ministry of 30 years he officiated in 13 circuits and stations,—preached about 4,000 times, dedicated 38 churches, delivered 65 miscellaneous addresses, 273 addresses in behalf of the Bible Society, and travelled more than 36,000 miles. ROBERT SEENY is reported as one of the best pastors ever stationed in this place. In preaching, he greatly excelled, being full of thought, easy in manner, and rapid and graceful in elocution. On Sabbath mornings, however, feeling he could not possibly preach, he would hurry from room to room, in his efforts to prepare for church; and yet, if his wife did not follow and put him in order by piecemeal, he was likely to go with half-adjusted apparel, and hair unkempt. In 1836, JOSEPH AYERS became the pastor for one year, and again in 1841, for two years. There was a great revival during his last term, and the numbers went up to 451. J. F. YATES labored here 2 years (1856, 1857). During his last year the house of worship was thoroughly modernized, and made one of the best in the denomination in western Vermont. Mr. Yates was succeeded by B. M. HALL, who is still the pastor. The same spring the Annual Conference was entertained here. Of those who were in full connection in 1809, BETSEY T. BIGELOW is the only representative. Of all who joined on trial in 1809, Althea Demming alone survives among us. Present number of members, 280.

BAPTIST.

For many years there was a respectable Baptist Church and Society, generally supplied with regular preaching, and the usual ordinances of religion. But for 10 or 12 years past, their members have been so much reduced by removals and deaths, that the organization has ceased, and the remaining members attend upon the worship of the other churches. The church was organized Dec. 10, 1809. First pastor, Rev. Nathaniel Kendrick, from 1810 to 1817.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY TIMOTHY O'FLANNAGAN.

THE first missionary Catholic priest that came to this town was the Rev. James Macquaide, in 1822. He left the following year, and we had none here until 1830, when the Rev. Jeremiah O'Caloghan came as a missionary of the whole State,—coming here occasionally, until 1834. Then the State was made into two missions, and the Rev. James Walsh came on this part of the mission, and left in 1835. In 1837, Rev. John B. Daley came here and built the present brick church, which is 60 feet by 40, in

1839, and remained on the mission till 1854. Then the first and present Catholic Bishop of this Diocese, the Right Rev. Lewis Goesbriand, sent the Rev. Joseph Duglue, who is here now. The number of hearers is about 400, and the number of communicants 300. Some of these are from the adjacent towns. As to church membership, any person, no matter where from, who confesses and receives the eucharist, is a member of the Catholic church in any part of the world.

ADDITIONAL BIOGRAPHY.*

JUDGE PAINTER

was born in New Haven, Conn., May 22, 1742. He had three wives; his first, Abigail Chipman, who died 1790;† the second, Victoria Ball, who died, 1806; the third, Mrs. Ursula Ball, who survived him. By his first wife he had 2 sons, and by his second, 1 daughter, all of whom died before him,—his second son at the age of 25 was drowned in the creek. "He was a plain man, slow of speech, with but a common-school education, but possessed sound judgment, on which his friends placed safe reliance," and great shrewdness in the formation and execution of his plans. "He personally surveyed and laid out lands and public roads, was the first delegate who ever represented the town in any public meeting,—one of the first judges of the county court, and a leader in all important enterprises." "As early as 1791, when the village was little else than a wilderness, standing on the lot he had deeded to the county, he said to the by-standers: 'This is the place for the court-house,'" which tract he gave, May 22, 1794, "for the express use and purpose of erecting a court-house and jail thereon, and as a common, never to be put to any other use."

Through his agency as a member of the legislature, his plans were accomplished. He superintended the erection of the Congregational church and stone college. Of the village he was one of the original trustees, and bequeathed about \$13,000, all his estate, except an annuity to his widow, to that institution. He died May, 1819, aged 76.

JOSHUA HYDE.

No man occupied so often the office of selectman, and so well understood and economically

•We have found it most difficult of all our selections to choose, from a score having claims to representation, the few for whom we could allow space for a biographical sketch.

† We have the following account of the funeral of his first wife. A raft was made by lashing together two canoes, and spreading boards over them; on this the coffin was placed, accompanied by the mourners and friends, and men to manage the boats, while a few others walked on the shore. Thus arranged, the procession moved up the creek, and the body was deposited in the burial-ground near Col. Chipman's. The boats, on their way, leaked, and the men, having no pails or dishes with them, bailed out the water with their shoes. No clergyman was present on the occasion.

managed the prudential and financial interests of the town. He was several years representative, and died in 1828, aged 78.

COL. SETH STORRS

was born June 24, 1756, in Mansfield, Conn.; graduated at Yale College, 1778; was associate principal of a seminary at Northampton, Mass. several years, and then came to Vermont; studied law with the Hon. Noah Smith, of Bennington, and located in the town of Addison, where he married the daughter of Hon. John Strong and remained till his removal to Middlebury, in 1794. From 1787 to 1797, he was first State Attorney. "Col. Storrs was among the most active in advancing the prosperity of the village; gave a large part of the land on which the grammar-school building was erected, and the common connected with it, and the whole tract which forms the handsome grounds of the college. He was a member of both corporations; also of the Congregational church, of which he was one of the first regularly chosen deacons, and for many years church clerk, and town clerk. In brief, Col. Storrs was a "Christian gentleman," of the "old school." He died at the age of 71, while on a visit to Vergennes, Oct. 5, 1842.

HON. JOEL DOOLITTLE,

the first tutor of Middlebury College, was admitted to the bar in 1801; in 1817, elected Judge of the Supreme Court; a member of the old council, in 1815; in 1834, president of the council of censors; in 1819, a member of the college corporation; united with St. Peter's church at its organization, and continued an exemplary and devoted member until his death, at the age of 63, March, 1841.

HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR, LL. D.

was born in Litchfield, Conn., May 31, 1778; graduated at Yale College in 1797; in October, 1799, came to Middlebury; in 1800 was licensed to practise law, and, in competition with such distinguished lawyers as Daniel Chipman and Samuel Miller, entered at once into an extensive practice. In 1800, he married Miss Lucy Case. He was one of the Directors of the Vermont State Bank, and from 1800 to 1809, postmaster; and in 1820 elected to the Senate of the United States, and re-elected for a second term. He did not often make any formal address in the Senate, but was greatly respected for his sound, modest opinions, and his influence, though unobtrusive, was generally recognized; but when an advocate, poured forth, in his quiet way, a comprehensive argument that his opponent found it hard to meet, and manifested great ingenuity and tact in the management of his causes. No man had fewer enemies, or more attached personal friends. He was a patron of the literary institutions; for many years a member of the college and gram-

mar-school corporations, and senior warden of the parish of St. Peter's church. In 1847, the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by Yale College. He died, Nov. 21, 1857, in his 80th year, leaving 3 sons, and the children of a deceased daughter.

DR. JONATHAN ADAMS ALLEN

was born at Holliston, Mass., Nov. 17, 1787. His father at an early day removed to Newfane, Vt., where he labored on a farm till his 21st birthday, when, with his wardrobe in a bundle, he set out "to seek his fortune." For several years he taught a village school in Townshend, and studied Latin with the pastor. He afterwards studied medicine, attended lectures at Dartmouth, and received his degree in 1814; practised medicine in Windham Co. till 1820, from which time he delivered chemical lectures in Middlebury College till 1826. In 1822 he commenced the practice of medicine in this place, and as a learned physician and surgeon, built up and sustained a wide reputation. He made a valuable collection of minerals in the cabinet of the college, was a prominent member of both the Addison Co. and State Medical Society, and published many articles on the various branches of the science in the Medical Journal. (In the Boston Medical Journal, a sketch of the life of Dr. Ralph Gowdy, who was for many years an esteemed physician in Middlebury.) Dr. Allen died Feb. 2, 1848. Of him it has been said: "The crowning trait of his character was stable Christian principle."

DANIEL L. POTTER,

from Litchfield, Conn. settled in this town in 1811. He was most distinguished as a Free Mason, and rose to the highest grade in that institution; lectured before Masonic Lodges in many parts of the State, was for several years Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of the Knights Templars of the State, and had the rank of Past Grand Commander at the time of his death, June 8, 1859, aged 69 years. He was buried with Masonic honors, attended by a long procession of Masons.

SAMUEL SHEATHER PHELPS

was born at Litchfield, Conn., May 13, 1793; graduated at Yale in 1811; attended the Litchfield law school, the lectures of Judges Reeve and Gould in the winter of 1812; in the spring came to Middlebury, and continued his studies with Hon. Horatio Seymour. He was one of the 100,000 draft men of 1812,—was ordered to the Canadian frontier, and served in the ranks at Burlington and Plattsburg, and received the appointment of paymaster in the United States service. From 1814 to 1831 he had an extensive and successful law practice. In 1827 he was chosen one of the council of censors, whose ad-

dress to the people was written by him; in 1831 was elected to the legislative council, and during that session, appointed a judge of the Supreme Court, which office he held seven years, and in the fall of 1838 was elected United States Senator, and again re-elected in 1844. As a judge, he was distinguished for his discriminating, comprehensive views; as a reporter, for his clear, forcible, convincing arguments; as an advocate, — in his own State, and before the Supreme Court of the United States, — as a cogent, powerful reasoner; as a senator, cautious and conservative; not inclined to take a leading position; one whose influence, though silent, was felt, — who was recognized through the Senate as a statesman of sound, practical talents; and it is said that the recommendation of his reports, fortified as they were by a definite statement of the case, were seldom, if ever, rejected. His labors on committees of claims and Indian affairs were highly appreciated, and several of his published speeches gave him a prominent reputation through the country. At the close of his second term he retired to private life. Nov. 11, 1852, before a large assembly at Middlebury, he delivered an unwritten eulogy on the life and character of Daniel Webster. Upon the death of Senator Upham, Gov. Fairbanks appointed him to fill the vacancy. The ensuing fall, it was a mooted question whether a Senator appointed by the executive would fill the vacancy. By the solicitation of his friends he went on to claim his seat; but a majority of the Senate decided against his claim. Judge Phelps died at his residence, Mar. 25, 1855, in the 62d year of his age.

MINERAL SPRINGS.

FROM A HISTORICAL SERMON OF THOMAS MERRILL, D. D.

ABOUT 30 or 40 rods to the right of the road, leading N. E. from the village, and nearly 2 miles distant, on very low land belonging to Messrs. William and Edwin Hammond, within a circuit of 20 feet radius, are 7 springs, the Septennary Springs. They appear to be independent of each other, as digging a channel and lowering one does not affect the others. They have deposited, especially the western ones, in abundance, calcareous tufa, which much resembles that of Clarendon. Some of this tufa exhibits its traces of iron, and all of it, probably, when exposed to intense heat, would show the presence of sulphur. Some of them, especially the largest and most southerly one, have often proved beneficial in cutaneous diseases; and in cases of poison, they are said, when drunken freely, and used for washing the affected part, to afford a very speedy and certain cure.*

* Thus far from Swift's History of Middlebury.

THE VICTORY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

By N. H. Wright, Author of "The Fall of Palmyra," a small volume of poems published at Middlebury, 1817.

THE banner of freedom triumphantly waving,
Displayed in bright colors the stripe and the star,
Whilst the light-curling billow the war-ship was
laving,
And the foeman was seen on the water afar.
In his bosom the heart of each freeman beat high;
He thought of his country, his love, and his honor;
And he swore by the blood of his fathers to die,
Or conquer, and share in the fame of Macdonough.

And now the dire conflict with fury was raging,
And many a hero lay panting for breath;
Whilst the Genius of War forbade Pity assuaging
The pains which could only be ended by death.
Yet no pang tore the hearts of those freemen so brave,
For they knew they had fallen in glory and honor,
And their last parting sigh, as it fled o'er the wave,
Was a prayer for their country, their friends, and
Macdonough.

Mid the blaze of the battle their spirits ascended,
And hovered aloft till its thunders were o'er;
Then to regions of glory, by angels attended,
The tidings of victory triumphantly bore.
The banner of Albion was lowered from its height,
The flag which had erst proudly floated in honor,
While the stripes and the stars beamed more brilliantly bright,
As they gracefully waved o'er the head of Macdonough.

For the brows of the brave, let the fair hand of
Beauty
The laurels of victory, with pleasure entwine,
And the heroes, whose ardor kept pace with their
duty,
Like the stars in a bright constellation shall shine.
Their country shall cherish their glory and fame,
Their deeds be enrolled on the records of honor,
And Memory shall treasure with fondness the name
Of each warrior who fought by the side of Macdonough.

THE OREGON BILL.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH, DELIVERED IN THE
SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, JUNE 2,
1848,

BY HON. SAMUEL S. PHELPS.

SIR, I choose to deal with this subject, not as a matter of reproach to the people of the South, not as a question of morals, but as a political question of transcendent importance, to be determined by our legislation. In that point of view I regard it, and in that aspect I feel at liberty to discuss it. Sir, I am confident that I speak the sentiments of three fourths of the people of this country, and of a very great proportion of the people of the slaveholding States, when I say that the institution itself is an evil and a curse. When I say that it is an evil of which they would get rid in a moment, if they could do it with safety, I believe I speak the general sentiment of the slaveholding States.

Very few men, at the present day, can be found willing to defend this institution as, in its origin and inception, just or expedient. Who is there, at this day, if the institution were not in existence amongst us, who would raise his voice in favor of the introduction of the first colored slave? Who, indeed, would not protest against it, not only as an outrage upon humanity, and as incompatible with the fundamental principles of our institutions, but as introducing a political evil to endure to all generations, increasing in magnitude and in danger, the consequences and the termination of which no human sagacity can foresee. And yet, with this sentiment in relation to the institution pervading our people, we are called upon to extend it. The honorable Senator from Georgia seems to be alarmed at the idea of the institution being pent up in some of the old States. Why should it not be pent up? Where is the necessity of inflicting the institution, if gentlemen will pardon the phrase, on territories where it does not now exist? I can conceive of but one consideration which should excite anxiety in this particular, and that is, the accumulation of the slave population, and the necessity of a safety-valve to the increase of that population. If the institution is limited, it is not necessary that the population should be pent up. Admitting the force of this consideration, the question results in this, whether that increase, if it should be thrown off, should be thrown off upon the rest of the world as freemen or slaves. Shall they be sent forth in the character of freemen, to aid in the extension of civilization over our immense territorial domain; or shall they be sent as slaves, extending and perpetuating an institution acknowledged on all hands to be an evil? Will you let these men, created in the likeness of their Maker, go forth free, possessed of all the rights and advantages which the God of nature has bestowed upon us all; or will you send them forth as the representatives of this relic of a barbarous age, and the living monuments of the insincerity of your professions? Sir, I am opposed to this extension of an institution which I hold to be utterly at war with the opinions and moral sentiment of the age. The sense of the Christian world, and, I may add, of the civilized world, is universally against it. Shall we set the example of perpetuating and extending an institution which the whole civilized world, with the exception of a portion of our own people, have combined to exterminate? . . .

While we are congratulating the world upon the progress of the great principles of human liberty, and the overthrow of ancient despotisms, shall we be called upon to propagate a system of slavery which reduces our fellow-man to the condition of a brute; which converts a being, created originally in the likeness of his Maker, into an article of merchandise, like the beast of the stall? Let us be consistent. Let us prove the sincerity of our professions by our actions.

TO MY COUSIN JACK.

Cousin, more years have flitted by
Than we might choose to tell,
Since, sworn moss-troopers, you and I
Have lived beneath each summer sky
So heartily and well.
And little cared we all the while
How fast those years were flying,
And little marked how youth's bright smile,
That did their flight so well beguile,
From off the world was dying.

Worthy of thine old-fashioned race,
Well hast thou borne thy part,
And, spite the gathering years, we trace
Few wrinkles on thy manly face,
And none upon thy heart.
In sooth, old Time has hardly cast,
A shadow on thy track,
Though, as life's summer day flies past,
The harvest moon is rising fast
Above us, Cousin Jack.

The woodcock in the tangled brake
Marks well thy whistle's note;
The deer that by the wood-fringed lake
A moment halts his thirst to slake,
For thee looks sharply out;
The wild duck, as he scuds along,
Seeth thine eye of black,
And cries with shrill, despairing tone,
"Don't shoot, old boy, I'm coming down!"
I know you, Cousin Jack!"

Thou should'st have lived in that old day,
Long famed in song and story,
Of baron bold and lady gay,
Of tournament, and feast, and fray,
Love, chivalry, and glory,
When faces were of hearts the token,
And hearts were true, like thine,
When manly thoughts were boldly spoken,
And healths were drunk, and heads were broken,
O'er sparkling Rhenish wine.

Those bluff and hearty times are gone
From off the changeful earth,
Their monuments have crumbled down,
And the sham virtues, then unknown,
Are now of passing worth.
But in the few and rare like thee,
Left to this modern day,
We sometimes yet are fain to see
That frank, old-fashioned chivalry
Has not all passed away.

When o'er the woods another Fall
Its lingering charm has thrown,
My gun will hang upon the wall,
My horses learn another's call,
My dog, a stranger's tone.
But still may thou, ay kindly known
On Champlain's glorious water,
Till many a year has come and gone,
Wake the wild woodland echoes on
Dead Creek and little Otter.

E. J. PHELPS.

"My Cousin Jack" is veritably our excellent friend and fellow-citizen, JOHN PIERPONT, Esq.
—Ed. Vergennes Citizen, 1855.

FROST AND SUNSHINE.—[AN EXTRACT.]

'Tis Father Time, the sexton, rich in wealth of smiles
and tears,
Who hurries to their crowded graves the many-
tinted years,—
Who delveth for a hiding-place for all we know or
love,
Except the deathless beautiful that gleameth from
above.
Down into the dominion of the silence-fettered Past,
The worn-out years, with all their freight of love and
light, are cast;
But lest they be among the glare of coming hours
forgot,
The flower of recollection blooms—the heart's for-
get-me-not.
The ice-glazed hills are green again, and brooks go
singing by;
The vernal queen is coming, with her train of sunny
hours,
And on the air methinks I find the scent of orange-
flowers.
Oh, happy hour, when thus I mourned to see the old
year die!
Oh, happy time,—Oh, blessed love, that made so fit
reply!
Oh, blessed years, so full of light, that have so sweetly
rolled
From birth to second-childishness, while we were
growing old!
The frost hath touched her scattered locks, but lieth
gently there—
The springlight glistens in her eye, and warmth of
summer air.
Beside the dead forget-me-not we laid the orange
flowers,
And wait for during blossoms in the land that fol-
lows ours;
For the garden-gates of Paradise are softly opening,
And we see the heart's-case blooming in the city of
our KING.

FRANK PHELPS.

THE AUTUMN WINDS ARE SIGHING.

THE autumn days have come at last,
The swallows are southward flying,
The brown leaves scamper adown the blast,
And the flowers are withered and dying;
The frost has humbled the summer's pride,
And the tints of decay are vying
With the hues which the spring-time birth supplied,
And the autumn winds are sighing.

Aye! the winds are sad, and the leaves are sere,
And a voice through the pines is wailing,
That sings the dirge of the dying year,
All its hidden decay unveiling;
But the holy calm of the "Harvest Home"
Rests over earth's dead and dying,
For we know that another spring will come,
Though the autumn winds are sighing.

So the soul has its autumn sere and brown,
When its leaden tints of bills are falling,
When each breeze that scatters its roses down,
Is in desolate accents calling.
When its few good deeds of faith and love
In golden sheaflets tying,
It waits for the call to the realms above,
Where no autumn winds are sighing.

EGBERT PHELPS.

WHICH IS BEST?

TO MRS. ———.

To how many you are mother,
I cannot exactly say!
Cannot tell one from another,
Cannot name them,—how are they?

If a family is a blessing,
And all children blessings are,
Such a number you possessing
Must be blessed, I declare.

I've no child, while you have many;
Which is best we scarce can know,
To have twenty, or not any,—
Future time alone can show

If this life would end the story,—
If at death we ceased to be,—
Children, riches, earthly glory,
Would be all to you and me.

But beyond this vale of sorrow,
And beyond the scenes of earth,
Comes to-day, and no to-morrow,—
This is certain at our birth.

LOUIS McDONALD.

I WOULD NOT FORGET.

I WOULD not forget, I would not forget,
Though memory keeps for me
A store of sorrows that brood in the soul,
As the mist broods over the sea;
Though the tears may spring from a throbbing heart,
When a careless word is said,
Which brings to my mind the loved who sleep
On the hill with the holy dead.

I would not forget, though the joys of life
Have ever been linked with pain;
Though hours of sorrow grow fresh to me,
As I count them o'er again.
For I never had known the peace that comes
To the spirit weary and lone,
Had I never said in my whispered prayer,
"My Father, thy will be done!"

And so when I sit at the twilight hour,
With Memory's hand in mine,
The song that she sings to my list'ning ear,
Hath ever a wearisome chime;
But I think of the time that yet shall come,
When safe on the beautiful shore,
I shall clasp the hands of the friends I love,
To whisper good-by no more.

C. D. NOBLE.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

THE CEMETERY.

AN ILLUSTRATION. FROM P. BATTELL, ESQ.

THE cemetery at Middlebury is situated at such
a retirement from the village, the centre of busi-
ness and living, as you would choose as a matter
of taste, if to select the spot where the eye would
glance willingly upon those mimic pinnacles and
towers, which the locust leaves conceal in part,
and which separate the city of our destination
from that where we abide. Reversing the view,
and passing among the indefinite avenues of
that imaginary city, we see the place of the liv-

ing with an approval of good taste, and are grateful that the habitation of cares and trials, of hopes and labors endless, is pleasant, too, at the foot of its landmark hill, in the protection of the Mountains it honors, with spires and towers of worship glittering or sombre, with homes gay, or halls expanded, and in its own "visible sphere" is equally content. Nearer, the college rises heavily, and looks off across its neighbor of the valley, as if life, and not death, were its study. But here at the cemetery itself, is the company of either world, and in truth, to the visitor, either is equally harmless, equally instructive. Either has an angel aspect here, and neither denies an equal companionship to our humanity. Life would solicit one to duty, not as hardship, but as opportunity, so pleasant when we can. Death diminishes the lesson, having our passive ear, as if to be were the main thing with it, and not to do ever so bravely. And yet they clasp hands as friends about us, and are ready to wait upon us, each in his own good time. So it is, that man goeth to his long home; and here the living are to lay it to heart.

The summary of life is in the graveyard, with the memories of the dead. All we have lived for, so far as man is concerned, is that flour of life, sifted and treasured even by the carefulness of the winds, which indifference and neglect have failed to bear away. We look less to fame than love to care for this food of the soul, with the zest of which we attain companionship with angels at the table of good works. Great things are of little account with them, or here; they banquet, as we do, at the memorial table, which presents the virtues of the meek, pure, beneficent, and serves us not out the decayed fragments of the feast, of falsehood or pride, except for pity that the servants of themselves have but menial places after death. The motive of life, in the highest, is that which endears what remains of it to memory; the habit of life, its spirit, is that which imparts a pleasant fragrance to its choicest acts. No cheat comes to the grave. It has no pay for humbugs, and the glory of the cemetery is, that a *veil* is drawn across the river of death, or a fall dikes it, and man's abominable crimes come not up to the graveyard. They are not, as respects the dead, and virtues only warble inarticulately here, among the graves, with a melody like children's voices, sweeter than words.

The voices of the virtues of friends they are. Kindred of soul of like objects and attachments with us. Home was theirs as mine, and still is, and will be while a ground of open communication is left us here. They differed in their love of home, and in the grace with which they ornamented it, and thus differ now. They differed in station, but this was nothing; if they loved equally in another's act, it was as if they did it. Who was not daily pure and beneficent in Storrs' life, though not by education and habit a leader like him?

They cheered the Founder every day, as his shrewdness opened through some dust of sunbeams to the eye, the track of his beneficence, and the patriarch of reason, they lauded even the manner of that apostle of the gospel of reform, Physicians who ministered to us more for love than money, they with whom our inmost confidence mingled, trusted so often with our friends, recall themselves; the princes of the people, too, for talent, authority, or generosity. The integrity of goodness was with another, but I recall no more, lest I should miss more than any. It is not well to single out among the beloved, though those who were merry with us will revive intimacy, those who acted with us remind us, those whom I admired, if such there be here, repeat some test of my sincerity. You know that I was sincere, beloved of others! That that which in you took hold on kindness, or taste, or purity to me was the resulting beam from the spring of the Infinite, that bore my thoughts to heaven.

He is not here, but He is risen! and they that chose Him, with Him! The graves thus are hushed and beautified. I am with nature, where she dreams as in a garden; even the Atlantic tempest, checked by the mountain-range, and moaning up its summit, respects the placid calm of verdure here. The symphony of the waterfall, from the place of the living, revives the lesson of the cemetery for them. The same virtue is their faculty and blessing. Not what you have, nor what you pretend, not what you are thought, but what you are; ye that make your families happy, that fill those streets with welcome kindnesses, that make the stranger commend your charities, that send the name of the home your predecessors planted, as a talisman of liberality, honor, truth, wherever the guests of your hospitality are spread!

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF HON. JAMES MEACHAM,

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FEB. 15, 1854; AGAINST THE NEBRASKA AND TERRITORIAL BILL, AND IN FAVOR OF MAINTAINING THE GOVERNMENT FAITH WITH THE INDIAN TRIBES.

WITH twelve of the nineteen transported tribes treaties were made during the administration of General Jackson, and they were all made in accordance with the spirit of his message, and the law of Congress.

No man but General Jackson could have carried it through. The Indians, feared, respected, loved, and trusted him. They looked up to him as the great father of a great nation. He told them, that if they went to the new abodes assigned in the West, they should there remain unmolested forever. The Indians believed the word of General Jackson, backed by the pledge of Congress and the assent of the people. There

is the solemn covenant of this nation; her honor is pledged to keep that covenant. It seems degrading to ask, Will you do it? If so, now is the time to do it. Will the same Congress that sends medals of gold to Capt. Ingraham for the rescue of Koszta, of doubtful citizenship, crush the poor Indian we have sworn to protect? You took up these tribes from out the old States, because you could not allow them to have a government of their own within another government; you planted them there, and told them to govern themselves. You took them from the midst of the whites, because you said they were cheated and besotted, and corrupted, and placed them there, to be beyond the reach of degrading enticement; you tore them away from all that was delightful in the present, and sacred and glorious in the recollections of the past. Will you now throw around them again the lines of a local government, and expose them again to the unbridled rapacity of the white man? Now is the time for decision.

But I may be asked if I would forever keep that large body of territory open on account of these Indians? And I will answer, that I would, at all events, and all hazards, keep my word. I would run a line north of those Indians from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and make all territory south of it sacred to the red man. Ordain and execute laws to protect him; you can do that peacefully. If not, keep your faith with the helpless, and do it by force; plant a line of soldiers, a double or triple line, if needed, around the whole boundary. If that will not do, keep your word, and plant a Chinese wall around it, and let a flaming sword gleam over every gateway.

Can it be believed that this government is to be formed without even asking the consent of the Indians? Your commissioner went to a portion of the tribes. He found them in great alarm at the tidings of the threatened invasion of the whites,—terror had taken hold of them. They had believed they were safe in their solitude when our government had vowed them protection. No wonder that a shudder ran through their savage hearts, when tribe after tribe took up and bore on the fearful intelligence of renewing encroachments. They were about to call together a council of war, and confederate for defence. I shall be amazed if they shall not yet do it; if they do not look on the passage of these bills as their death-warrant; and, seeing their last hope for existence has expired when our vow of protection is revoked, if they do not light up their council-fires, and, together, dance their last war-dance, determined, if they must have death, they will have revenge in advance. Does the report of your commissioner give promise that they will ever consent to another removal? Directly and positively the reverse. All the tribes, except a few insignificant fractions, refused to dispose of any part of their lands.

The interview, itself, of the commissioner with the Indians, but for the awful events connected with it, would have been supremely ridiculous. I do not blame him; he acted ably and faithfully. Look at the scene. An agent of this government is having a talk with a band of Kickapoos, in the far-off wilderness of Nebraska; he is giving them, in the name of their great father, Franklin Pierce, a lecture on United States morality. He is chiding them for not having become better farmers, better mechanics, for not making more advance in education, in morals, and religion; for adhering to the customs and traditions of their fathers, "and that therefore it was absolutely necessary, in their present ignorant and feeble condition, that they should abandon their present possessions." Why were those savages sent to that wilderness? Simply because they did not wish to conform to the rules of civilized and Christian society. They were sent there to live as they list. When did they ever agree, or the United States threaten, to forfeit their possessions if they did not mend their morals? I should rejoice to see all of them become industrious, skilful, intelligent, and virtuous; but I hope it may be voluntary, without the coercion of force or of forfeiture. If a religion is to be forced on them, I trust it may be brought from abroad. Import the crescent, and creed, and sword of Mohammed, to convert the Indian, but in such political and compulsory benevolence, I pray you not to degrade the religion of Christ.

I had read, with deep interest, the report on the progress of the transplanted Cherokees. Many of them, so soon after their migration, are living in a style equal to southern gentlemen in easy circumstances. They are inclosing and cultivating their farms,—building beautiful dwellings,—adorning their gardens, maintaining their schools, rearing churches, printing and circulating the gospel. I acknowledge that a feeling of indignation and horror came over me when I saw that the boundary of the first bill ran directly through the whole Cherokee country, and cleft it in twain. And are we so soon to make our pledges to them a hissing and byword among the heathen? Is that tribe, who so nobly conquered themselves, and moved peacefully westward under the guardian care of our great military chieftain, again to be torn up, and its bleeding roots retransplanted into some sterile and distant soil? The new bill, for some other political reasons, without any reference to the Indians, has moved the line to their northern frontier. But other tribes inclosed, are treated with equal injustice. Where, if their consent could be gained—and it cannot—can you locate them? You have no other place for them. If not safe here, in what province of Jehovah's empire can the hunted and persecuted Indian find a refuge from the grasping and remorseless cupidity of the white man? Pause where you are. Look long and well as to what you are doing.

Remember, that this act of injustice and atrocious treachery may provoke the wrath of the Eternal, to inflict on this nation the woes he has denounced against the truce-breaker, and against him who moveth his neighbor's landmark!

BISHOP HENSHAW.

THE RT. REV. JOHN PRENTISS HEWLEY HENSHAW, D. D. was born in Middletown, Conn. June 13, 1792; removed with his parents to Middlebury in 1800; at the age of 12, entered Middlebury college, and graduated at the age of 16. The following year he was a resident graduate at Harvard University, where, under the ministrations of the Rev. J. Hewley, he was received into the Protestant Episcopal church, and in gratitude to his spiritual teacher adopted the name of Hewley. His first converts to the faith of the church was in the family of his father. We next find him a lay reader in Sheldon, Fairfield, and other neighboring towns, and doing good missionary service on the frontier of Vermont. On his 21st birthday he was admitted to diacon's orders, and soon after called to St. Ann's church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Two years after he formed a happy marriage with Miss Mary Gerham, of Bristol, R. I. with whom he lived 30 years, their longest separation but 2 weeks, the last of his life. On his 24th birthday he was admitted to priest's orders. In the spring of 1817, he accepted the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, in which he continued 26 years, during which time he baptized over 1,000, confirmed 500, and received as communicants 900. His free-school children numbered 6,000; his Sunday-school children 10,000. Aug. 10, 1843, he was instituted rector of Grace Church, R. I., and the day following in St. John's Church, Providence, was consecrated Bishop of the Rhode Island Diocese. While on a visiting tour to the churches in Maryland, accompanied by his youngest son, he died of apoplexy, at Urbanna, July 20, 1850, at 1 past 1 o'clock. "Just 24 hours before he had been in the pulpit preaching his last sermon, and the very hour of his death was his next appointment." But his work was done, and rest came.

"How well he fell asleep!

Like some grand river widening toward the sea,
Calmly and grandly, silently and deep,
Life joined eternity."

His funeral was first performed at St. Peter's Church, Baltimore, and afterwards in Grace Church. The Diocese of R. I. erected a beautiful monument to his memory, on which is the following summary of his character: "As a THEOLOGIAN, he was sound; as a PREACHER, clear and earnest; as a PASTOR, faithful to the best interests of his flock; as a BISHOP, wise in counsel, and an example in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, in piety." True, Bishop

Henshaw was not born among our green hills, and died not in our midst; but from the age of 8 to 21, he mostly resided in Vermont, and ever regarded Middlebury as the cherished home of his youth. Here he did much to promote the interests of his church; here his father's family resided,* — his aged parents died. And though he wrote several religious works much valued by his church, a woman must be excused when selecting a specimen from his writings, if she turns from the volumes of learned theology, and quotes instead an extract from a "home letter."

"PROVIDENCE, Dec. 10, 1849.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER: On my return from Vermont, where I have been to engage in the last solemn rites of our religion over the remains of the best of mothers, I found your favor of Nov. 23d. My dear mother had reached the age of 79, without much visible impairment of her physical or intellectual powers. On Sunday, the 18th, she had received the Holy Communion with great satisfaction, and on the 23th, had enjoyed the pleasures of God's house at two full services. The 26th, after breakfast, according to her usual custom, she retired to her room for devotional reading; she heard her little granddaughter read a chapter in the Bible before going to school; one of my sisters also read to her in the course of the morning. She was at the front door about half-past 12 o'clock, and at a quarter before 1, my sister, Mrs. Whitney, went into her room to sit with her until dinner-time. My mother was seated in the same arm-chair in which my father died in 1825; the Bible and the prayer-book on the stand before her; her spectacles on; not a limb, feature, or muscle moved, perfectly lifelike, but her heart had ceased to beat, and an angel had kissed her soul away."

MONKTON.

BY O. L. NIMBLET, M. D.

MONKTON was chartered by Gov. Wentworth June 24, 1762, 24,000 acres in 70 equal shares; first settled in 1774, by Barnabas Barnum, John Bishop, and John and Eben'r Stearns. Tradition says John Bishop was the first settler. The first allusion to any resident upon the records of the town, is to Barnabas Barnum. We quote from the records of an old man, now deceased, who was a boy at the time. "The early settlers were noted for friendly and social feeling, visiting their neighbors who lived within 12 or 15 miles, and knowing the minute circumstances of their

* Mistaking the house of a friend upon whom we wished to call, a few months since, at Middlebury, a kind-poker, middle-aged gentleman at the door, after he had given us most directions, remarked, "This is the old Henshaw House!" We thanked the gentleman, and took a momentary survey, with an interested recreational curiosity, of the house, which still wears an Episcopal look.

affairs more accurately than we do of our neighbors within a stone's throw of us. As the settlers increased, their visits became more circumscribed; but the same kind feeling existed in the gatherings at trainings and "raisings," at the close of which they engaged in athletic sports, — wrestling, running foot-races, playing ball, &c. vying with each other in feats of strength or agility.

On training-day mornings, the companies were accustomed to wake up their officers by firing a salute at their doors, for which compliment, his grace, from corporal up to captain, was expected to liberally treat. If any one became intoxicated it was quite disgraceful, but *honorable* to bear up with the largest quantity without intoxication.

After the town had become so settled as to turn the attention of the inhabitants to the improvement of stock, a race-ground was cleared off for about a mile, where the trial of speed of their horses was frequently made, and betting small sums. However, no large amount of betting ever became the custom.

During the Revolution, John Bishop, with several sons, and Mr. Eben'r Stearns, were captured by Tories and Indians, and taken to Canada; and the settlement was broken up till after the war. Tradition says Bishop had some wheat stacks to which the Indians were about to set fire, when Mrs. Bishop, knowing them to be her main dependence, appeared with hot water, which she threw so vigorously that the Indians, admiring her courage, spared the stacks. Bishop and his sons were again returned to their homes. Bishop was noted for his eccentricities; for instance, when any one came to the marsh near where he lived, to pick cranberries, he always demanded a portion, for the reason that he brought the seed with him from New Milford. He also demanded a share of all the fish in an adjacent pond, as he had brought the original stock from the same place, in a leather bag, supplying fresh water from time to time, on his way. Barnabas Barnum met with a more tragic fate. On the alarm being given at the siege of Shelburn blockhouse, he repaired, with others, to the scene of action, and fell in the bloody skirmish of March 12, 1778.

Tradition says that on hearing of the death of her husband, Mrs. Barnum, with several small children, went through the wilderness by marked trees, to the fort at Pittsford. A short distance south of Monkton Borough are some rocks, called the Tory rocks, where a small party of Tories were captured, during the Revolution, by a less number of early settlers by stratagem. The early settlers of Monkton were men more noted for their physical strength and endurance than for mental culture or refinement. Yet they were not without those who sometimes tried their tact and skill at written composition. The following poetical specimen is from the pen of one of those

primitive and untaught bards, — Mr. Ebenezer Finney.

MONKTON CANNON.

WHEN men rejoiced in days of yore
That stamp-acts should appear no more,
They fired their pump instead of cannon,
And shook the very earth we stand on.
But latter years, more full of glory,
Since Whig has fairly conquered Tory,
Pump guns are thrown by in disgrace,
And iron stationed in their place.
The heroes of a certain town,
To please themselves and gain renown,
A cannon made, without a blunder,
To send forth home-made peals of thunder.
Never have such reports been given,
Since Satan cannonaded heaven;
To these reports 'twas merely whistle,
When Queen Ann fired her pocket pistol.
As that, so fame could never say less, —
Was fired from Dover unto Calais, —
So this, without dispute we know
Was fired from Monkton to North Hero.
This thing was formed, our heroes say,
To usher in our training-day;
But ere their training had arrived,
To try her metal they contrived.
Now courage aids their hearts of steel;
She's mounted straight on wagon-wheels;
In order firm the heroes stand,
'Till the commandant gives command
To load and fire, when at the sound
Hills, dales, and vales all echo round.
What transport fills these sons of Mars;
They shout for joy, and bless their stars;
But oh, how transient is their fun!
They load too deep, and split their gun.
Earth, at the blast, turks shaking (quaker;
Boys curse the cannon and its maker;
What havoc made 'mongst ducks and hens;
The pigs run frightened round their pens;
Young puppies set up hideous yells,
While goslings perished in their shells;
Lake Champlain shakes from shore to shore,
And Camel's Hump was seen no more.

JOHN FERGUSON was strong-minded, and a member of the legislature at an early day. His descendants, many of them, reside in Starksboro', where they are prominent citizens, — a portion of Monkton being set off to that town many years ago.

JESSE LYMAN was for several years a resident of Monkton; removed to Vergennes; was a major of militia, and an efficient officer under Gen. Strong, at the battle of Plattsburg. He died at Vergennes.

BUEL HITCHCOCK was the first physician in town, and very skilful in bilious and intermittent fevers, that were prevalent among the early settlers. He once amputated a leg with a shoe-knife, using a rope and a stick for a tourniquet, Eben'r Barnum sawing the bone with a carpenter's saw. He built the first grist-mill in town, and after several years' residence, removed to St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. where he died many years ago.

ISAAC SAWYER, with limited means for education, became a Baptist preacher, claimed the right

to the lot granted to the first settled minister, which the town had leased for the benefit of schools, which after being in court several terms, was finally compromised by a division between him and the town. He was ordained in a barn, Sept. 24, 1798, and became noted as a preacher of power and ability, and had several sons, who became preachers of the Baptist order. He died but a few years since, in Jay, N. Y.

SAMUEL BARNUM was chief magistrate in town for a number of years; represented the town in the legislature a number of terms. He died at the residence of his son, Gen. A. W. Barnum, of Vergennes.

GEN. A. W. BARNUM, with very limited means for an education, by steady perseverance in business as a clerk in the mercantile profession, became noted in mercantile, mechanical, and agricultural pursuits, acquired a large estate, was influential in improving agricultural products, and the breeds of cattle and horses; was for many years a leading citizen of Vergennes, and influential member of the legislature; was quartermaster and general of militia in Vt., but experienced a reverse of fortune, and died at Vergennes in indigent circumstances.

DAN STONE, a physician of large practice and great skill, resided in town many years, and some of his descendants reside here still.

DANIEL SMITH was of quick apprehension, shrewd in remark, gifted as counsel in law, for several years a representative to the legislature, and died in 1812, of the typhoid epidemic.

IRA SMITH, son of Dan'l Smith, has resided in town the longest of any person living in it, and has been an esteemed practitioner of medicine for nearly 50 years.

DAN'L COLLINS, JUN., was for many years a deputy sheriff, judge in the County Court, and represented the town one term. He was a very ardent politician of the Democratic school. He died very suddenly in town.

STEPHEN HAIGHTS was a self-educated man, of quick apprehension of any subject presented to his mind; ardent in all his undertakings; for many years a leading member in the legislature, judge in Addison County Court, and sheriff for said county; for several years an officer in the Senate of the U. S. He died at Washington, Jan. 12, 1841, aged 53, while holding the office of sergeant-at-arms in the Senate of the U. S. He was so much respected that the Senate voted an appropriation to pay the expenses of carrying his remains to Burlington, Vt. for interment.

Monkton is almost exclusively an agricultural town, with a population of 1,246; grand list, 350,957. Iron ore is found here, the color of its surface a velvet black, white, and sometimes grayish; dry to the touch, absorbs water quickly, is evidently decomposed felspar, graphic, granite, and kaolin clay, which was discovered at a very early day, by Stephen Barnum.

The town was organized March 28, 1786. First

town clerk, Samuel Burnham; first constable, John Allen; first selectmen, John Bishop, Jr., John Ferguson, and Sam'l Barnum; first justice, Sam'l Barnum; first representative, Eben'r Barnum, 1787. The first birth was that of Ebenezer Stearns, Jr., Oct. 17, 1775. The first death that of EUNICE CHURCH, date unknown. Number of college graduates, 8. The first church organized was the Calvinistic Baptist, July 24, 1794, and consisted of 12 members; present No. of members, 48. To the date of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal church, I can only approximate; but it must have been near 1797. Their first preacher was a man by the name of Mitchell. I am unable to state the first number of members. Some time prior to the organization there was but one Methodist in town,—Mr. Samuel Webb. The church now consists of 84 members. I am unable to state anything definite in regard to the time when the Society of Friends was organized, but it was at a very early day. Their numbers at present are comparatively few.

In the south part of Monkton is a pond curiously located on a considerable hill; in the north-western part a noted cavern. The orifice by which it is entered is at the foot of a large chasm of rocks on the side of a small hill. After descending about 16 feet from the opening, you arrive at a room 30 feet by 16, from which is a passage leading to a second apartment, not quite so large, but more pleasant.

BENEFACTENCE THE END OF LIFE.

BY REV. H. H. STOWELL, A NATIVE OF MONKTON, NOW PASTOR OF A BAPTIST CHURCH AT SEEKONE, MASS.

A LOVE of preferment and honors is one of the oldest inhabitants of the heart. It pervades all classes, from the king on the throne to the peasant on the bleak moor. It is one of the great driving forces of the human intellect. If subordinated to beneficence and usefulness, it makes a strong and forceful character,—a Paul in the church, a Washington in the state. If not curbed and sanctified, it anarchizes the soul, overrides the character; it makes autocrats, and despots, and traitors; it forms an Erostratus, a Catiline, a Benedict Arnold.

The gentle breast of woman is often shaken by ambition. "Then came unto Christ the mother of Zebedee's children, with her sons, desiring to speak with him. And he said unto her, What wilt thou? She said unto him, Grant that these, my two sons, may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on thy left, in thy kingdom!" The word is uttered. The heart speaks. But is this the highest good? What does the Master,— "a greater than Solomon,"—say? "Ye know not what ye ask. Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." In my kingdom

goodness is greatness, usefulness is chieftainship, and beneficence is aristocracy.

But goodness is a daughter of the skies. To be good and *do* good is to be like God, in the highest and best sense. No human greatness can resemble us to him. As well might the ant talk of its hillock of greatness, or the beaver of its house of pride, as man to talk of mightiness, either of strength or wisdom.

A good act, a kind word, an approving smile upon virtue, a reproving look upon vice, all may do good, and liken us to God. The whole earth is full of the goodness of God! and let us reflect it, diffuse it. Let us dig little channels through every man's grounds, in which it may run. Such labor is not lost, but lasting; for all such rills will yet converge, unite, and form the river of God's pleasure, and empty into the ocean of eternal blessedness.

A selfish life resembles a leafless oak. A life of benevolence resembles that same oak full of flourishing branches, around whose trunk many creeping plants entwine, and the grape forms gay festoons of beauty and fruit, "recompensing well the strength they borrow by the grace they lend."

Mere valor, daring, and ambition must not be deified; more regard must be paid to morals and piety. The head is not to be idolized, to the neglect of the heart and its beneficent affections. Napoleon was a man of gigantic talents, made up of unbounded ambition, military tact, unrivalled celerity, and indomitable perseverance, and no doubt his wasting, earthquake wars did good, as thunderstorms purify the atmosphere, or the devouring fire the foul rookeries of a city. We believe God used him as a scourge to punish guilty nations, to break down the old corrupt political systems, and hoary fastnesses of evil, and let in the light of day upon the darkest despotisms of Europe; but that, through lack of an education by Christian parents, and nurture in a *Christian nation*, the aims of his noble nature, and the scope of his fertile mind, could not be consecrated to the highest good of man.

Seekest thou *great* things for thyself? Seek them not. There is no permanent good for man in aught else than to "rejoice and *do good* in this life."

The greatness of *goodness*, usefulness to others, is the pinnacle of fame to every right-minded man. Aspiration sanctified to beneficence, causes no regret. It looms before man through life. It is a softly-glowing vista; as he looks behind him, it is a Drummond light, when all the earth is a "dissolving view."

"Each deed that we do for the true and right,
With purpose unshaken and high,
Is graven in characters living as light,
In hearts where it never shall die."

A life of usefulness alone can make us *happy*. Selfishness is not the state of mind in which God made us.

The gospel of Jesus is designed to restore to us the faith of holiness. How happy would our state be if we, like him, "went about doing good." How soon would the bitterness of many hearts be dried up; the wailings of the sorrowful, the prisoner, the oppressed, cease. Every man would be a *brother*, and a *friend*. The "good time coming," would have "*come*." Heaven would kiss the world; the sons of heaven and the daughters of earth would be married, and earth keep jubilee a thousand years.

Men generally award lasting praise to those who are *benefactors of their race*. We are creatures of animal organization and sympathetic excitement. While the pageant, or triumphal show is passing, we sometimes follow the multitude in huzzas, and the weak-minded abandon their principles; but when the pompous exhibition has passed, and become history, we give our meed of praise to the less gorgeous and more substantial. As time rolls on and brings us nearer the millennium, and heaven; as truth spreads her influence over the earth, and we live in the light of eternal splendor, will the little greatnesses of the earth, which have engrossed the attention of the infancy and ignorance of the world, fade, and grow dim, while the soul and its overwhelming interests, and the labor which appertains to its salvation, will grow intensely brilliant and enduring. While the name of Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, the conqueror of the great hero of modern times, is rusted in oblivion, the name of Clarkson, the philanthropist, and of Wilberforce, the Christian statesman, will flourish in evergreen memory. Howard's life stands out in pure sublimity against the sky of glory which now hides him from our sight! Here are glory, honor, benevolence, humanity,—*everything good and great*. The grass will grow green over his grave; his memory will be embalmed in the hearts of coming millions. Posterity will be pointed to him as the benefactor of the race; mothers will teach the lesson to their children, and his name will be a "household word," to the end of time.

At the close of life we go back to the simplicity and artlessness of children. Sober reason returns, and our better nature longs for a "better and enduring substance."

ANNALS OF NEW HAVEN.

BY REV. WARD BULLARD.

THIS town lies near the centre of the county. Its limits have been several times changed since its charter was granted, in 1761. A small portion in the N. W. corner became a part of the city of Vergennes. A larger portion in the same section was formed into the town of Walham, in 1796. Not far from this period, a tract in the W. part was annexed to Weybridge, New Haven receiving, at the same time, a gore about 1½ miles square, bordering on the N. line.

In 1761, John Everts, of Salisbury, Ct., was deputed to repair to Portsmouth, N. H., and obtain charters of two townships. He first designed to locate them on the sites of Clarendon and Rutland, but learning that charters already covered that region, and the territory N. of Leicester had not been granted, and having some knowledge of the lower falls on Otter Creek, now Vergennes, he began at these falls, laying off his townships S. of that place, and bounded on the W. by the creek. Finding a sufficient extent of territory between Leicester and the falls named, for three townships, he obtained that number of charters; having redistributed the names of the applicants in such a manner as to secure the grants of three instead of two. This town he named New Haven, after the capital of his State.

To designate the starting-point more permanently than "a tree marked," a cannon was inserted in a hole in the rock, with the muzzle upwards. This cannon has ever since been the guiding landmark not only of New Haven, and Salisbury, but of Middlebury, inasmuch as Middlebury took its boundaries from the S. line of New Haven, and Salisbury from the S. line of Middlebury. In process of years this cannon became hidden from view by earth piled upon it, and which, from repeated additions, now covers it to the depth of several feet. But a bar of iron, seasonably inserted in the muzzle, can now be seen protruding above the superincumbent material.

In the charter, Gov. Wentworth reserved to himself 500 acres in the N. W. corner of the town, considered equivalent to two shares; assigned for the gospel and schools, 4 other shares, and one to each of the 56 grantees.

In 1794, the legislature passed an act appropriating to the use of common schools, in all the Hampshire grants, the shares of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel." But that society, instead of abandoning their claim, transferred it to the Episcopal Church. That church contested the constitutionality of the above-mentioned law, in the U. S. courts. After protracted litigation, the matter was decided in favor of the church. The suit which was to test the validity of the church's title, throughout the State, was brought against the town of New Haven. The share in New Haven for the first settled minister, after an attempt made by the Universalists to obtain it, was, by a vote of the town, appropriated to the use of common schools.

Of the original grantees, few ever became actual settlers. Some of them forfeited their shares rather than pay the incidental expenses. A few were represented among the settlers by their children; but most of them, having engaged in it merely as a speculation, sold their claims. Little is known of the proceedings of the proprietors previously to the settlement of the town, owing to the loss of the proprietors'

records. It is, however, evident from the records of the other two towns, that the proprietors regularly met and did business for their townships up to the year 1774.

Although chartered in 1761, the town remained an unbroken wilderness until 1769. A few families that year removed from Salisbury, Ct. into the N. W. part, now Waltham, and settled near the creek. Among them were John Griswold and family of 5 sons. About 12 other settlers came near the same time. A Col. Reid had received from the governor of N. Y. a patent of a tract of land 4 miles wide, lying on both sides of Otter Creek, and extending from the mouth of the stream to Sutherland Falls. This Reid, with a company of armed dependents, drove these settlers from their homes, after they had expended much in cutting roads, and cultivating their farms.*

We will only add, the block fort built by Col. Ethan Allen, at the falls, to protect the settlers from further encroachments of the Yorkers, and in which he left a small garrison, was within New Haven, and that after this they received no further molestation from that quarter.

Scarcely had the early settlers begun to feel secure from the inroads of the Yorkers, before the Revolution broke out, and in the first years of its progress they were entirely broken up. The history of the memorable raid made in the autumn of 1778, belongs properly to Weybridge, as that town now embraces most of the section that was the scene of that merciless foray. There were two families, however, whose farms and places of location are now in Weybridge, that were then in New Haven. These were the families of Justus Sturdevant and David Stow. This raid was made by Indians, British, and Tories. The adult males were carried off; the women and children were left, but left without shelter, or any means of subsistence. All buildings were burned; and by burning, or other modes of destruction, grain and cattle were destroyed. David Stow, and Thos. Sandford, a near neighbor, had gone to Crown Point, to mill, in a canoe. This took them down the creek to the falls, a distance of 9 miles. Here they took their canoe and grist around the falls, and then proceeded to the lake, 8 miles further. They then passed up the lake, and crossed over to Crown Point. The route could not have been less than 30 miles. They were returning with their grist, and had got above the falls, when they were met by the marauding party, captured, and with their grist taken on with the rest of the prisoners and booty. Sandford, and others, subsequently found their way back from Quebec, whither they were taken; but Mr. Stow, when he left home in his canoe, to get bread for his household, looked for the last time on his wife and children, (save his son Clark, who was a captive.) His

* For further account, see Ferrisburgh chapter

sufferings ended in death a little over a month after his capture. Joseph Johnson, John Griswold, Sen., and 4 of his sons, John, Nathan, Adonijah, and David, Eli Roberds, and his son Duren, residents of New Haven, were taken in this foray. The elder Griswold, in consequence of his advanced age, was released. The others were taken on to Canada. Out of numberless instances of suffering, I will relate one. Doctor Griswold, the youngest son of John Griswold, Sen., then about 7 years of age, was left by the foe with the women. An Indian came into the house of his father, in search of plunder. He espied a pair of new shoes, belonging to little Doctor, on a shelf, and bagged them. This act of robbery obliged the little boy to go to Manchester barefoot, over roads abounding in stumps and roots, his feet exposed to the frosty air of November. John Griswold, Jr., induced by the promise of liberty, went as a hand on board a transport ship that sailed from Quebec for Ireland, and was never after heard from. The prisoners, save David Stow, and the one last named, returned at the close of the war. Their farms, which had been partially cleared, remained waste during their absence, and were covered with a thick growth of bushes. A portion of the live stock that escaped slaughter or capture by the enemy, ranged in the woods, grazing in summer, and browsing in winter, and were found at the return of the settlers, to have multiplied, rather than diminished. They had formed a trail from the clearings on the creek to a beaver meadow or prairie of nearly 100 acres, covered with wild grass, and situated between Beach and Town hill. It is related that one of the settlers was at work in the field, having with him a yoke of oxen fastened by a chain to a tree. When the alarm was given of the approach of the enemy, in his haste to release the cattle, and drive them to a place of security, he unhitched the chain from the yoke, leaving it wound around the body of the tree. The tree, in its growth, finally covered the chain, and it remained undiscovered until many years afterwards, when the tree was cut down.

I have not been able, with such means as I could command, to ascertain with much precision, the times when those parts of the town not lying on the creek were settled. Prior to the Revolution, and during that war, settlements were mostly made on the creek, and in the neighborhood of the falls. Settlements, however, were made in other parts of the town, prior to, and in the early part of the Revolution. Justus Sherwood came in 1774, and settled on the farm now owned by Judge Elias Bottum, and erected his dwelling, — a log-house, — exactly where Judge Bottum's family graveyard is. Justus Webster settled in the earlier part of the year 1775, and others came on in the years 1775 and '76; Asahel Blanchard in '75; Joseph Thompson be-

fore the Revolution. On the return of peace, the town became rapidly settled in all its parts, and was organized in 1785, and represented in '83, in the legislature, by Alexander Brush. By the beginning of the present century the land was nearly all taken up, and to a great extent cleared.

At an early day becoming attention was paid to religious worship, and the town has always looked well to its common schools. An academy established a few years since, is doing good service in the cause of education. The first regular schoolhouse was erected on Lanesborough street, in 1794. Religious service was first held in private houses, barns, and schoolhouses. The principal denominations have been Congregationalists, Baptists, and Methodists, the first mentioned always predominant. The Baptists early organized a church in the west part of the town, and for many years flourished under Elders Hayward and Hurlbut. After the retirement of the latter, no pastor has ever remained any considerable number of years; some remaining only 1 or 2 years. The church, never very large, has suffered greatly from emigration.

Near the close of the last century, the eccentric Lorenzo Dow, and his colleague, Sam'l Mitchell, preached in the east part of the town, and formed a Methodist Society, but it seems to have been in no wise permanent. Occasionally, Methodist itinerants have visited the central portion of the town, but have never met with sufficient encouragement to justify the continuance of an appointment. A considerable proportion of the people in the western section of the town belong to a Methodist society, located principally in Weybridge.

There were originally two Congregational churches formed; one in the south part of the town, Nov. 15, 1797, and the other in the North part. These were united in one, Sept. 29, 1800. The church was furnished with occasional supplies until 1804, when Rev. Silas L. Bingham became its first pastor; dismissed in 1808. Rev. Josiah Hopkins was ordained in 1809, and continued its pastor 21 years. Since his dismissal, in 1830, Revs. Joel Fisk, Enoch Mead, James Meacham,* and Samuel Hurlbut have been settled ministers of the church. The latter died in 1857, greatly lamented for his numerous virtues, and decided ministerial qualifications. Rev. Mr. Hurlbut has lately been installed over the church. This church has been much favored with revivals, and has always embraced in its membership many of the strong and influential men of the town.

A church of Adventists has, within a few years, been organized in the town. They have a meeting-house at Brooksville, and preaching a part of the time.

*For biographical sketch of James Meacham, see Middlebury department, college article.

The early settlers found the town well timbered. On the east, the town stretches well-nigh but not quite to the base of the Green Mts. The rocks *in situ* composing Snake Mountains, lying between Weybridge and Addison, extend beneath the bed of Otter Creek at the reef bridge, at which place a reef of rocks crop out, giving name to the bridge. The rocks thus depressed at this place, rise again into a small mountain range in New Haven and Waltham, the principal peak of which bears the name of Buck Mountain. A line of limestone rock crosses the creek from Weybridge, at a place called the Turnpike bridge, and extends across the town in a northerly direction. This rock, on being burned, is a good material for building purposes. West of the meeting-house, where the road from the depot rises a tedious hill, there is an outcropping of rock that has not as yet, I believe, received much attention from geologists.

New Haven is well supplied with fountains and small streams. New Haven river enters the town near the S. E. corner, and washing the whole southern portion, flows into Otter Creek near the S. W. corner. It is an elegant stream, its waters limpid and pure, and makes a very beautiful and fertile valley.

The soil of the town is good, consisting mostly of clay and loam. The surface, in many places, is scattered over with boulders and pebbles. In places, these boulders and pebbles are found mingled with the surface-soil to some little depth; pebbles to the depth of some 18 inches, while boulders lie sometimes half buried in the ground, and are sometimes found completely buried, and lying some feet below the surface. These boulders and pebbles are of the same material of the rocks *in situ*, in the mountains and outcroppings around, and are abraded and rounded, evidently caused by being moved from their original positions, and mingled together, and swept along by vast bodies of agitated and moving waters, in ages of the remote past.

In 1813 and '14, the town was visited with terrible mortality. Mr. Hopkins, then pastor of the Congregational church, in giving an account of the same, and the gloom it occasioned, remarked that "the faces of all he met were bleached to the paleness of marble." In 1830, a freshet, extending along western Vermont, and doing great damage, swept, with dreadful ruin, over New Haven. The Green Mountain torrents rolled on with impetuous fury. New Haven river suddenly rose to an unprecedented height. Bridges and dams were swept away, and at a place then called Beman's Hollow, now Brooksville, many dwellings were carried off, and 14 lives lost. At first the victims were borne along on the wrecks of houses, and other buildings, as on rafts, shrieking for help. A little below the place, rocks rise high on each side of the river, and are but a few feet apart. The cries of the

sufferers were heard till they reached these narrows, when they became suddenly hushed. The waters, not passing readily through the narrows, rose the higher in the hamlet just above, and the timbers, and the victims upon them, were thrown and commingled together at the narrows, in one mass of ruin and death. The bodies of the dead were found along the banks of Otter Creek, into which the New Haven river enters.

The population, by the last census, was 1,663, and probably has not varied much in fifty years. The grand list, for the present year, is \$3,521.54.

Some of the early settlers, by their enterprise, disinterestedness, and endurance, have laid posterity under lasting obligations. Among these, it is due that we should mention JUSTUS SHERWOOD, though the finale of his life was anything but such as demands the acknowledgment of obligations from an American. As already mentioned, he settled in 1774, on the farm now owned by Judge Bottum, on Lanesborough street. He was proprietors' clerk, from the first meeting held in town, Oct. 1774, until probably the latter part of 1776, when he left on account of the war. Among other improvements, he planted a nursery of apple-trees; and though broken down by the deer and moose, during the Revolution, they were found alive at the close of the war, and transplanted. In 1776, Mr. Sherwood returned as far as Shaftsbury. On a visit to Bennington,—being not a man to disguise his sentiments,—he gave utterance to remarks that denoted sympathy with the royal cause, at which the Whigs of that place taking offence, tried him before Judge Lynch, and sentenced him to a punishment, of the precise character of which I am not informed; but which, according to the account before me, was common at that place and time, in respect to a certain class of political offenders, and much more amusing to the spectators, and wounding to the feelings of the culprit, than to his body. Exasperated at this treatment, he raised a company of royalists, conducted them to Canada, and entered the British service. He was one of the agents employed by the English to conduct negotiations with the leading men of Vermont respecting its reannexation to Great Britain. After the war he received a pension of a crown a day during life, and the grant of 1,200 acres of land in Upper Canada, opposite Ogdensburgh, N. Y. Before leaving New Haven, having in his hands, as proprietors' clerk, their records, he buried nearly all of them in an iron pot, having a potash kettle turned over it, near his house, marking the place, with the view of its being recognized, but it was never afterwards found.

LUTHER EVERTS, several of whose grandchildren now reside in Waltham and New Haven, settled before the Revolution, in the west part of the town, near the town plat, laid out in the south part of what was set off as Waltham. He was

a prominent man in the early history of the town, and an extensive landholder, having at one time near 2,000 acres. He was first town clerk.

Hon. EZRA HOYT, though not among the first settlers, came in an early day. He represented the town nine years; was judge of the County Court 6 years; and judge of Probate 5 years; a man of talents and public spirit, kind and urbane in his bearing. To him the town is indebted for his wise devotion to its interests. His death occurred some 20 years since.

CAPT. MATHEW PHELPS, and Maj. Mathew Phelps, his son, were men of more than ordinary qualities. The former undertook an enterprise into the valley of the Mississippi, near the close of the Revolution; but the enterprise proving greatly disastrous to him and his household, he returned. He published a book, giving an account of his reverses and sufferings in that enterprise. His death occurred in 1817, after having been a resident of the town some 20 or 25 years. Mathew Phelps, Jr. died about 4 years before his father, being cut down amid a course of usefulness and honor. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1804, and was early called to fill responsible stations in civil life. On the commencement of the last war with England, he entered the regular service, and held the office of major when he died.

PRESERVED WHEELER was born June 9, 1769, in Lanesborough, Mass. His father removed, with his family, to the Wyoming valley in Pa., where he fell in the massacre that occurred there in the time of the Revolution. His mother returned, immediately after, to Connecticut, with her young children. After her return she gave birth to a third son. She and her children passed through incredible hardships after the death of the husband and father. Preserved Wheeler passed his childhood and youth mostly with sympathizing friends. He settled first in Charlotte, then in the north part of New Haven, where he spent most of his life, and accumulated an ample fortune. He died a few years since.

SOL. BROWN was one of the worthies of the town, a man of mind, probity, and firmness; a soldier of the Revolution, and a participator in the battle of Lexington. He was a deacon in the church, and for many years held places of public trust. He died about 1837.

We have already spoken of the admirable qualities of Rev. Samuel Hurlbut, grandson of Mr. Samuel Hurlbut, one of the grantees of New Haven, who was about 10 years pastor in this town. He was a man of a genial spirit, and active in every good work. Not only did the church prosper greatly under his pious and devoted labors, but the temporal interests of the town were materially enhanced by his steady and enlightened action. After no little labor and research, he was bringing to a close the history of

New Haven, when he was removed to the study of a higher history.

Though the writer intended to give brief sketches only of those who have passed away, yet some notice of one still living, viz. Rev. JOSIAH HOPKINS, ought not to be omitted. He was the second pastor of the Cong. Church. Unlike most of the Congregational clergy, he entered upon the sacred office without a classical education; but his strong native sense made amends in a great measure. He had no sooner entered on his duties in New Haven, than his mark was plainly to be seen; and no one, perhaps, has left behind him a more enviable and enduring reputation. In 1826, he published a book delineating the doctrines and duties of religion, under the title of "Christian Instructor." Since leaving New Haven he has filled responsible positions in the ministry, in the State of New York. A full account of the man will not be attempted, and what we have said will be the more excusable, as he is now far down in the vale of years.

For materials out of which the foregoing has been formed, I am mostly indebted to papers left by Rev. Samuel Hurlbut, deceased. Mrs. Caroline Hurlbut, widow of Mr. Hurlbut, placed these papers in the hands of Lewis Meacham, Esq., from whom I received them. Mr. Hurlbut quotes for authorities, "De Puy's Life of Allen," "Dr. Merrill's Semi-Centennial Sermon on the History of Middlebury," "Thomson's Gazetteer," "Allen's Letter to Gov. Tryon," and "Vermont State Papers." He also had recourse to more original sources of information, as I have had.

REV. SAMUEL HURLBUT.

EXTRACT FROM A SKETCH BY REV. GEORGE N. BOARDMAN.

MR. HURLBUT was born in Charlotte, Nov. 1816; graduated at Middlebury College in 1839, and at the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., in 1845. He went to New Haven in Oct. 1846, and was installed over the church the following June; he died Dec. 2, 1856, aged 40 years.

"His eminence was first of all as a preacher and a pastor. In the pulpit or the lecture-room, he gained the attention and the affection of his hearers, by the earnestness of his manner." He had not to a great degree the graces of the orator, but he was imbued with those moral traits, which, as the source of influence over other minds, constitute the highest rhetorical power.

He was also a very instructive preacher. From his strong tendency to metaphysical and doctrinal discussions, he became very familiar with the views of theologians, and, in addition to this, was always on the watch to learn how uneducated minds were impressed with the ordinary state-

ments of the doctrines of theology. When he entered the ministry he determined to read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, daily. This resolution he carried into practice nearly or quite to the close of his life, frequently reading from the original Hebrew at the devotions of the family in the morning. In this way he attained an uncommon familiarity with the Jewish customs and habits of thought, which gave remarkable freshness and impressiveness to his interpretation of Scripture. He was, moreover, a faithful pastor. He considered it his duty to know the religious condition of every person in his parish, and to give them such instruction and warning as they might need; and he made it a point, so far as circumstances would allow, to converse with some person every day on the subject of personal religion. . . . The best proof of his faithfulness, however, is in the results of his labors; there were more than a hundred added to his church during the 10 years of his ministry.

He believed that the ability to preach without notes was indispensable to the pastor. How well he succeeded will be inferred from the fact that the list of his written sermons numbers only 258.

He was one of the best citizens of the place. Convenient mail arrangements, the present condition of the cemetery, a well-selected circulating library, the walks about the common, the schoolroom, the lecture-room, and town hall, all testify his zealous and energetic public spirit.

There was nothing worth knowing that he did not take pleasure in. He had a remarkable knowledge of history; was perfectly familiar with the ordinary operations of war; and had much curious knowledge about machinery. By such general information he made himself agreeable in any society, and was very apt to draw hearers about him in familiar conversation. Though he was several miles from the college at Middlebury, the students all knew and admired him. We should add, he interested himself deeply in all the moral questions of the day. His earnest advocacy of the cause of temperance will long be remembered in this county, and his stirring remarks on the question of slavery, especially on the relation of the federal government to that institution.

But Mr. Hurlbat's praise is in the narrative of his death and funeral. No one can describe the deep sadness of the whole county. The crowded, weeping assembly, the deeply affecting services, the subsequent expression of a meeting of citizens, were convincing proof of a deep sense of bereavement.

BURY ME NOT IN FUNERAL ARRAY.

Friends, I implore thee, never let my clay
Be borne to the church in funeral array;
Oh, never, never let my pallid brow
Lie in its coffin as a public show.
I would not that a stranger e'er should gaze

Upon the death-fixed features of my face;
None but the few,—that circle near and dear,—
The solemn words, "Dust unto dust," should hear.
"Twill need no marble shaft to mark the spot,
For those who love me will forget it not.
And when the chilling winds stalk fiercely forth,
Like spirit giants passing o'er the earth,
Then autumn's ere and faded leaves will come,
And cluster sweetly round my narrow home;
Hover, like dreams, which spirits ne'er disclose,
Around the pillow of my last repose.

Mrs. L. S. WARNER.

ORWELL.

ORWELL is a wealthy farming town, opposite Ticonderoga, N. Y., the average width of the lake between being about one mile. The most of the township is very level and handsome land, with a fertile soil. The principal rivers are Lemon Fair and East Creek, on which are several mill privileges. The waters, where the land is clayey, are slightly impregnated with Epsom salts, or the sulphate of magnesia. From a spring on the lake shore, very strongly impregnated salts have been considerably manufactured. Shells of various kinds are found in the limestone beds of this town. Specimens, also, of biende, or the sulphurate of zinc, have been found, and flint in the compact limestone on Mt. Independence.

Aug. 8, 1763. This township was chartered (42 sq. miles,) to Benj. Ferris* and associates.

John Carter lived here several years before the Revolution. He first began improvements upon Mt. Independence, which lies a little south of opposite Fort Ticonderoga. A garrison of soldiers from Connecticut, occupied it at the commencement of the war; and upon it were a stockade fort and ramparts. Rev. Amzi Robbins, of Norwalk, was their chaplain, who published a diary, kept during his chaplaincy. A camp fever broke out among the soldiers, which in many cases, proved fatal. The graves of these patriots still appear, and rude stones mark the spot where they lie. On the 18th of July, 1775, news reached the garrison of the Declaration of Independence, which caused great joy, and they named the hill Mt. Independence.

1810.

The first permanent settlement, after the war, was made by Mr. Ephraim Fisher, and Mr. Eber Murry, in 1783. The town was organized in 1787, when there appeared 70 electors.

David Leonard was first town clerk; Eben's Wilson first representative, in 1788. In 1804, 30 children were carried off by dysentery in 60 days; and the epidemic of 1813 was very mortal among heads of families here.

The religious sects are Baptists, Congregation-

*Thomson dates the charter Aug. 8, 1763, to Benj. Ferris &c; Denning to Benj. Underhill, in Aug. 18, 1763. Whether Thomson or Denning is correct, we have no present means of ascertaining.

alists, Methodists, and Universalists.* The first church organized was the Baptist, Dec. 21, 1787, (says the Congregational Manual of 1856;) Thompson says about 1784. Rev. Elnathan Phelps, their pastor, was the first settled minister in town, who officiated 5 or 6 years. Elders Culver, Webster, Murray, Fisher, Sawyer, Anger, and Ide, have in turn ministered here. Their meeting-house is in the eastern part of the town. The Congregational church was organized in 1789; first No. of members, 7; whole No. 684; present No. (1856) 154; first settled minister, Rev. Sylvanus Chapin, of Belchertown, Mass., ordained and installed pastor, Mar. 30, 1791; dismissed, May 26, 1801. June 1, 1803, Rev. Mason Knapen installed. Rev. Ira Ingraham, pastor from June, 1820, to 1822; Rev. Sherman Kellogg, from March, 1826, to April, 1832; Rev. Henry Morton, from Oct. 1834, to Oct. 1841; Rev. Rufus S. Cushman, present pastor, installed Dec. 21, 1843. 1793, 1810, '21, '29, '34, '35, '47, and '55 were special seasons of religious revival. Their first meeting-house was built in 1810.

May 13, 1820. Some 5 acres, partly covered with trees, sunk about 40 feet, and slid off into the lake. Some of the trees on the sinking ground were uprooted; others moved off erect, and the impulse made upon the water $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, at the opposite shore, raised the lake 3 feet.

There are two small villages in this town, but the people are generally "independent farmers." The writer was told, when in Orwell a few months since, "we have no poor people." We particularly noticed the good looks of their houses and yards, the second-class farm-houses having given place, almost everywhere, to commodious, well-painted, two-story dwellings. At Chipman's Point the lake scenery is very fine. The population in 1850 was 1,470.

CARLOS WILCOX.

CARLOS WILCOX was born Oct. 22, 1794, at Newport, N. H. When about four years of age his parents removed to Orwell, where two brothers of the deceased poet still reside. He entered Middlebury College in his 15th year, where he graduated with the highest honors; after which he graduated at Andover, and though his inclination was strong to devote himself to poetry, he decided for the ministry, and was ordained pastor of the Congregational North Society of Hartford, Ct. As a minister he united faithfulness with the most delicate propriety, and was greatly beloved. He died of consumption at Danbury, Ct., May 29, 1827, and was interred in the North

Cemetery,* in Hartford, Ct. The history of this man has shades of sadness and mystery; and thus he sang:—

"I seem alone 'mid universal death,
Lone as a single sail upon the sea,
Lone as a wounded swan that leaves the flock
To heal in secret or to bleed and die."

But his character was exalted and beautiful. His testimony to the love of poetry is, "From it I derive the most exquisite enjoyment." His principal poems are, "Age of Benevolence," in five books, and "Religion of Taste," delivered before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa at Yale College.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON.

"WHAT MANNER OF CHILD SHALL THIS BE." While we look upon an interesting child, the object of many cares, and many fears and hopes, and the loved one of many hearts; and while we think of the part which he is to act on the theatre of life, and of the lot which he is to enjoy or suffer; and while we think of the rational and accountable soul in his little frail form of dust, and of the unending existence which he has commenced, under the government of the great God and Saviour, how can the question fail to rise in our minds, "What manner of child shall this be?" . . . Should we view with breathless admiration the starting of a new planet in the heavens, ordained to move on through years and centuries, till the end of the world; and can we behold with indifference, the setting forth of a living and rational being, on a career which will be but just begun, when suns and planets shall stop, and will be continued be-

* While at Orwell, we stopped over the Sabbath in the family of the Congregational pastor, with whom Dr. Hooker, of Fairhaven, had an exchange. The venerable Doctor is one of the few remaining members of that Andover class, of which Carlos Wilcox was the loveliness, the halo, the glory. At table, (at breakfast, I think,) our visit called up memories of Wilcox, and the following incident, which, calmly and affectionately as the character of the man of whom he spoke, the Doctor told. Some years since, he was on a tour to Hartford, and went to visit the cemetery where this dear classmate was buried. As he drew near, within the sacred enclosure he saw a lady of sweetly serious aspect, sitting by that mound-side, sketching the monument. A gentleman, who seemed in attendance, stood a few feet from the lady, overleaping another headstone. "I could not," said our pleasant narrator, "intrude upon such a visitor, at such a moment, and turning, walked at a distance unobserved, watching the quiet sketcher, wondering who she could be that kept in her heart the same attachment for that grave that had drawn me thitherward." Thus he tarried till her sketch was completed, and she rose to depart, when feeling that their mutual reverence for him who there slept, transferred unto him the privilege of a friend, he drew near, and told her he too had come to visit that grave,—the grave of his best beloved classmate; and he found the lady a sister, (I think he said an only sister,) who, after the lapse of years, had been enabled at length to visit this, to her, most sacred spot of earth, and bear away a sketch of the last resting-place of her favorite brother.

* A Catholic church has lately been erected by one of the wealthiest citizens, who has two daughters, members of that church.

yond them and without them through eternal ages? Can we behold, without intense interest, the commencement of an existence, which is to be perpetuated in another world? . . .

"Tis education forms the common mind."

This sentiment is universally adopted and acted upon in the various departments of secular learning and employment. And it must be universally acknowledged that the children of Hindoo parents, and those of Mohammedan parents, uniformly become, in the natural course of things, by the influence of early instruction and habit, the confirmed disciples of their respective religions. And must early instruction and habit go for nothing in Christianity? . . . Though men are never made Christians in heart, merely by a course of early instruction and discipline, independently of the special influences of the Holy Spirit, are they not frequently made so by such a course, in connection with these influences? And would they not uniformly be, if the instruction and discipline in question were not more or less neglected? Is there not fulness and firmness enough in the promise of God to furnish ground for such an opinion? Can anything be plainer than the language, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it?"

PICTURES OF CHARACTER.

ROUSSEAU.

ROUSSEAU could weep,—yes, with a heart of stone
The impious sophist could recline beside
The pure and peaceful lake, and muse alone
On all its loveliness at even-tide,—
On its small running waves in purple dyed,
Beneath bright clouds, or all the glowing sky,
On the white sails that o'er its bosom glide,
And on surrounding mountains, wild and high,
Till tears unbidden gushed from his enchanted eye.

But his were not the tears of feeling fine,
Of grief, or love; at fancy's flash they flowed,
Like burning drops from some proud, lonely pine,
By lightning fired; his heart with passion glowed
Till it consumed his life, and yet he showed
A chilling coldness both to friend and foe;
As *Etna*, with its centre an abode
Of wasting fire, chills with the icy snow
Of all its desert brow, the living world below.

COWPER.

He, too, could give himself to musing deep;
By the calm lake at evening he could stand,
Lonely and sad to see the moonlight sleep
On all its breast, by not an insect fanned,
And hear low voices on the far-off strand;
Or, through the still and dewy atmosphere,
The pipe's soft tunes, waked by some gentle hand,
From fronting shore and woody island hear,
In echoes quick returned, more mellow, and more clear.

And he could cherish wild and mournful dreams
In the pine grove, when low the full moon fair,
Shot under lofty tops her level beams,
Stretching the shades of trunks, erect and bare,
In stripes drawn parallel with order rare,

As of some temple vast, or colonnade;
While on green turf, made smooth without his care,
He wandered o'er its stripes of light and shade.
And heard the dying day-breeze all its boughs per-
vade.

'T was thus in Nature's bloom and solitude
He nursed his grief, till nothing could assuage;
'T was thus his tender spirit was subdued,
Till in life's toils it could no more engage;
And his had been a useless pilgrimage,
Had he been gifted with no sacred power,
To send his thoughts to every future age;—
But he's gone where grief will not devour,
Where beauty will not fade, and skies will never lower.

HORACE WILCOX,

brother of Carlos Wilcox, was born in Orwell, June 10, 1806; graduated at Middlebury College, 1830; was principal of an academy in Ogdensburg, N. Y., and Columbus, O., and afterwards, till his death, Nov. 9, 1839, teacher in St. Louis, Mo.

VANITY OF LIFE.

As hurrying speeds the stranger by,
As flits the trackless cloud on high,
Our joys and ills are gone.
Bright hopes ascend with orient pride,
The laughing hours unconscious glide.—
They sink before the evening tide,
On rapid pinion borne.

Then why, amid the meteor gleam,
The shadowy show, the feverish dream,
That wind our swift career,
Can life with treacherous wiles impart
A spell to bind the inconstant heart,
While Time, resistless, wars, "Depart!
The parting hour is near."

That welcome hour, supremely blest,
Which yields the thirsting soul to rest,
In tenderest mercy given:
Farewell, desponding doubts and fears!
For radiant o'er this vale of years,
'Mid stormy clouds the bow appears,
The peaceful bow of heaven!

No more on life's bewilder'd stage
Shall mortal cares and thoughts engage,
Or mortal joys inspire;
The uplifted portals wide display
A living blaze of cloudless day;
I mount, I rise, I soar away,
And join the eternal choir.

Feb. 10, 1827.

H. WILCOX.

RELATION OF THE CONSTITUTION TO SLAVERY.

CLOSING PARAGRAPHS OF "AN HISTORICAL EN-
QUIRY INTO THE RELATION OF THE FEDERAL CON-
STITUTIONS TO AFRICAN SLAVERY," A PAMPHLET
OF 23 pp. BY REV. H. S. CUSHMAN.—PUBLISHED
AT MIDDLEBURY, 1833.

WHAT is the relation of the federal govern-
ment to slavery? It is this: That the Constitu-
tion so far recognizes the existence of African
slavery, in certain States of the Union, and ex-
isting there by State laws, over which it has no
control,—that it agrees three fifths of the slaves

shall be counted in the census, for representation, and taxation.

Also, that the several States may import negroes for twenty years, — under the restriction tax of \$10 on each person thus imported. After which the importation may by Congress be utterly prohibited. Finally, it so recognizes the municipal laws of slave States, that in the case of a runaway slave, he shall not be considered as being absolved from his relation to his master by a new jurisdiction, but may be seized and carried home as a slave, wherever within the territory of the States he may be found. Beyond this, the Constitution, as such, is strictly silent. And from the time of its adoption, until quite lately, this has been the concurrent opinion of statesmen, judges, and citizens.

All above or contrary to this, is in open hostility to the guarded language, the stern and yet free spirit, of the fathers of it, — nay, of the Constitution itself, as interpreted by the very men who struggled in the high and noble impulses of revolutionary patriotism to frame it, amid trials, and obstacles, and sacrifices, of which we, their descendants, know but little.

We are what we are as a people, and by the benignant smile of Heaven, because of this Constitution. We must abide by it, or we tumble into ruins. If we fail to do this, if we fail to abide by it, if we make it pander to our party wishes, or to our sectional animosities or conditions, if we wrest it from its pure and simple teaching, and cause it to utter its behests in contrariety to its original and liberty loving spirit, then we are doomed to anarchy, madness, and bloodshed, such as no other nation ever experienced.

This Constitution in its real, and vital, normal spirit, is the "powers that be" to us, and which we are bound to obey.

If we abide by it, union, peace, and prosperity will mark our being as a nation.

"VERMONT."

EXTRACT FROM A POEM DELIVERED JULY 4, 1859,
AT ORWELL.

VERMONT! ah, what music there is in the word!
By us, her own children, no sweeter is heard;
No land can be found on the face of the earth,
So dear to our hearts as this land of our birth.
These valleys so lovely, these plenty-capped hills,
And these crystalline rivers, and pure mountain rills,
And these mountains, whose summits reach upward
so high
That they seem like foundations upholding the sky,
And these forest-fringed lakelets, by kind Nature
given
To mirror the beauties of earth, and of heaven,
And these forests and groves, and these rugged rocks,
too,
Are all dear to Vermonters, the brave and the true.
And we thank the All-Giver, who, knowing our want,
Has favored with plenty our little Vermont.
But the sons of Vermont, ah! what can I tell
Of their valorous deeds, which ye know not full
well?

They are genuine Yankees, and that is enough
To prove that they're made of the genuine stuff;
And in trade it is certain they cannot be beat.
For they make splendid bargains, and do it so neat
That you're hardly aware of the fact until told,
That in selling your goods, *you yourselves have been sold.*

And in politics, too, there is no kind of use
For me to affirm that they're "sound on the goose,"
For they all vote the ticket that seems to them best.
And with consciences pure leave to God all the rest.
They are death to oppression, and lovers of right,
For which with their lives they are willing to fight;
For look at the fields where their blood has been
poured,

Where defending their homes, they have died by the
sword;

Look at Jennington's field, and at Hubbardton, too.
Where they proved themselves sons of the brave and
the true;

Where, cheering their comrades, they spent their
last breath,

And smiled as they faced such a glorious death.
Ay, Vermont has raised heroes who'd die in the field,
Ere to foreign oppression their rights they would
yield.

Such men as with Allen went over to "Ti,"
Determined to conquer, but ready to die;
Who dumfounded the foe by presenting their claim,
And took the "old fort" in Jehovah's great name.
The Vermonters are farmers, and wherever found,
You may safely conclude that they live on the
ground;

For who ever knew one that didn't know how
To flourish the scythe, or to handle the plough;
And what wonderful crops are expected to grow,
When he tickles the earth with a spade or a hoe,
And what corn and potatoes, and pumpkins arise,
To cheer up his heart, and to gladden his eyes.
On all these green hill-sides, so rugged and steep,
Like a shepherd he pastures his cattle and sheep;
And, besides, he has horses as fast as the wind,
Which can leave even fleet iron horses behind.

In short, he possesses contentment of heart,
From which a king's crown would not tempt him to
part.

The girls of Vermont! ah, I must not omit
To speak of their beauty, their wisdom, and wit;
For even Circassia's daughters so fair,

With the girls of Vermont can but poorly compare;
And their power is so great, that in truth I might say
That they govern the men, and have things their
own way;

And unaided by bayonet, musket, or sword,
They make governments shake by the power of their
word.

With their smiles so bewitching, and manifold
charms,

They can conquer a legion of soldiers in arms;
Yet their beauty is not all contained in their faces;
They have beauty of mind, and so many fair graces,
That even the angels, those dwellers above,
Are constrained at the same time to covet and love.
They stand forth as the heralds of mercy and truth,
As guides to the erring, and guards to the youth;
Working hard for the world and humanity's cause,
Supporting the gospel, the State, and the laws;
And wherever their fortune or lots may be cast,
They are willing to labor, and love to the last.

But surpassing all else, it may truly be said
That they have common sense, and are never afraid
Their hy-white fingers with labor to soil,
Or acknowledge themselves as the daughters of toil.
Vermont! ah, how long might I sing in thy praise!
Of thy present bright prospects, and past glorious
days.

Of thy heroes and statesmen who toiled for thy name,
Disregarding the pomp and vainglory of fame;
Of thy teachers, and scholars, and patriots bold,
Whose names in their countrymen's hearts are en-
rolled;

Of thy godlike divines, whose lives have been spent
That the erring and wicked might turn and repent;
Of thy churches, which point with their glittering
spires

To the land of our hopes, and our highest desires;
Of thy homes, where contentment and unity dwell,
Preserved by thy mothers and daughters so well
That contention, and discord, and hate never dare
To enter the homes or the hearts gathered there.
But I must be done, and trusting, I pray
That Vermont may be ever as she is to-day;
That when wrong and oppression sweep over the land,
As firm as her own native hills may she stand;
That the minds of her children forever may be
Like her own mountain breezes, as pure and as free,
And as hard to be chained as the roar of the wave;
The haters of tyrants, the friends of the slave;
The foremost in peace, and the foremost to light
For their homes and their freedom, for God and the
right.

E. HIBBARD PHELPS.

THOUGH FORTUNE NOW MAY DARKLY FROWN.

Though fortune now may darkly frown,
And hope's bright star is dim,
We'll not forget, in hours of gloom,
The joys that once have been.
Though wealth and fame have taken wings,
We'll mourn no more to-day;
But gather up the roses that
Still bloom around life's way.

The past is like a fairy dream,
Seen in fond memory's light;
The future shall unfold its leaves
More beautiful and bright.
We will renew those blissful hours,
When all was bright above,
And we were poor in this world's goods,
And only rich in love.

Dost thou remember, long ago,
How bright love's glory shone,
And wrought such wondrous beauty 'round
Our lowly cottage home?
I would that I could gaze upon
Its vine-clad walls again,
And see the morning-glories pressed
Close 'gainst the window-pane.

How bright the sunshine used to steal
Within our humble door,
With noiseless step, a shining path,
Upon the snow-white floor.
And in our hearts the sunshine dwelt,
But we have never been
In after years, as near to heaven,
As near to God, as then.

JULIA A. BARBER.

DEAD LEAVES.

ALL across the level meadows, in the gray October
morn,
Stretch the withered bleaching grasses, and the yel-
low stacks of corn;
While the wind with fitful murmurs round the brown
old gable grieves,

Tossing through the open window handfuls of the
Autumn leaves,

Little leaves, why came ye hither, painted with your
gold and red?

What care I for all your splendor? You are only
dry and dead.

Yet, withal, there is between us, or it seemeth so to
me,

Something kindred and congenial,—something nigh
to sympathy.

For like you, my joy is withered, and beyond the
garden wall,

Where the sunbeams linger longest, and the shadows
softly fall,

Where in June the blushing roses in the west wind
sweetly wave,

There, amid the chill and silence, is a headstone and
a grave.

SARAH E. HALL.

PANTON.

BY JOHN D. SMITH, ESQ.

To the casual observer it may seem idle to ex-
pect, that in our quiet farming towns in Vermont,
with so many evidences of peaceful, happy pros-
perity presenting themselves on every hand,
events and incidents of former days can be gath-
ered, worthy of a place in our common history.
But a little reflection must convince any one that
the change of our former dense forests, and al-
most impassable swamps, into the present pro-
ductive farms, could not be effected without great
trials and severe suffering; and when we con-
sider the turbulent state of the times, our sym-
pathy is increased for the first settlers in their
trials, our conviction strengthened that they must
have witnessed scenes of thrilling interest, and
our desire quickened to rescue the names and
deeds of those brave and earnest men from the
oblivion that is fast covering them. The actors
in those scenes have passed away. The tradi-
tions handed down to us need a careful scrutiny
and comparison with written history. Our
ancient records are brief and unsatisfactory,
and much of interest, undoubtedly, is beyond
the reach of any now living. In the hope
that some one, better suited to the task, may
be stimulated to make more extended search,
I have endeavored to embody so many of the
local facts and incidents of the town of Panton,
as the brief space allotted will permit. I shall
confine myself to facts of which I have good
evidence, and though some dates and statements
may differ from published accounts, they are
based upon the early records of the proprietors
of Panton, which are the earliest, and perhaps
the only record of the first English settlement
in Addison county, kept by men sworn to fidelity,
who put down at the time of their occurrence
the public acts of the proprietors.

Various causes have operated to deprive this
township of as much importance in the county
as the character and efforts of its proprietors de-
served, to whom belongs the honor of having

established and fostered the first English settlement in the county, and of having first settled two of the neighboring towns. At the first survey, her limits, by charter, were found to extend so far into the lake as to leave less land than was expected. But with commendable zeal, the proprietors commenced the settlement, by offering bounties to settlers, paying for roads, surveys, &c., the principal outlay being upon that part nearest to Chimney Point, the most noted place in the whole region, and which, it was generally supposed, would be a central point of business for future generations.

After the formation of quite a settlement at that place, they were obliged to relinquish more than half their territory, covering all the first settlements made in the present town of Addison; and now as a nucleus for a village, and the foundation of extensive business, attention was turned to the water-power at the lower falls of Otter Creek, clearly within their limits. But this, too, after improvements were made at great expense, was taken from their jurisdiction, notwithstanding their remonstrance, by the legislature of 1788, to form a part of the city of Vergennes, giving to Vergennes about 500 acres of Panton territory. Yet even then, with a contracted territory, covered with a dense growth of heavy timber, with no point of peculiar attraction for commerce, or manufactures, they applied themselves to the task of making it a farming town, which should yield to none, except in size. Their success can hardly be denied, although the small extent of territory occupied with extensive farms, forbids that multiplicity of votes which might give her a more commanding position in the county.

The earlier titles to the lands in this vicinity, both from the Mohawks, and French government, having been either ignored, or cancelled by the British government, after the surrender of the French possessions in Canada, Sept. 8, 1760, our ancestors seem to have been possessed of the same mania for land speculation, which in later years, has sent so many of their descendants to the western prairies. Among the 60 towns in Vermont, chartered in 1761, was Panton, probably named in honor of a British nobleman, Lord Panton. Nov. 3, 1761, George the Third, through Benning Wentworth, issued a charter to James Nichols, and 69 others, mostly citizens of Litchfield Co., Conn., granting them "something more than 25,000 acres," lying 7 miles west and 6 miles south from the lower falls of Great Otter Creek.

The opinion prevails that the proprietors of Panton, when they found there was not room for a 7-mile line between the falls and the lake surrendered their charter, to obtain a new one, covering the full amount of land intended to be conveyed in their grant, and that, in the interim between the 1st and 2d charter, Addison charter was issued, covering a portion of the territory

of Panton, which being dated previous to the 2d charter of Panton, held the land by priority of grant. It has so often been published as a fact, that Panton was rechartered, Nov. 3, 1764, that I can hardly be expected to prove the negative, but I may give some of the reasons which seem conclusive to me that no second charter was obtained. The charter of 1761 is now in the possession of the proprietors, and no other is noticed in their records. On the back of this charter is the following record:—

"STATE OF VEREMONT,

"SURVEYOR GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
Sept 25, 1782.

"Recorded in the first book for New Hampshire Charters, page 123, 126, and 127.

"T. ALLEN, Surveyor Gen'l."

Would the proprietors of 1782 have sent a cancelled charter for record? The charter of Addison was dated October 14, 20 days previous to the original charter of Panton, so there is no necessity of supposing a recharter of Panton, in order to give Addison priority. In Nov. 1766, we find the proprietors petitioning the king to lengthen the time allowed them in their charter for completing the settlement. The time being 5 years, was then just expiring, if the charter of 1761 was in force; but the movement was premature, if they held under a charter dated 1764. The inference from the records is, that, in the imperfect knowledge of the country, existing at that time, the estimate of distances was incorrect, and the same territory was conveyed by 2 charters; that without being aware of this fact, the Panton proprietors surveyed and settled according to their charter, and some years after, when the Addison proprietors came to survey and settle their lands, according to their grant, they were resisted by the owners of Panton, until convinced of the justice of the Addison claim by priority of title, and the correctness of their bounds by actual measurement, when an amicable arrangement was effected.

The first known survey of Panton was made in 1762, by Deacon Eben'r Frisbee, of Sharon, Conn., in company with Isaac Peek, and Abram Jackson, who surveyed the lines of the town, and laid out seventy 50-acre lots on the lake shore. They were paid for 53 days' service. With what interest should we now read a journal of the adventures and observations of those 53 days, and the appearance of our town in all its native wildness. In 1763 but little was done towards a settlement. The records show their efforts to collect the taxes previously voted, and a vote to send Capt. Sam'l Elmore, as agent, to procure from Gen. Amherst, then Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, "a pass for any of the proprietors of Panton, to go or come to and from sd township," exhibits the state of the country.

In April, of 1764, a bounty of £70 was offered to any number of proprietors, not less than 15,

who would go to Panton, and make the necessary clearings required by the charter, and the same spring or following summer it seems that, —

"Messrs. Jas. Nichols, Griswold, and Barnes, David Vallance, Tim'y Harris, Jos. Wood, Capt. Sam'l Elmore, Wm. Patterson, Eliph't Smith, Zadock Everest, Amos Chipman, Sam'l Chipman, &c., to the number of 15, did go, and there build, clear, and fence, and do the duty on 15 rights in sd township."

Upon this evidence we fix the date of the first clearings for settlement in 1764. In April, 1764, an agreement was entered into with Isaac Peck, Jer. Griswold, and Dan'l Barnes, Jr., to build a sawmill on the falls. The mill was commenced that fall, but not completed until the fall of '65. It appears certain that these 3 men built a sawmill there, and that Reid took it from them in 1766. It is probable little if any clearing was done on the lake shore in '65. The record of a vote in March, '66, shows that Tim'y Harris, Jos. Pangborn, Jed. Ferris, Zadock Everest, and David Vallance intended to come to Panton in the spring of that year, and the tradition in the Strong family asserts that several settlers did come at that time with their families. They were —

"Appointed a committee to fence the whole town of Panton into one common field as soon as they get there in the spring."

And this year Benj. Kellogg, and Zadock Everest procured a surveyor, and laid out 76 city lots, of 1 acre each, which, though not fulfilling the high hopes of the proprietors, make an excellent sheep pasture, now mostly owned by Gen. Strong.

In the summer of '66, the difficulties growing out of the controversy with New York commenced. Gov. Moore's proclamation, giving notice of the King's decision that Connecticut River was the boundary between New Hampshire and New York, and directing the settlers to procure grants from New York, excited their fears that their titles would not be respected, and Col. Wooster, under a patent from New York, "warned off some of the inhabitants, and harassed one of them with a lawsuit." Wooster says some of them promised to leave, and others took leases of him for the time being, but they had no definite settlement till Sept., 1772, when he fell into the hands of 13 of the settlers, and their friends, and the fear of the "Beach seal" overcoming his cupidity, he not only promised, but kept the promise then extorted from him, to leave them unmolested.

Col. Reid, who held a N. Y. grant of the falls in Panton and New Haven, this year forcibly took possession of the sawmill. I am aware that a later date has usually been assigned for this transaction, and that in all the published accounts of it Pangborn has been considered the owner; but our records are explicit as to the date and ownership. Peck, Griswold, and Barnes being the acknowledged owners till 1769, when the

proprietors decided they had forfeited their privilege "in not having it built by the time set, and after it was built, suffering it to be wrested out of their hands by Col. Reid, and detained from them;" and therefore voted to resume the right to it, and "assert their rights against Col. Reid." Pangborn had the privilege granted him of building a gristmill, but did not build one, and if he built the sawmill, it must have been under Peck, Griswold, and Barnes, which is quite likely, as he and several sons were strong, robust frontier men.

Donald McIntosh, one of Reid's tenants, is said to have settled at the falls in 1766, which corresponds with the date of Reid's occupancy of the sawmill. Between June 15, and July 15, 1772, Allen and his party dispossessed Reid. The next summer Reid regained possession: but, Aug. 11, the same season, Allen and his Green Mountain Boys so effectually routed him, that he abandoned his claim.

The record of the title to the property afterwards is incomplete, but a part of it came into the hands of Remington, the Tory, and was decided by the commissioner of confiscated estates.

The number of settlers in the fall of 1773 were sufficiently numerous, and confident of final success, to warrant the transfer of the proprietors' meetings and records from Connecticut to Panton.

The charter difficulties with the proprietors of Addison commenced in 1770, and continued till an agreement was ratified May 17, 1774, by which Addison held according to her charter; but gave 8,000 acres of the disputed territory to the Panton proprietors, "for a reward for duties done in settling sd tract," which was defined and ratified at the first meeting held after the Revolutionary war, at Pawlet. This agreement left 115 acres of Panton territory, lying on Otter Creek, near Reef Bridge, detached from the rest of the town, and long known as "little Panton," which was annexed to Weybridge in 1806.

The last appointment of a meeting before the war was for the second Tuesday of October, 1775: but as this was the week, perhaps the day of the battle at Ferris' Bay, it is not strange, that, with British cannon sounding in their hearing, and the smoke of battle in sight, they should not meet to deliberate in regard to the titles to their lands, when the great care with them must have been to preserve the titles to their lives. Events had by this time occurred within the immediate neighborhood, that had convinced them that they could not remain inactive spectators of the struggle in their exposed locality. The year before, Ethan Allen had sent Capt. Douglass, of Jericho, to Panton, to consult his brother-in-law, and procure boats to assist in carrying his men across the lake to attack Ticonderoga; and among the reinforcements sent to Canada, under Gen. Thomas, after the death of the lamented Montgomery, and so many of his brave companions, was Edmund

Grandey, the father of the late Judge Grandey, and brother of Elijah Grandey, then living in Pantton, who passed down the lake on snow-shoes in the winter. Nathan Spalding also enlisted, and left home, Jan. 20, 1776, and died at Quebec, the May following, of the smallpox, while being carried in a cart, when the army retreated in such haste. And now, in October, Arnold having command of the first American fleet on Lake Champlain, consisting, some say, of 9, and and others of 15 vessels, of different sizes, manned by 395 men, was attacked by a British naval force, under Capt. Pringle, greatly superior in numbers and equipments. After 4 hours' hard fighting at Valcour Island, in which one of Arnold's vessels was burned, and another sunk, the British retired from the attack. Arnold endeavored to escape in the night with his vessels, to Crown Point, but was overtaken, Oct. 11, near Ferris Bay, in Pantton, and the battle was renewed, and kept up for 2 hours, 6 of Arnold's vessels being engaged, those foremost in the flight having escaped to Ticonderoga. The Washington galley, under Gen. Waterbury, owing to her crippled condition, was obliged to surrender, and in order to prevent the rest of his men and vessels from falling into the hands of the enemy, Arnold ran ashore, and blew up, or sunk his fleet. We have the statement of Squire Ferris, as first published by Mr. Tucker, that Lieut. Goldsmith was lying wounded on deck, and blown into the air at the explosion, Arnold's order for his removal not having been executed, much to his sorrow and indignation. This affair gave Arnold's name to the Bay where it occurred. Of the 5 vessels sunk, 3 are known to have been raised, and 2 of them may still be seen in low water, lying where they sank 83 years ago, and have often been visited for the purpose of fishing up the balls, and other articles which may be seen in clear water. One brass cannon was taken out many years since, by Ferris, and fired in the militia gatherings after the war, and is said to have been used at the battle of Plattsburg. It is not known whether the British pursued Arnold on land, but "several shots fired by them at his men struck the house of Peter Ferris, near the shore where they landed. Ferris and his family, and probably some others in the town, went with Arnold to Ticonderoga, but soon after returned." *

I am told by Isaac Spalding that a few years before his father's death, a traveller called at his house, who claimed to have been in the engagement at the Bay, and that he was one of the British soldiers that followed Arnold some ways on land, that his comrade, McDonald, unable to go further, was carried into a deserted house, and Spalding's father told him that when the families came back soon after, Henry Spalding found a dead body in his house.

*See a fuller account of Ferris in Swift's History of Middlebury.

From this time the inhabitants were frequently visited by straggling bands of Indians and Tories, who plundered them of any movable property desirable in their eyes, and after Burgoyne came up the lake, in June, 1777, these robberies were more frequent. Some few of the families again left, and it is thought by some this was the time of the general flight; but we have good evidence that the Holcomb, Spalding, and Grandey families were not burned out till the next year. Some of the men were taken prisoners in '77. It is supposed that Oct. of this year was the time when Phineas Spalding, and 11 others of Pantton and Addison were taken and kept awhile on board a vessel in the vicinity. Spalding was employed to dress the animals brought on board for food, until an opportunity occurred to him to jump into a small boat lying aside the vessel, when he paddled for shore, but before he reached it, was observed, and ordered to return. Knowing they would fire upon him, and thinking his body too large a mark to escape, he jumped into the water, and swam safely to shore, amid the bullets of the British. On the evacuation of Crown Point, about one week later, the other prisoners were released. "In the fall of 1778, a large British force came up the lake in several vessels, and thoroughly scoured the country on both sides," and every house in Pantton was burnt but one. Timothy Spalding's house escaped, for some reason not known, although the enemy came to the front while he was escaping at the back. The house of Elijah Grandey was visited before his wife left. She was then but 19 years of age, but had become accustomed to the visits of the Indians for plunder. After witnessing the burning of her house and furniture, she carried her son Edmond, two years old, to the batteaux at Merrill's Bay, where the women of the vicinity assembled. Her husband was taken prisoner, with others, and carried on board a vessel, but was released by the officer commanding, to go in company with Thomas Hinckley, of Westport, to take the women and children to Skeensboro. Five of the Holcomb family, 2 Spaldings, and 2 Ferris' were taken prisoners about the same time, and the town remained deserted till after the close of hostilities, when those of the settlers who were still living, gradually returned, rebuilt their houses, and again commenced the cultivation of their long-neglected farms. March 30, 1784, the first public town meeting was held in Pantton. Elijah Grandey, town clerk; Noah Ferris, Benj. Holcomb, and Henry Spalding, selectmen; Asa Strong, constable, &c.; and as the number of freemen in the town was then but 11, there were few disappointed office-seekers. In 1785, Zadock Everest and John Strong, living in Addison, were appointed a committee to look after the interests of Pantton in the legislature, and in '86, Peter Ferris was chosen their representative. In the summer of '88 the wheat crop was so much injured by rains that before the

next harvest, there was a great scarcity of bread-stuffs, and considerable suffering. A few barrels of flour brought into Woodford Bay gave some relief, although no one could obtain more than 10 pounds at one time, because of the necessity of a general distribution. In 1793, a destructive fire swept across the town in the woods between the Ledge, and Dead Creek, and in 1816 a large tract was burnt over on the east side of Dead Creek.

Previous to 1804, there was no bridge in the town, over Dead Creek, and the summer travel was either by a ferry across Otter Creek, at the mouth of Dead Creek, or by a road in Addison. In 1804 the south bridge was completed; the north in 1805; the turnpike finished, and toll-gates erected in 1818, and became a free road in 1840.

A log-house, covered with bark, was first built for a school, in the fall of '86. It is not certain who was the first teacher, but Thomas Judd taught two winters about that time, and not long after, Dr. Post (who died at Elizabethtown the last summer, aged 81,) taught several seasons. The first framed schoolhouse was built in 1791, and has come down to the present generation, though perverted from its original purpose, being used for a barn. In later years, 4 good district schools have usually been open to all from 6 to 10 months in each year, and the select boarding-school, kept by the late Rev. Jas. Ten Broeke, (for many years unrivalled as a teacher of English branches,) afforded good facilities for a superior education.

While thus providing for a secular education, our fathers did not forget that something more was needed, in order to secure the prosperity and well-being of their children, and upon their return after the war, not having neglected, as is sometimes the case, to carry their religion with them to their new settlement, they were accustomed to meet at private houses for prayer and conference, and in 1794 a Baptist church was organized, consisting of 10 members, one of whom occasionally preached to them, till 1799, when Eld. Henry Chamberlain was ordained their first pastor. In 1810, a meeting-house was completed, which, in 1854, gave place to a new one. The present number of members is about 40, — pastor, Eld. Reuben Sawyer. In 1858, the Methodist society erected a house of worship, near the Baptist house, and very similar to it, both of them being neat and tasteful, and well adapted to the wants of the societies. Present number of members of the Methodist church, about 65, — preacher in charge, Rev. Wm. T. Stearns. Few of those who now worship in these houses appreciate the strength of principle which our predecessors possessed, to surmount the difficulties in establishing or attending upon public worship, or the quaint simplicity of manners, when it was thought in no way derogatory for the young ladies of that day, as they often did,

to carry their shoes in their hands till near the house, when they put them on to wear through the service, and then carried them home again in the same way they brought them. Tradition says that one of our early ministers, not having the fear of Bishops before his eyes, and instigated thereto by that necessity that knows no law, sometimes performed his public duties in the pulpit, without coat or shoes. Certainly, there is no doubt that out of their scanty means they contributed cheerfully to the support of religious teaching; and our obligations remain to them for their religious zeal and perseverance.

The soil is mostly a heavy clay, better adapted to grass than tillage; and the principal business is the raising of stock. Its present area is about 10,000 acres, with no waste land except that occupied by Dead Creek, which divides the town nearly in the centre, leaving a little more land on the east side, and more inhabitants on the west side. An extensive ledge of beautiful limestone is found on the west side of the creek, and a bed of very fine marble has been opened, but not much worked, on account of its depth. Within a few years, the discovery of a mineral spring in the S. E. part of the town, — possessing great healing virtues, especially in cutaneous diseases, — has made the place a resort of invalids and pleasure-seekers from abroad, and occasioned the opening of a boarding-house and hotel, by the proprietor, Mr. Allen, near the spring. — known as the Elgin Spring, — about 3 miles S. from Vergennes. The analysis of the water shows it to contain sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of iron, sulphate of soda, carbonate of soda, carbonate of lime, and carbonic acid gas.

A ferry across Lake Champlain was recognized as a necessity at an early day, and has long been kept up from Arnold's Bay to Westport, — at first by Ferris, — in 1796, by Kingman, but for many years has been owned in the family of Friend Adams, (a prominent and wealthy citizen of the place, who died here in 1837,) and is widely known as Adams Ferry. At one time the travel to a large part of northern New York passed by this ferry, and a wharf, store, and storehouses, were needed to transact the business that centred there; but the opening of new routes of travel, and the change of business centres has affected this place, in common with many others.

Those of the early settlers, whose descendants have remained in Panton, and have always constituted a large portion of its population, were Pet. Ferris, Elij. and Edmund Grandey, Phineas Spalding and sons, Phineas Holcomb and sons; and of those who came immediately after the war, Wm. Shepherd, and Benj. and Abner Holcomb.

PETER FERRIS was born in 1722, and before coming to Panton had married a second time. Leaving his first family of children in Dutchess County, he came here with a wife and two sons,

Squire and James, about the year 1766. His family was, probably, the first in the present limits of Panton, although Odle Squire and Joseph Pangborn have always been classed with Ferris as the first settlers.

Ferris' third son, DARIUS, is supposed to be the first child born in the town. Priority of birth has been claimed for Edmond Grandey, and for Timothy Spalding, Jr.; but the records show that Grandey was born in 1776, and Spalding in 1773.

The statement of Deming, that Lois Farr was born here in 1764, is not accepted, because there is no evidence that there was a family in the town at that time. Ferris' wife died in Panton before the Revolutionary war, and was the first adult white person buried in the town.

Peter Ferris died in 1815, aged 93. The story of his imprisonment and terrible sufferings, from Nov. 1778, to June, 1782, has been too often published for me to repeat here. It is said that when Ferris' house was burnt by the British, John Reynolds, a tory from Shorcham, formerly a neighbor of Ferris, in Duchess County, in his zeal for his king, requested the privilege of putting the torch to Ferris' house with his own hands.

Squire Ferris died at Vergennes in 1849, aged 77 years.

ELIJAH GRANDEY, born March 14, 1748, in Canaan, Conn.; came to Panton about the year 1773; commenced a clearing and built a log-house where Isaac Spalding now lives; was married Feb. 23, 1775, to Salome Smith, of Bridport, then 16 years of age; (they were obliged to go to Ticonderoga to find an officer competent to perform the ceremony.) Lived on his farm till the war; was taken prisoner, and released to take care of the women and children; went to Canaan, and left his wife and child at his brother Edmond's; returned to Vermont, where he frequently acted as scout and guide; and, after the close of hostilities, returned to his farm, where he died in 1810. He, as well as his brother Edmond, appears to have possessed advantages of education superior to most of the early settlers; was for many years Proprietors' Clerk, and first Town Clerk. His son Edmond, born in 1776, died at Panton, in 1849. Elijah, born in 1782, is still living.

EDMOND GRANDEY was a soldier of the Revolution; was at the siege of Quebec in 1776, and with the army in their retreat in May. In 1788 he came with his family to Panton, where he resided till his death, in 1826. He was several times chosen to represent the town, and held other offices. Of his four sons, Jesse and Elijah, who settled near their father, left large families, mostly settled in this vicinity.

JESSE GRANDEY was born in 1778, and died in 1846, having long enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his townsmen. He was often called to the more important town offices, and in 1832, appointed Judge of Probate.

PHINEAS SPALDING, born at Plainfield, Conn., in 1720, came from Cornwall, with a large family of children, by way of Fort Edward and Lake George, in 1767, to what he supposed was Panton (of which town he was an original proprietor). He remained on the Swift farm, now in Addison, till Nov. 5, 1778, when his house and goods were burnt, and two of his sons taken prisoners. He escaped to Rutland, but died there not long after.

PHINEAS SPALDING, Jr., born 1749, married for his second wife Sarah, daughter of Phineas Holcomb. Driven from his farm, he went to Rutland, and enlisted for six months. In the spring of 1779 went to Canaan; late in the fall of 1783, came back. Was once taken prisoner, as before related, and died in Panton, 1825, at the age of 76. Of his descendants bearing his name, Isaac and John, children of a third wife, remain with us.

PHILIP and GEORGE were captured on their father's farm, Nov. 5, 1778, and carried to Canada in company with other prisoners. They, however, managed to escape; and Philip, with some others, wandered in the woods 21 days, when they struck the Connecticut River, at the great Ox-bow, in Newbury.

George was retaken and put in irons, but afterwards offered his liberty if he would first go on one trip in a vessel to Great Britain. Stopping at some port in Ireland, he availed himself of his permission to go ashore with the crew, when he was taken by a press-gang, and nothing more is known of him.

Philip, after his return, enlisted and served through the war; then married and moved on to the farm, where his son Iiram now lives. Of his five sons, two are dead; one living in New York, one in Iowa, and one in Panton.

PHINEAS HOLCOMB came from Duchess Co., in the spring of 1774, with a large family, and settled on land now owned by Edrick Adams, Esq. On the morning of Nov. 5, 1778, his son Joseph, then 16 years old, was cutting firewood under an elm-tree now standing, at the door of his brother-in-law, Spalding, who was away from home at the time. Being intent upon his work, he saw nothing of his danger till an Indian stepped up from behind, and a number more surrounded him. They took him off to a vessel on the lake, with his father and three brothers, who lived a short distance from Spalding's, and who were taken by the same party, and their houses burned. They were taken to Quebec, and endured great privation and suffering, which resulted in the death of the two oldest brothers, Joshua and Samuel, in the prison, in the summer of 1781, and of the father, in September of the same year.

The two younger boys, Joseph and Elisha, allowed more liberty, and treated with less severity (being permitted to aid in the care of the sick prisoners), escaped the disease and death which

was the sad fate of so many of their companions in misery, and were exchanged after three years and eight months imprisonment. Joseph died at Panton, Jan. 20, 1833, in his 71st year. Elisha moved to Elizabethtown in 1813, where he died.

WILLIAM SHEPHERD moved from Simsbury, Conn., with 6 children, in 1785, having purchased two 50-acre lots for £100. He died in 1802, at the age of seventy. His oldest son, William, died at Panton in 1836, aged 77. Abel G., the second son, settled in Ohio. Samuel was born in Conn., 1763; married to Rachel Grandey in 1790. Not long after built the small house near his late residence, where he lived till the completion of his large house, in 1815, then the most expensive one in the town. In 1795 he was elected constable, and held the office till 1802; was town clerk from 1803 till 1817; town representative in 1804, 1807 to 1814; also in 1816-18; was a justice of the peace more than 40 years. In 1812, appointed by the legislature one of the assistant judges of the County Court; and he and his wife were among the ten members who united to form the first Baptist church, of which he was a member at the time of his death, in 1853, in his 91st year.

LIEUT. BENJAMIN HOLCOMB was an officer in the Revolutionary war, who lived in Panton from 1783 to 1790. He was a man of ability, and competent to discharge any of the duties of citizenship.

In the spring of 1788, Abner Holcomb moved into a house he had built near where Dea. Aaron Curler now lives, and in 1802 removed to Westport, his children going with him except Abner G., from whom I have obtained many incidents of early times, of which he is the oldest known survivor in the town, and retains a distinct recollection of the condition of the town, and of the persons here at the time of his arrival.

THE TOMB OF THE GIFTED.

HARRIET A. TAPPAN, born at Panton, March 25, 1833; married to Wm. E. White, Jan. 19, 1858; died of consumption three days afterwards. Mrs. W. had been a pupil of Fort Edward Institute, and contributed for a number of periodicals. We give below a paragraph from one of her sketches.

"The sun sinks in the distant west, and with light as from heaven, shines on the sculptured marble above the perishing casket of an immortal jewel. Precious dust! too sacred to be forgotten, we desire to offer silent homage to that which once was the tabernacle of a living and lofty soul. The sun and moon might as soon be darkened, as the glory of that soul be shut from the world forever. Its splendor is like

"The star that sets beyond the western wave
It brightens in another hemisphere,
And glids another evening with its rays."

"Oh! glorious hope of immortality. Tomb of the Gifted! Hallowed abode! Thy trust is

precious! And when He, who sits in judgment, and judges each according to his works, shall command thee to open thy marble gates and give up thy dead, then the sacred dust committed to thy keeping may meet with a glorious resurrection. The gifted may then come forth from thy silence, with bodies purified and clothed in garments of immortality, all wending their way, hand in hand, toward the throne of the King Eternal. 'Their sun shall no more go down; neither shall their moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning shall be ended.'

H. A. T.

PARAGRAPHS FROM "FLORAL HOME, OR THREE YEARS IN MINNESOTA."

A 12mo. vol. 342 pp. By Harriet E. Bishop, a native of Panton; born Jan. 1, 1818; who graduated at Fort Edward Institute, and went under Gov. Slade's administration a pioneer teacher to Minnesota. Miss Bishop was married to a Mr. McKonkey, Sept. 1, 1858.

THE FIRST SCHOOLROOM IN MINNESOTA — A MUD-WALLED LOG-HOUSE A PRIMITIVE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

Some wooden pins had been driven into the logs, across which rough boards were placed for seats. The luxury of a chair was accorded to the teacher, and a cross-legged table occupied the centre of the loose floor. . . . Soon all was bright and joyous. Our domicile was converted into a rural arbor, fragrant evergreens concealing the rude walls, with their mud chinkings, and even the bark roof. A friendly hen, unwilling to relinquish her claim, on the ground of free occupancy, daily placed a token of her industry in the corner, and made all merry with her loud cackle and abrupt departure. Snakes sometimes obtruded their heads through the floor, rats looked in at the open door, and dark faces were continually obscuring the windows. An old pitcher, minus the handle, received the rarest specimens of wild flowers, from which our "centre-table" exhaled a generous perfume. In front, and at our feet, flowed, in silent majesty, the Father of Waters, with two beautiful green islands reposing on its bosom, which have since been named Raspberry and Harriet* Isles.

Why should I pine for halls of science and literature, when such glorious privileges were mine; when to my weak hand was accorded the work of rearing the fabric of educational interests in the unorganized territory; of establishing the first citizen school within its undivided limits. There was not a spot in earth's broad domain that could have tempted me to an exchange.

THE FIRST SABBATH SCHOOL. The duties of the first week in school were over, and books were deposited upon the rough shelf. The open Bible, from which we had just read, lay upon

* Named for Miss Bishop.

the table. The eyes of all were upon their teacher, awaiting the closing exercises. . . . Want of space forbids a notice of those who at a later date settled in the eastern part of the town. "Children," said she, "I remember when I was a very little girl, and went to Sunday school, that I read in a little book of a young lady who went to visit some friends a long way from her home, where the children had never heard of a Sunday school. She invited them to come together to form one, and they soon learned to love it very much; and she, too, was very happy in instructing them; and a great deal of good resulted from it. . . . While I am with you I wish to do you all the good I can, and therefore wish you to obtain your parents' permission to come here next Sabbath, and *we* will have a Sunday school.

The day proved dark and rainy, but there was a gleam of pleasure in the eyes of the seven children who composed the first Sunday school* in St. Paul.

AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE. The Indians are flattered by attention, and often become exceedingly obtrusive and presuming where it is bestowed. From my debut in St. Paul, they had regarded me with a curious eye, and bestowed upon me the appellation of Woa-wan-pa Wa-ma-don-ka Washi-ta, (good, book woman.) Among the many who honored my "teepee" with a call, was one of unusually commanding appearance, and of proud, graceful, and dignified bearing. His profuse ornaments were exhibited for especial admiration, and a smile, a pleasant recognition, or a cordial shake of the hand, was always ready. Early one morning, having been unusually careful in making his toilet, so that, in his own eyes, he was perfectly irresistible, he called upon me.

Beside the ordinary costume of calico shirt, cloth "leggings," and "breechlet," and the blanket which, in careless negligence, gracefully enshrouded his person, he wore a huge brass bracelet, scoured to unwonted brightness, and a bear's claw appended to his numerous silver ear drops, an additional number of finger rings, and a heavy mass of wampum about his neck, while a new ribbon of scarlet flannel ornamented his long, braided black hair, from which waved two pea-fowl feathers, and his embroidered "leggings" were fastened with high-colored bead-wrought ties.

His deep, sonorous voice sounded in the outer room, and, by a glance at the aperture of the door as it stood ajar, his graceful movements were visible as he loaded his massive red-stone pipe with "kinnekriknik," and proceeded to light it. This pipe was highly polished, curiously wrought, and so heavily inlaid with lead that when used it was rested on the ground.

*To Mrs B. belongs the credit of sustaining, in this almost unknown wilderness, this school for a year, unassisted by any co-laborer.

An unusual brightness lurked in his eye as he drew a whiff or two through the stem, three feet long, richly and ingeniously wrought with highly colored porcupine quills, and then passed it until it had made a circuit of the family, — a reassurance of peace and friendship. During this preamble, a pair of eagle eyes were constantly peering into my sanctum; and I was about to close and secure the door, when, with the silent movement of a cat, he threw it open, proffered his hand in morning salutation, with a careless, easy grace, took a seat directly in front, and, with those same eagle eyes scanning me through and through, commenced a spirited and animated "talk," — of course in an unknown tongue. The expressive pantomime bespoke the importance of the subject. The good lady, knowing the trepidation of her boarder, came to the "rescue." Departing from the customary manner of wooing, he said, "Say to Woa-wan-pa Wa-ma-don-ka that she must be my wife." In vain it was urged that he had one, and ought not to have another. "All the band have as many as they can keep, and I have but one," was his reply. "She shall have the best corner of the lodge, and the dark squaw shall pack the wood and water, plant and hoe the corn; white squaw may ride by my side in the hunt, and the other shall carry the game, set the 'teepee,' and cook the food, and hush the pappoose, while *white squaw cats with me.*" Arguments irresistible! To be permitted to *eat* with my lord, to be *first* in the lodge! But then, to have another claiming even a menial's fare as a right, and regarding mine as *her* lawful lord and master, might, and doubtless would, awaken the "green-eyed monster," and I was incorrigible. "Then when she is dead," said he, for he declared she was dying with consumption, and could not possibly live more than two or three moons; but, at last, finding that no arrangement could be made, he begged "a dollar to buy a new shirt," and, with a haughty, defiant air, took leave.

SCENE AT LITTLE ROCK. On these uninhabited shores, where the dying embers of the council-fire still smoked, and where, but a few days since, the war-whoop resounded, some 200 U. S. troops were landed to erect a defence against the encroachment of the Indian. . . . A solitary Indian approached, and, with folded arms and speechless tongue, watched the operations of the soldiers. . . . When the soldiers' tents were pitched, their camp-fire built, and camp-kettle hung thereon, our visitor slowly and sadly ascended the bluff, and disappeared in the distance.

THE LONE INDIAN.

Not a word he spake, not a gesture made,
As he gazed on the passing scene;
But he folded his arms across his breast
With proud and majestic mien.
The warrior's plume is adorning his head,
The fire of the brave in his eye,
His pallid lips are together pressed,
Nor kindred, nor friend is nigh.

Closely with grace his blanket he drew
As he thought of the white man's skill;
But he mastered each muscle of face and form
With an Indian's iron will;
For surely no good was tokened to him
In the scene that was passing around;
For the strong defence of the white man's walls
Would rest on his hunting-ground.

He looked on the graves where his fathers slept,
On the spot where his teepee had stood,
On the stream where glided his light canoe,
And the wild deer coursed in the wood.
And never again to his vision would seem
The sky so bright and fair,
Or earth be dressed in such beauty and green,
Or so pure and serene the air.

The pale face come, so potent in skill!
His own race were dwindling away;
The remnant doomed; how brief the hour
They might on their hunting-ground stay!
And sadly, oh, sadly, his spirit was stirred,
For life was bereft of its charms,
Since these flower-clad plains and crested bluffs
Were marked for the white man's farms.

And closely, more closely, his blanket he drew,
More firmly his lips compressed;
And stronger he folded his brawny arms
O'er his painfully heaving breast.
His eagle eye had divined the scene,
The river and plain he has crossed;
And he climbs the bluff, and, westward away,
He is soon in the distance lost.

RIPTON.

BY SAMUEL DAMON.

THE history of Ripton must be small when compared with Middlebury, or Cornwall, or Bennington. The face of the country, up among the mountains, was forbidding; and for a long while after its charter was granted, (which happened on the 13th day of April, A. D. 1781,) nothing more transpired, for a period of 20 years, than the surveying of a part of the town, and dividing it, by draught, among the proprietors. I have seen no one who could tell the exact time when the first and second divisions of lots were made. The charter was granted, by Vermont, to Abel Thompson and 59 others, besides 5 rights for public uses, (24,000 acres.) The name given by charter was "Riptown;" but, by common consent, the "w" was left out. I have thought that, if it had had a better name, it would have been sooner settled. There is a great deal in a name, and there have been several attempts to have its name altered; but it still bears the cognomen of "Ripton." About 39 years after its charter was granted, the population became so dense (?) 6,200 acres of land were severed from the "land of Goshen," and added to Ripton, who wanted more room. And it seems annexation was the order of the day, for, about four years after, a large slice of 1,940 acres was taken from Middlebury, and set to the town; and, about 8 years after that, 900 acres

from Salisbury was added thereto; so that its present limits covers an area of 33,040 acres. But yet, in 1825, there were only 18 families in town!

There was a rumor that the first child born in the charter bounds would be entitled to a right of land. So, a man by the name of Ebenezer Collar cut his way into the dense forest of the town, on to lot No. 10, and there, almost without a shelter, Nov. 11, A. D. 1801, (cold November,) his daughter Fanny was born. She is now living in town, the wife of Mr. Amasa Piper.

But the rumor was groundless,
And she was landless.

But Ebenezer Collar had the honor to be the first settler. In about one year after, his father, Asa Collar, came and put up a log-house, and began to clear the land. About the year 1803, Mr. Thomas Fuller moved into the Goshen part of Ripton, (Goshen then.) About the year 1805, Mr. Ebenezer Collar buried an infant daughter by the name of Polly; and, a few years after, a son by the name of Harvey, about 17 years old. Those were the first deaths in Ripton. About 1803-4, the centre turnpike was made, which passed through the S. W. corner of what was then Ripton. A part of the turnpike was then located not where it now is, but southwardly, on a hill; but afterwards, in 1825, was made down on the river. This is one reason why the town did not settle more rapidly, they had to go so far round to get to Middlebury. After the town was organized, (which was in 1828,) the settlement increased; saw-mills were erected; lumber was sawed; and the people began to have means to pay for such things as constituted the necessities of life. Ripton is situated on a table land, westerly of the high range of the Green Mountains, with its east line extending quite to the top thereof, and taking in what is called the "Bread Loaf" Mountain, and having a range of high hills on the west, which separate it from the valley of Otter Creek. The town is somewhat diversified with hills, the most noted of which is called "Cobb Hill," which lies in its northerly part. The soil is generally of a primitive formation; but little clay is found, and no lime as yet; generally of a sandy loam, with many large boulders scattered promiscuously over the surface, having the appearance of being cast from the interior of the earth, when the mountains were thrown up; many of them resembling the slag which is drawn off from smelted iron, (opaque crystallized quartz.) The primitiveness of the soil is determined by the production of the most primitive of vegetables: the tree-foil, or moss, which abounds to a great extent, especially among those parts densely covered with spruce and balsam, and on knolls made by the upturning of the forest-trees. No minerals, to any great extent, have been discovered as yet; although there are indications of

iron in some localities, and also of gold in some of the streams. The forest contains spruce, beech, birch, (the yellow and cherry,) hemlock, maple, balsam of fir, lynn or basswood, white and black ash, and a very few pines, elms, and black cherry. In some marshy places, may be found the tamarack. The poplar, white birch, and pin cherry generally make their appearance as a second growth. The streams, in Ripton, are "Middlebury River," viz: the North Branch, the Middle Branch, and the South Branch, ordinarily, not very large; but in 1850, in July, they were swollen to such an extent, by the heavy rains, that East Middlebury was well-nigh drowned out. Some of the small streams which form the South Branch, have their rise in the westerly part of Hancock; the others have their rise in Ripton. The South and Middle Branches unite a few rods below the new sawmill of N. Lewis & Son. The North Branch joins the others a short distance west of the present town line. A branch of New Haven River has its rise in the N. E. part of Ripton. The farm productions consist of oats, Indian wheat, potatoes, some wheat, rye, and Indian corn. Peas, beans, and other garden vegetables, are raised in small quantities for home use; only a few potatoes and oats have been exported, while large quantities of that which constitutes "the staff of life" have been imported. There are only three farms in town but what have changed owners since the first beginning to clear them; and this has been accomplished under many difficulties and privations. The exports of Ripton consist chiefly of spruce boards, shingles, clapboards, and square timber, hemlock boards and timber, cord wood, coal, and some hemlock bark. About as many neat cattle, horses, sheep, and swine are imported as exported. Hops have been raised, to some extent, for export. The dwellings of the first settlers were the "log-cabin," thatched with long shingles, with a floor made of plank, split and hewed from the basswood; having a pile of stones to make a fire against, with an opening in the roof to let out the smoke. These gave place to more architectural and comfortable buildings as the facility for sawing timber into boards and shingles increased. It is a remarkable fact that the first framed house built in town (and is it not so in most of all the towns?) was made for a tavern; which, in those days, could not be kept without "spiritual knockings" at the bar! If this had been confined to the travelling public, there would not have been so much harm; but those in the vicinity of the tavern are generally the greatest worshippers of this "spirit rapping god." However, there were some who would not "bow the knee" to "Bacchus," "nor even kiss his lips." But I am moralizing. The next substantial building was a two-story house, erected by the Hon. Daniel Chipman, about the year 1830, into which he moved, and lived until

a few years of his death; when he sold his large house to his son George, and built him a neat little cottage house, in which he lived the remaining part of his life. He also erected a good grist-mill, and did more, during the 20 years of his residence in town, towards the increase of the settlement thereof, by good and useful inhabitants, and the promotion of learning and good morals, than any other person who has ever lived in town; but his biography will appear in another article. There are others who have contributed their share in causing the town to be what it is. In 1830-31, Messrs. Geo. C. & Horace Loomis built a tannery, which was sold to Thomas Atwood in 1835, where the Atwoods, Amos A. & Charles E., carried on the business of tanning and shoemaking for quite a number of years; when A. A. sold out his interest therein to C. E. Atwood, who carried on the works until they were burned in 1852 or '3. On its site, is now a large sawmill, erected and owned by Mr. Norman Lewis & Son. From 1830 to 1840, there were no less than 12 sawmills in town. Lumber bore so high a price in the market, there was a perfect furor; almost every available mill-seat was occupied, and the lots were stripped of their spruces; but, like the hop business, when everybody was expecting to get rich, lumber went down in price, and the mills have gone to decay, — only 1 of the 12 is now doing anything at sawing. But, in their stead, have sprung up 4 good circular sawmills, which cut out more lumber in a year than did the whole 12. All this has had an influence to advance the interests of the town. But still, not more than one third of the good settling land has been improved. Much of the land now under cultivation yields a good return to the owners; and the more the forest is cut away, the more the seasons are made to conform with those in the valley of Otter Creek.

Two large coal kilns have been erected in town during the present year (1859), for the purpose of supplying the iron forge, at East Middlebury, with coal. There has been no regular dry goods store in town, — an inconvenience which the people feel to be considerable. Of late years cord wood has been a profitable article of export to Middlebury village. No one born in Ripton has had the misfortune to be a doctor, lawyer, judge, or member of any of the learned professions. Only one has had the honor of being a type-setter and a practical PRINTER. An occurrence transpired on the night of the 31st of May, 1858, which caused about as much horror among the town's people and vicinity, as John Brown caused among the Virginians, except the militia were not called out. They probably would have been, if we had such WISE men here as they had there. On the morning of the next day, June 1, on an extinguished brush heap, was found the body of Jonathan R. Fernal, blackened and burned to a crisp condition, his apparel being totally con-

sumed. It appeared, upon examination, that the upper part of the frontal bones of his chest were broken in; but nothing further was then discovered, nor has there since been elicited anything to show how he came to be burned. If he was murdered, it will come to light in due time. In closing the history of Ripton, I would further state that Calvin Pier was the first town clerk; he held the office 5 years. After him, the Hon. Dan'l Chipman, 6 years; Henry Downer, 3½ years; Chas. H. Champlin 2½ years; Arnon A. Atwood, 3 years; the writer of this, almost 7 years; Benj. H. Bacon, 1 year; Reuben A. Damon, 3 years, and J. M. Holden, 1 year. The town was first represented in the General Assembly, 1843, by Sam'l H. Hendrick. The Hon. Dan'l Chipman held the office of postmaster nearly 20 years, and until his death. After him, his son, George Chipman, Frederick Smith, Samuel S. Fletcher, and Zerah Porter, have successively been appointed postmasters. There are 5 school districts, which maintain both summer and winter schools; and the juvenile education is as good as in most other places. There are now only two denominations of Christian worshippers in town,—the Congregational and the Methodist Episcopal. The Congregational own the only meeting-house, and number about 40. The Methodist hold their meetings in the school-houses, and number about 60. The population numbers between 6 and 700 inhabitants; in 1850 its population was 567.

Up on the mountain lies a town, and *Riptown* was its name!
It is not of so great renown as those upon the 'plain'(!)
It has its present size obtained by *ripping* other towns;
Ten thousand acres it has gained, but not so many *Crowns*!
A *COLLAR* did the town adorn, therein first to abide,—
Therein the first one to be born, and also first who died.
The town produces well most kinds of grain, excepting maize,
Which fails by frosts, to fill, sometimes,—but yet the *COBB* we raise!
We lately raise good crops of *BEANS*, which goes with pork "first rate,"
When they're well *COOKED* it often seems the best we ever ate.
Its history I have written out, but still another *PAGE* I add thereto: but not about what others did engage.
We had a *BAKER*; but his bread we did not like to chew,—
We like it done quite *BROWN*, instead of having it so raw!
The *BIRDS* oft make a visit here to *PLATT* their nests awhile;
But *ROBBINS* tarry all the year to labor and to toil.
Our rivers do abound with trout,—a *FISHER* does them take;—
We have no ducks to swim about,—but yet we have a *DRAKE*.
Here we have *DAY* the whole year round! I tell you nothing *NEW*;
For in this place no *knight* is found,—and what I say is true!

I've filled my sheet some *FULLER* than at first was my intent;
But you will see, thus *FARR*, I am on punnings surely *BENT*!
We have but *LITTLE* of our own,—and that we mean to keep,—
Since we've a *KING* upon our throne to watch us while we sleep.
We have a *PORTER* at the door, our missives to receive
And send,—but I will *BRAG* no more of *Ripton*, I believe!

HON. DANIEL CHIPMAN, LL. D.

son of Samuel and Hannah Chipman, was born in Salisbury, Ct., Oct. 22, 1765. At the age of ten years, his father removed with his family to Tinnmouth, Vt., where the subject of this sketch labored on the farm till nearly the close of 1783, when he commenced fitting for college with his brother Nathaniel, then a lawyer in Tinnmouth. He entered Dartmouth College in 1784, and graduated in 1788. Immediately after leaving college, he entered upon the study of law with his brother Nathaniel, and was admitted to the bar in 1790. He first opened an office in Rutland, where he was in the practice of law till 1794, when he removed to Middlebury, and opened an office there.

In 1796 he was united in marriage with Miss Elutheria Hedge, daughter of Rev. Samuel Hedge, a minister of Warwick, Mass., and sister of the late Levi Hedge, professor in Harvard College, then residing with her mother in Windsor.

Between 1798 and 1808, Mr. Chipman represented Middlebury in the General Assembly for several years, and afterwards was chosen a member of the Council, to which office he was elected for several years in succession. In 1812, 1813, and 1814, he again represented Middlebury, and the last two years named, he was elected Speaker of the House, in which position he is said to have been distinguished for his promptness and decision. In 1814, he was elected a representative to Congress, which appointment he was obliged to resign after one session, by reason of protracted illness. After regaining his health, the year following, he resumed the practice of law, and in 1818 and 1821 represented Middlebury.

In 1828 he removed with his family to Ripton, where he had invested considerable property, and had built a commodious house. There, retired from public life, he found leisure for preparing several works for the press, viz: the life of his brother, Hon. Nathaniel Chipman, LL. D., memoirs of Col. Seth Warner, and Thos. Chittenden, first Governor of Vermont. In 1850, he was elected delegate to the constitutional convention of that year, and while in attendance on his duties there, he was attacked with sickness, from which he never recovered. He reached his home in Ripton, in a feeble condition,

and died April 23, 1850, in the 85th year of his age. At a meeting of the bar of Addison County, the following Dec., resolutions, highly commendatory of the character of Mr. Chipman, "as a lawyer, a statesman, and a man of letters," were passed by that body, and ordered to be entered on the records of the court.

A. HEMENWAY.*

DEMOCRACY.

FROM THE MEMOIR OF HON. THOMAS CHITTENDEN.

WHEN we formed a representative democracy, we considered we had made an improvement upon all civil governments which had ever been instituted. A pure democracy had ever been destitute of every property of a good government. The laws were ever in a ruinous state of fluctuation, and it utterly failed of protecting the people in the enjoyment of their rights. By instituting a representative democracy, we hoped to avoid all these evils, but as our government is founded on the democratic principle, unchecked by any other, that principle is gaining strength, and the tendency of the government is towards a pure democracy. Both political parties have long since discovered this, and it is amusing to witness their struggles in the race for popularity, — both make use of democracy as a condiment, with which they season every political dish, and *democratic* is considered a necessary prefix to every party name. The whigs call themselves democratic whigs, and the republicans call themselves democratic republicans. The next step will be, that one of the parties, no one can tell which, will attempt to shoot ahead of their opponents by assuming the name of democratic democrats.

Whether this tendency of our government toward a pure democracy will be for evil or for good, we shall be taught by experience. If it proves injurious, as we have reason to fear it may, the experience and intelligence of the people will induce them to retrace their steps, and the government will be improved and perpetuated. It is the natural government of civilized man, and as nature ever makes efforts to cure all diseases in the human body, she will be sure to make efforts to heal all wounds in the body politic; and she will effect a cure, if not prevented by quackery, as she often is, when making efforts to cure diseases in the human body.

DANIEL CHIPMAN.

MY MOTHER DIED.

I THEN was but a prattling boy,
And knew not of life's sorrow, —
A mother's love was all my joy;
I thought not of the morrow.

* A native of Shoreham, and 12 years missionary at Siam, now home missionary and pastor at Ripton.

The pain and anguish racked her form,
She knew that we must part,
And pressed my tiny hands so warm,
It thrilled my very heart.

She closed those eyes, — her lips they moved, —
It was a silent prayer
For him she left, and whom she loved,
For God's protecting care.

Her prayer is answered, — yes, his care
He tends day by day; —
His love, unmerited, a share
He does to me convey.

Perchance some guardian angel comes, —
Methinks it is my mother, —
And gently watches as I roam,
E'en closer than another.

JAMES F. MOBBS.

SALISBURY.

BY GEO. A. WEEKS, ESQ.

FROM THE HISTORY OF HIS FATHER, THE LATE
JOHN M. WEEKS.

THIS town received its grant in 1761, and was named after Salisbury, Ct. Mr. John Evarts obtained the charter; and Sam'l Moore made a survey of the town in 1762, and laid it out into lots. The settlement progressed slowly until after the close of the Revolutionary war. But, in 1785-86, and 87, emigration was so rapid, it was difficult to obtain food for the inhabitants. A controversy with Leicester arose from the fact that nearly half of the land of each town was claimed under both charters, that is, the charters of the two towns lapped. At the first town meeting, attention was called to this matter, and committees appointed to undertake to adjust the difficulties. Many lawsuits were commenced for trespass; but finally, in 1796, the division line was run, by which the loss of land was divided between the towns. When it was found that the original survey of Middlebury had embraced more land than it was entitled to, on the resurvey it gave some of its original territory to Salisbury. By the terms of the charter, the Governor of N. H. was to have a share of 500 acres in any part of the town he chose; this land was located in the N. W. corner, and afterwards sold to Holland Weeks. One share was given for the first settled minister; one for the support of the gospel in foreign parts; one for schools, and a glebe for the Church of England. Some of these shares were lost in the compromise with Leicester, while others were located on lands of little value.

In 1789, the town was divided into 3 school districts. That in the west part was organized Oct. 22, 1789. Matthew Sterling, the first teacher, taught in this district several winters in succession. School taxes were paid in labor or grain, until money became more plenty. The first books used were Webster's Spelling Book and Third Part, Dillworth's Spelling Book,

Pike's Abridged Arithmetic and Latin Grammar. All kinds of grammar were afterwards discarded, as being out of place in a district school. A very limited education was considered sufficient to enable a man to perform all the ordinary duties of life; and the Rule of Three the *ultimatum* in mathematical research. Many of the settlers were very illiterate men, and some held important town offices, who could neither read nor write.

The soil is mostly loam and alluvium. Nearly one third of the town lies on the mountains, much of which is good pasture, and has much valuable timber. Most of the pines of the lower lands have been cut. The middle and western portions are better adapted to the growth of grass. There are three quite extensive swamps, well timbered. The ridge lands are nearly equally divided into loam and clay, the loam usually stony, the clay free from stones. The former was most productive of wheat when it was first cleared. Sweet walnut was known by most of the early settlers only by the bark of the trees lying on the ground in the woods while the timber had gone to decay. The walnut again made its appearance, in the second growth, about the beginning of the present century. At an early day, vast crops of wheat were raised from the newly cleared lands. About 1801, the Hessian fly appeared, and did great injury. A little more than 20 years afterwards, it was succeeded by the midge, (improperly called weevil,) which also wrought great havoc among the wheat fields. Rye, oats, corn, flax, beans, peas, and buckwheat have been quite extensively cultivated. The adaptation of the land to grass has made raising stock a very lucrative business.

In 1856, the town organized an agricultural society, taking the name of Lake Dunmore, which has had the effect to stimulate the people to a generous competition. It has held three fairs, which have been attended with an increasing interest.

Many of them planted their nurseries the year previous to moving their families into the country. Apples thus became plenty and cheap, giving rise to large quantities of cider. In 1806, cider was worth \$3 per bbl., but 3 years later, not more than \$1. A distillery was built in 1811, which exercised a baneful influence for several years. But, about 1830, the temperance reform commenced, which resulted in destroying a good number of the apple-trees. This was unfortunate, as the trees have proved, in most instances, to be but short-lived. Most of the fruits are incorrectly named, taking their names from the person from whom they were obtained, or from the town in which he lived. Moreover, a great confusion of names has been brought about by unprincipled grafters who came this way. Pears, grapes, and plums have also been raised with good success among us. Indeed,

some of the indigenous fruits have been cultivated, and found to be of excellent quality.

Bees were made a source of luxury and profit to the settlers. Their hives were usually made of straw and sections of hollow trees. The honey was obtained by killing the bees, usually done in October, by the fumes of burning brimstone. As the land was cleared, and hard timber destroyed, the product of honey was much lessened, and the interest in bees began to decline; moreover, the appearance of the moth, about the year 1807, brought great destruction among the bees. At an early day, the lake and rivers were filled with excellent fish. The pickerel was brought from Lake Champlain, and committed to the waters of Otter Creek, in 1819.

The outlet of Lake Dunmore forms a stream of no ordinary kind for the purposes of propelling machinery. In its ascent to Salisbury Village, a distance of about 2 miles, it will admit of at least 20 mill-seats, several of which are occupied. Its clear water is well fitted for the paper-maker or fuller. Never filled with anchor-ice, and not subject to floods, it affords facilities to the manufacturers which cannot be surpassed in the State. To the east of Lake Dunmore, is Lana River, so called in compliment to Gen. Wool, of the U. S. army. The stream was previously known as Sucker Brook, on account of the vast numbers of suckers found in its waters. The falls of this stream, known as Lana Cascade, cannot be surpassed for beauty in this State.

Among the most important inventions of the town, was that of the screw-plate by A. L. Beach. He never had it patented, and in fact did not know himself how important an invention it was until it had come into quite general use. This plate is found in all the shops and machine manufactories in the United States. Jacob Bartholomew invented a new kind of steel-yards, which received quite an extensive patronage. The first forge in town was erected in 1791. Sam'l Keep was the first bloomer; Step'n Gill made its first coal. In 1811, the legislature granted a charter for the manufacture of glass, and a factory was put up on the western shore of Lake Dunmore. About 40 operatives were employed for many years. But finally, on account of sudden changes in the price of glass, the company was compelled to close its business. Afterwards, in 1832, Geo. Chipman and others repaired the establishment. But the factory, not able to compete with foreign manufactories, soon closed. In 1853, this property passed into the hands of the Lake Dunmore Hotel Company, which soon became insolvent, and passed over to a gentleman who purchased it for the purpose of making a fashionable place of resort. A building, on a commodious and expensive plan, has been erected, called the Lake Dunmore House. In 1815, a charter was obtained for the incorporation of a cotton manufactory, and the work commenced; but the enterprise proved a

failure. The manufacture of shovels has been carried on to good advantage many years, also that of woollen cloths, and iron, and wagons. And the facilities for making Salisbury a prominent manufacturing town are very great.

Lake Dunmore is the spot most sought by the lovers of natural scenery. This lake lies in the S. E. part of the town, and covers about 1,400 acres. Its extreme length is about 5 miles, and its greatest width a little more than 1 mile. It has but 1 main inlet, and 1 outlet. Its average depth is about 60 feet, and its water of the purest kind. It is surrounded with mountains and hills, affording the most magnificent scenery. Moosala-moo is the highest of its surrounding peaks, though Rattlesnake Point, which more immediately overlooks the lake, is none the less interesting, and affords some commanding views. The former has a height of 1,959 feet, and the latter of 1,319 feet. On the slope of the former, is "Warner's Cave," a place rendered celebrated by the imagination of Thompson, in his "Green Mountain Boys."

A post-office was first regularly established in 1801. Another, under the name of West Salisbury, in 1850.

Most of the settlers lived to an advanced age, the oldest of whom, Mary Holt, died in July, 1844, aged 102 years.

Six divorces have been granted to parties in town.

The Congregational church was organized in 1804, composed of 9 members; present number, 103. Rev. Geo. W. Barrows, present pastor; Rev. Rufus Pomroy was first installed over the church in 1811. He being the first settled minister, was vested with the ministerial right of land; but retained only half of it, as his stay in town was somewhat short. The remaining half was afterwards deeded to Rev. Mr. Cheney.

The Methodist Church was commenced under the guidance of Rev. Mr. Mitchell, a missionary who came through these parts about the year 1799. The nucleus of the present M. Ch. in W. Salisbury, he first formed in Leicester. In 1836, this society erected a neat little chapel in their part of the town, and in 1839 put up a parsonage which well corresponds with the chapel. The present number of the church is not far from 50.

But, previous to the organization of any church, the people were not without religious meetings. Eleazer Claghorn, Solomon Story, and Holland Weeks, immediately, on their arrival, commenced regular meetings, which continued many years, held in schoolhouses or barns, and usually consisted of prayer, and a sermon read. The clergy of adjoining towns assisted much in keeping up an interest. The church (Congregational) held their meetings for a great many years at the centre of the town, but finally the meeting-house at that place was taken down, and one of more agreeable style erected in the village.

The first persons who undertook to make a permanent settlement, were Joshua Graves and his son Jesse, who came here in the spring of 1774. In the autumn of that year, Amos Story and his son Solomon also came on and made a pitch near Mr. Graves. But a short time after Mr. Story commenced his labors, he was killed by the fall of a tree, and his son was compelled to find his way back to his friends in Rutland. Mrs. Story, nothing daunted by the death of her husband, came on and took possession of her husband's land, and soon developed those wonderful characteristics of body and mind which rendered her so remarkable a person in the early history of the town. She entered in person into all the labors of the farm, and performed an important part in the political moves of the community in which she lived. She dug a cave into the west bank of Otter Creek, in which she remained concealed with her family during the nights, until the most dangerous period of the Revolutionary war was past. In 1792, she was married to Benjamin Smauley, who died in 1808, and his widow was thrown upon the town as a pauper. She afterward sustained herself for a number of years, and was again married to Capt. Stephen Goodrich, with whom she lived until her death, April 5, 1817, aged 75.

The settlers, before the Revolutionary war, met with great trouble and danger from the Indians. The Graves' were once carried off by them, and did not reach their home again for several weeks.

After peace was declared, people began to come in very rapidly, and mills were immediately erected. Addison, Weybridge, Bridport, and other towns, came to Salisbury to have their grain ground, for a long time.

The first child born was Joshua Graves, grandson of the one before mentioned of the same name, July 9, 1785.

For many years the town had no particular place for the burial of the dead. Amos Story was buried on the bank of Middlebury river.

Of wild beasts, the wolves did much more damage than any other. These animals were dangerous not only on account of their relish for human blood, but for their nightly depredations upon domestic animals, which the settlers were compelled for many years to keep closely guarded during night.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

GILBERT EVERTS, from Salisbury, Conn., was the only one of the original grantees of this town who came on and took possession of his land. He was a Royalist; settled in this town in 1786, and took an active part in all its early doings.

PLINY FLAGG, from Royalston, Mass., settled in 1784. He came on with his mother, who was a widow with quite a numerous family. Mr.

Flagg was longer a resident of this town than any other person, having resided here 67 years and 3 months. He died in July, 1851.

CAPT. JOEL NEWTON, from Cheshire, Conn., moved into town in 1784. He was a Revolutionary soldier. He died in 1842.

ASA LAWRENCE, from Canaan, Conn., came here in 1789. He was a useful and influential citizen, noted for his honesty and frankness of character.

HOLLAND WEEKS, from Litchfield, Conn., moved to Salisbury in 1789. He purchased the lot known as the Governor's lot. He died of lung fever, in 1812.

SOLOMON STORY, from Dalton, Mass., took a prominent part in all the early religious moves, and died in 1816, aged 90 years.

SALATHIEL BUMP, a Revolutionary soldier, was from Oblong, N. Y., and came to this town in 1790. He was one of the most active members in town, and did it great service by his energy of character and sound judgment.

REUBEN SAXTON, from Northampton, Mass., settled in 1799. He received the most honorable offices in the gift of the town, and was long one of its leading men. He moved away in 1837, to the great regret of a large community of friends.

COL. THOMAS SAWYER *

was a native of Bolton, Mass., who engaged in milling till the Revolution, in which he at once enlisted, and was master-workman in constructing the fort at Bunker or Breed's Hill. He afterwards commanded a company at Rutland, Vt., and the fort of Ticonderoga, after its capture by Allen, and the following December led a company from thence to Rutland, through a heavy fall of snow, in which some of the men, exhausted by the march, sank down during the night, and were frozen by the way. Seeing his men fast losing heart, the following story is told of him. He bade them hold on a little longer,—there was a house just ahead, in which he had ordered a warm supper. This roused them so much that they pushed bravely on, till they came to the house, when finding the supper a hoax, they so warmed with anger that they were enabled to reach Rutland without any more freezing. He was afterwards stationed, with 15 men, in a block house at Shelburne, which was attacked in the night by a band of 57 Tories and Indians; but the history of this siege and brave defence we reserve for the history of Shelburne, to which it more properly belongs.

In 1783, the Colonel came down Otter Creek to the mouth of a tributary, now called Leicester river, and followed up that stream in quest of a mill privilege, till he came to the present

site of Salisbury village, which was then claimed to be in Leicester. Here he determined to build a gristmill, and returning to Rutland, dressed his own millstones from rocks in the vicinity, took them in two canoes, and sending his son (the father of E. Sawyer, now of Leicester) with a yoke of oxen, through the woods, by the aid of a compass, and marked trees, to meet him at their destination, he proceeded to his new location, and erected a gristmill and sawmill, some of the timbers of which now remain where he put them. Before the boundary line between the two towns was established, he was regarded by Leicester as belonging to them, and represented their town in the legislature 3 years. About the year 1800, he removed to Farmington, N. Y., where he died in about 2 years. The name of his wife was Eunice Carpenter. They had 9 children. The Colonel was a man whose traits of character can be best learned from his acts.

BRIEF BOOK REVIEW.

"HISTORY OF SALISBURY, VERMONT," by John M. Weeks, with a memoir of the author. Published by A. H. Copeland, Middlebury. Printed in New York, 1860. A 12mo vol. 362 pp. tasteful in type and binding, embellished with 4 plates, a model for a town history.

Here we read of widow Story,—first woman known to have passed a night in Salisbury or Middlebury,—who came on with six children; amid wolves, bears, and panthers, surrounded by hostile Indians, eagerly and hopefully undertook the work of making a home for her family; of her large stature, and skill in the use of the axe; how stalwart men admitted her to be among the most efficient in handling the lever, and rolling logs; what a true Whig she was, making her home an asylum for all her country's friends. Again we read: Jonathan Titus and Elizabeth Kelsey had appointed their wedding day. A brother of Elizabeth died. They indefinitely postponed the event; but after the services of the burial, the father of the deceased and the bride suggested the marriage should be there solemnized, whereupon, Mr. Prindle, the officiating clergyman, standing at the head of the new-made grave, and the groom and bride at the foot, the astonished audience witnessed a bridal among the tombs.

Anon we read how Lord Dunmore and his party came up Leicester river to the site of Salisbury village, and from thence on foot over to the lake, where the Earl waded into the water a few steps, and pouring upon the waves a libation of wine, proclaimed, "*Ever after, this body of water shall be called Lake Dunmore, in honor of the Earl of Dunmore.*" Two Indians bend down and split the main branches of a small tree standing near, insert the emptied bottle, and the christening ceremony is finished.

* Rev. Mr. Ames, of Brandon, Rev. Mr. Walker, of Salisbury, Salisbury History, &c. furnished facts.

From his description of this lake we quote : —

"The scenery about Lake Dunmore is of that character which is rarely found. It combines sublimity with beauty. On the one hand are immense masses of rocks and earth, which nothing can move, and on the other the fugitive beauty of changing light and shade. The majesty of the cloud-capped mountain is here associated with the undulating curve, and the awe of the precipice relieved by the laughing of the waters."

"From these mountains one of the most remarkable instances of *mirage* was once observed. Lake Champlain was seen to rise and widen out, so that the intervening hills appeared like islands, and finally all these hills disappeared by being swallowed up by the mighty flood which seemed rapidly covering up this whole landscape territory, and soon appeared like one vast lake of water from Burlington to Benson. Trees standing on the slope of the mountain waded in the water, while others lower down, and nearer its base, were entirely covered, and out of sight. Burlington, though never before seen at this place, even with a telescope, now was in perfect view, and all natural points, as well as artificial monuments, forts, and other buildings on Lake Champlain, were most distinctly visible to the naked eye. This atmospheric refraction took place about the 20th of Aug. 1833, and was doubtless produced by the rays of the sun passing under a long, narrow, black cloud, (as described by one of the witnesses,) which hung in the west just before night. The weather was very hot, and the air was remarkably clear."

In connection with Lake Dunmore we would also quote the following biographic sketch, furnished by a historical friend at Middlebury, and an appropriate song, that came to us without signature; but which, having remembrance of "The Mayflower," in the "Poets of Vermont," we are in no doubt of its Addison county authorship.

EDWARD DOWNING BARBER will always be associated with this distinguished scene, though his course of private and professional life was passed principally at Middlebury. He had the spirit and enterprise of a man of true talent, the sentiment of a man of genius. He was born at Greenwich, N. Y., August 30, 1806. His father was Rev. Edward Barber, an esteemed Baptist clergyman. He graduated at Middlebury College in 1829, in a class distinguished for talents and scholarship, and at once assumed the editorship of the *Anti-Masonic Republican*, at Middlebury, and was one of the most influential of the politicians who led in the triumph of that period over secret, social, and political combinations. Mr. Barber's impulses in respect to government, were democratic, which attached him afterwards to the Freesoil section of the Democratic party, in which, also, he was a leader. He married Miss Nancy Wainwright, of Middlebury, in 1833, and left two daughters and a son sur-

living him. He died at Lake Dunmore, Aug. 23, 1853. The following song, written in memory of Mr. Barber, set to a beautiful air, was published by O. Ditson, of Boston.

SCENE OF OUR YOUTH.

WHOSE was the glance that kindest marked thy
billow;
Whose the fond word went sparkling with thy
fame?
Who in his dream beheld thee from his pillow—
Who in his fate would mingle with thy name?

Whisper it when thy soft, sweet wave is breaking,
And laps the shore, with fondness for its sand:
Blow with it when from night and sleep awaking,
Shadows descend, and hills inverted stand.

Moosalamoo! the mountain's head above thee,
Deep in thy breast its purest shadow forms;
So to the heart, the soul that fondest loved thee,
Comes for its love, when flies the shade of storms.

Moosalamoo! the hand thy wave has painted,
Linked in his own, has felt his bosom's thrill;
Now from each breast that rapturous sense has
fainted,
Yet in thine own and mine they mingle still.

JOHN M. WEEKS, son of Holland Weeks, was born in Litchfield, Conn., May 22, 1788. He came with his father's family to Salisbury, when a little more than one year of age. Denied the advantages of a liberal education, he nevertheless early read some of the classics, and addressed himself, to a greater or less extent, to literary pursuits through life. He invented the Vermont bee-hive, patented in 1836, (the first improvement by which the honey was obtained without destroying the bees,) for which he received a silver medal from the American Institute in New York, and which was rapidly introduced into most parts of the United States. The same year he published a treatise on the instincts and habits of the honey-bee, which he revised and enlarged, till more than 20,000 copies were sold. This work was reprinted in England. He also, in 1841, secured patents on 8 other classes of hives. He was a scientific farmer, and took an early and active part in establishing the Addison County Agricultural Society, was for many years a contributor to the best agricultural papers in New England, whose articles met with general favor, and at his death left a manuscript history (yet unpublished) of "The Five Indian Nations," which for interest of adventure, and historical detail, would doubtless elicit more general interest than any other production of its author. He was twice married; to Harriet Prindle, of Charlotte, in 1818, who died in 1853, and in 1856, to Mrs. Emily Davenport, of Middlebury. As a husband and father, his character is sketched as one who "rendered the family circle a pleasant and sacred place." "One who cared well for the intellectual culture of his sons and daughters." He was for many years of the Episcopal church

at Middlebury, an exemplary member. After a week's illness he was gathered to his fathers, Sept. 1, 1858.

THE HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.

THAT we shall know each other in heaven, is a doctrine clearly taught in the Bible. It is assumed by every inspired writer,—some arguing their points as though it was a principle no one denied, and others giving us historical narratives including instances of it.

But we also believe that philosophical arguments may be adduced, which go very far in establishing this delightful and desirable doctrine. We shall propose two, either of which, if sustained, will bid us expect to greet in heaven those friends who, with ourselves, have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Our first proposition then, is, that unless our memory is destroyed, we shall most certainly recognize each other. If our power of memory be retained, then shall the names, the mental peculiarities, and the personal appearance of our friends be known by us as soon as we discern them. If memory be retained, the individual would remember his own name, and in all probability sometimes refer to it,—would remember events which transpired on earth in connection with himself, and would refer to them,—would remember the names of his parents and relatives, and would refer to them. Now these, and a thousand other things, would be recollected, and be the topics of the individual's conversations. Hence we see how readily, from these circumstances, we shall be able to recognize each other. That the memory shall not be destroyed, is evident,—we shall certainly retain it until after the judgment-day, in order to give our account; and every one who will think, will see that the destruction of the memory would be the destruction of the individual himself.

Our second proposition is, that, assuming our memory shall be retained, we shall certainly know each other if we preserve our individual identity. Scripture does not teach a change in appearance, it is simply one of nature, viz: from mortality to immortality,—from corruption to incorruption. Now this does not at all imply an external, visible change, and hence, the appearance of the person would be the same as when on earth. Besides, this occurs only to the body, so that if it did change its appearance, the mind might still preserve its identity, and would be distinguished by its peculiar manifestations, and by these alone the individual might be known. As we have said it would be with the memory, so we say it must be with our identity, its destruction would imply the annihilation of the person himself.

REV. CHARLES MORGAN.

WEST SALISBURY.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

MORN broke in beauty o'er a world,
Fresh from the touch of Heaven,
And ushered in the day of rest,
Which crowned the perfect seven.
And from the new-born world arose
Upon the morning air,
This grateful, oft-repeated strain
Of true and fervent prayer,
"Praise God."

The morning stars that gemmed the arch
Of heaven's unfathomed blue,
Together sang their hymns of joy,
And trimmed their fires anew,
While all their harps the sons of God
Tuned to a new employ,
And o'er that first, sweet Sabbath calm,
Shouted the song of joy,
"Praise God."

In all their awful majesty
The lofty mountains stood,
Their jutting rocks, all covered o'er
With moss and tangled wood;
And from each cliff and craggy peak,
One peal of gladness came,
Till all the valleys caught the sound,
And echoed back the same.
"Praise God."

The flowers a tinge of vermeil caught,
While tremblingly they stood,
As if they blushed to hear their God
Pronounce them "very good;"
And from their dew-bathed petals rose
An incense pure on high,
And from their gently parted lips
The sweet, but mute reply,
"Praise God."

Man, too, majestic in his strength,
And woman, sweet as fair,
Went forth and laid their sacrifice
Upon the altar there.
The noblest ones that walked the earth,
All sinless, and all blest,
Sent up the homage of their hearts
On that first day of rest.
"Praise God."

MRS. E. A. SEVERENCE.

SHOREHAM.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF REV. J. F. GOODHUE.

1761. Shoreham, a handsome township, with the lake for its western border, 40 miles S. of Burlington, and 12 S. W. of Middlebury, was chartered in 1761, earlier than any other town W. of the Green Mountains, N. of Castleton. 26,319 acres to 64 grantees,—obtained through the agency of Col. Eph. Doolittle, captain under Gen. Amherst, who served at the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and is said, with many of his men, to have been engaged in laying out the military road from Crown Point to Charleston, N. H., which passed from Chimney Point, in Addison, through Bridport and Shore-

ham, in each of which towns the Colonel became proprietor of 6 rights.

1773. Samuel Woolecot settled with his family, who, with his son, was one of Allen's party, and went with him into the fort.

1774. Amos Callender came from Connecticut to Shoreham. The family fled in 1777, but returned in 1783. In 1793, he built a brick house, and kept tavern for many years, — the most elegant in this part of the country, and the resort of pleasure parties from the towns around.

1766. In the spring, Col. Doolittle, with 12 or 14 others, among whom were Dan'l and Jac. Hemenway, Robert Gray, Jas. Forbush, Paul Moore, John Crigo, Dan'l Southgate, Nahum Houghton, and Elij. Kellogg, came in a company from Worcester County, Mass., built a log-house, (whose site is still pointed out,) and lived as one family the first year, the men taking turns in cooking. Fever and ague prevailing, some of the party left; but the Colonel spent most of his time here, though he did not remove his family till 1783. Both he and his son, Col. Joel Doolittle, died in this town. The father built the first sawmill, assisted by Marshal Newton, a large land-owner, who was active in promoting the interests of the settlement.

ELIAS KELLOGG is said to have been the first man who entered the fort of Ticonderoga, after Allen and Arnold. After the capture of Moore, he spent one winter here entirely alone. He was taken prisoner not long after, and confined awhile at Ticonderoga, from which place he and two other men, by the name of Hall, made their escape across the lake.

WM. REYNOLDS, son of John Reynolds, from New Concord, N. Y., was a tory, the only one who ever lived in this town. Some time after the war, he settled in Canada, on land given him by the British government.

DAN'L NEWTON, another one of Allen's party, settled here before the Revolution, and died here in 1834, aged 80. He was a practical surveyor, a man of influence, and a Christian.

1775. Only 6 families are known to have lived here previous to this date. In 9 years, the inhabitants did not probably exceed 30.

Shoreham was the final rendezvous of Allen's party before his expedition to capture Ticonderoga; Hand's Cove was the starting-point. 9 men from this town were known to have been with Allen when he entered the fort.

1783, and the succeeding year, most of the settlers returned to their homes, and others soon joined them.

1787. JOHN S. LARABEE, a trustworthy, intelligent man, who made many friends by his fine social qualities, came in 1783, and settled at Larabee's Point, to which he gave the name in 1787, where (except while 6 years county clerk, he resided at Middlebury) he spent the remainder of his life, dying Nov. 28, 1847. He was one of the early public surveyors; established the first

regular ferry at the Point; held the office of town representative; was Judge of Probate and the County Court; and, late in life, united with the Methodist Episcopal church.

DEA. STEPH. BARNUM, (of the Congregational Church,) who died in this town Aug. 24, 1834, aged 77, was another Revolutionary soldier.

SMITH STREET takes its name from 4 brothers from Nine Partners, N. Y., who settled on the lake road: Seth Smith, in 1784; Dea. E. Smith, elsewhere noted; Maj. Nathan Smith, who, with Benjamin Vaughan, first scaled the breastwork in pursuit of the enemy at the battle of Bennington, and died previous to 1800; and Amos Smith, a carpenter, joiner, and merchant.

1785. Two brothers, said to have been great hunters, Thomas and Nathaniel Rich, settled near the present village of Richville.

1786. The town was organized, Thomas Bailey first town clerk. Measures were taken to build a gristmill, and 63 families are reported to have moved into town.

THOMAS BARNUM, who died here Feb. 17, 1836, aged 84, was an early settler, a soldier of the Revolution, in the battle of Trenton and several other engagements, — a man of character and piety.

AMOS LENOX, another early settler, as he had no children, left a handsome legacy to the Cong. Society, and directed, on his death-bed, that a large portion of his large property, after the demise of his wife, should be devoted to benevolent objects.

WM. LARABEE was the first physician in the village, Moses Strong the first lawyer, and Geo. and Alex. Tumble kept the first store at Larabee's Point, about 1789.

1797. Richville flourished finely; had a blacksmithery with 4 fires and 2 bellows, worked by water; a forge; nail and a trip-hammer shop; lime works, 2 stores, &c. It long went by, and even to this day is sometimes called, Hackleburnia, from Dan'l Newton looking on its desolation after a fire, and exclaiming, "Hackle and burn." It is called Richville out of regard to the family who were the first founders of the settlement.

Early as 1786, Geo. Leonard built of logs the first house in the village. He was a German, a tailor by trade, and the only one in town for many years, and a soldier in Burgoyne's army.

PAUL SHOREHAM CRIGO, the first male child born in town, received from Paul Moore, the first settler, 100 acres of land for his name. Daniel Newton Kellogg, the first male child born after the Revolution, received from Dan'l Newton, 25 acres. Sally Smith, now living at the age of 74, was the first female born in town. The wife of Abijah North was the first woman, and Isaac Chipman the first man, who died in town, both in April, 1783.

When the meeting-house was raised, in 1800, all the people from the country around assembled to participate in the joyous occasion. After

the last timber had been laid, one Mark Marzen-son went up to the top of the belfry, and, to the great amusement of the spectators, stood with his head downward on the cross timber. This was a great feat at that day, but greatly outdone some 4 years after, when the cupola was finished, by one Randall Wells, an apprentice boy, who went up the lightning-rod and stood on the forks.

During the winter of 1814, more than 60 persons died of the spotted fever; in 1832, Dea. Philip Woolcot, of the cholera, aged 63.

About 1825, the Shoreham wharf was commenced at Watch Point.

Population, in 1791, was 721; in 1850, 1601.

The first school was taught by a lady, on Cream Hill, as early as 1785 or '86; present No. of districts, 12. 40 years since, the number of scholars was twice as large as at present. The first teacher said to have resided in town was one Sisson, an eccentric individual of excitable temperament, but a finished scholar in the higher mathematics, excelling particularly in navigation and surveying, who taught his scholars in so pleasing, comprehensive, and original a manner, they became, under his instruction, ready adepts in the sciences taught, and greatly attached to their teacher.

Newton Academy was incorporated in 1811, and named for Dan'l C. Newton; first principal, Benj. Nixon, in 1813, — present principal, E. J. Tompson, A. M., and Miss L. A. Hemenway, music teacher and preceptress.

The Shoreham Union Library Society was formed Dec. 31, 1821.

1792. A Congregational church of 15 members was formed on the half-way covenant. The present church was organized March, 1794. On the 26th, 15 persons were added; Rev. Ammi B. Rollins, pastor. Not long after, Paul Menona, a native preacher of the tribe of Sampson Oecani, was supported by voluntary contributions 3 or 4 years. He is described as having possessed superior Indian eloquence, which, outpoured in his sweetly melodious voice, frequently drew tears from his auditors. Like many of his race, he was sometimes beguiled by the intoxicating cup; but after such indulgence always manifested such contrition, his piety was never doubted. From here he went to the vicinity of Lake George, where he preached several years and closed his life. Previous to 1800, the church was occasionally supplied by Rev. M. H. Bushnell. Rev. Evans Beardsley was ordained first pastor, Dec. 26, 1805; dismissed, May, 1809. As a preacher, he was sound in faith, but dry and metaphysical. He died in New York. Rev. Samuel Cheever preached from 1809 to 1812. During his ministration, there was the most extensive and important revival that has ever occurred in the annals of the church. At one communion, in 1810, 60 were added; at another, 46. He is said to have been better adapted to labor in revivals than for

a permanent pastor. He died at Stillwater, N. Y., in 1814.

Rev. Dan'l Morton was ordained and installed June 30, 1814, and ministered unto the church over 17 years, during which 277 members were received. After his removal, Mr. Morton labored for the Vt. Missionary Society, about 1 year; was pastor in Springfield, Vt., 5 years; Winchendon, Mass., 5 years. He was a native of Winthrop, Me., born Dec. 21, 1788. Dr. Smith, of Fairfax, pays him this tribute: "No man ever had to inquire whether he was a minister; the countenance, the whole style of the man, showed that." He devoted much time to pastoral visits, and of the children and youth was particularly a friend.

In person, he was rather slim and above the common height, had dark hair and eyes, a countenance benign and kind, combining decision with urbanity.

His last message was, "Give my love to the church, to the Sabbath school, to the singing choir, and to the people. Peace be with them now and forevermore." He died at Bristol, N. H., where he had labored 10 years, May 25, 1852, aged 64.

Rev. Josiah Fletcher Goodhue* was installed Feb. 12, 1834, officiated till Sept. 13, 1857: 173 members added. He was born in Westminster, Vt.; graduated at Middlebury College, 1821; studied theology at Andover; preached at Arlington, Vt., 10 years; is now in Whitewater, Wis., without pastoral charge. After Mr. Goodhue, Rev. A. Flemming supplied the pulpit most of the time till May, 1859, when Rev. E. B. Chamberlyn commenced his labors here, and was installed Sept., 1859.

Total number of members, 674; present No. 128.

The first meeting-house was built in 1809; the present house of worship in 1846, by James Lamb, Esq., does great credit to the architect, and is one of the best edifices of the kind in the State, with a bell of fine tone; cost, about \$8,000.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

1784. Eli and Stephen Smith came to this town, cleared three acres, put up a house, and moved on their families in 1785.

June 2, 1794, these leading Baptist men formed with other Baptists into a church of 15 members; Eli Smith, deacon, with Rev. Abel Woods, pastor, — ordained Feb. 26, 1795, — who continued with them till 1811, when he removed to Pantou; from thence to Albany, N. Y., where he died. During his ministrations here, 170 members were added. 80 were added, in all, after Eld. Wood left. Till 1824, there was preaching most of the time; from then to 1837, only occasionally; at present, the church has lost its visibility.

* The writer of Shoreham history.

About 1788-'89, Eld. Samuel Skeels came to this town, preaching here and in neighboring towns. He was the first preacher in town, and his labors were acceptable to the people. The meetings were well attended, without distinction of name. He remained about 3 years.

Among the Baptist ministers who have preached in town, were several eminent for ability and usefulness. Eld. Eph. Sawyer, distinguished as a preacher, was very successful in his labors, from 1813 to '16. Truly a zealous man and devoted servant of his Master, he is still held in grateful remembrance.

Eld. H. Chamberlain, who preached here till the infirmities of age disabled him for the duties of his sacred office, and who died here, was an eminently meek and godly man, respected by all.

Eld. H. Green was a man of strong native powers of mind, energy of character, and commanding eloquence; a very efficient preacher. He went to Malone, N. Y., where he is supposed to have died many years since. Dea. E. Smith, the first deacon, was the most active and influential man of his denomination, in sustaining meetings before any church was formed, and afterwards looked up to with deference for counsel and example.

Dea. Ja. Barber, who came from Bridport in 1814, was a man of lovely Christian character, eminently gifted in prayer and exhortation, against whom no one ever had aught to say. He recently died in Geneva, Wis.

METHODIST CHURCH.

It appears, Elders Chamberlain, Shepherd, Wickton, and Mitchell, preached here at an early day, and Lorenzo Dow was here between 1805 and '10. About 1804 or '5, the church is supposed to have been organized. From 1807 to '20, the society was partially supplied with regular preaching, Revs. T. Spicer, S. Boynton, and S. Draper being presiding elders.

In 1832, the number of members, the largest at any time, was 40; whole number since organization, over 100. Probable number of Congregational, Baptist, and Methodist members, since their organizations,—total, over 1,000; present number, less than 200. For the last two years, the Methodists, decreased by many removals and deaths, have not been able to sustain regular preaching.

UNIVERSALIST STATISTICS.

FURNISHED BY REV. K. HAVEN.

Probably a larger number of this sect settled in Shoreham than in any other town in the State. The sentiment of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind, on the broad trinitarian, substitution platform, they had imbibed, retained, and disseminated here. It appears quite a number of this faith had settled in town prior to

1800. Among the early prominent members were Lieut. Thomas Rich and family, settled in 1787; Hon. Chas. Rich, his sons and their families; Jonathan Williston, who held many important offices in town; Dr. John Williston; Eben and Amos Atwood; John Ormsbee; Benj. Haely; Dan'l Newton; Thomas Goodale; Noah Callender; Wm. P. Bailey; Benj. Bailey; Bealey Bailey; Benjamin Bissel; Jonas Leon. Marsh; John Ramsdell; Ashbel Catlin; Eben Hawes; John Beard; Eben Wright; Joel Doolittle; and Levi Jennison, father of Gov. Jennison, who was also to his death a truly valuable member of the society, and constant attendant on its meetings.

From 1795 to 1806, this society had occasionally the services of Elders Rich, Hilliard, and Farwell; and their meetings, held at Richville, were numerously attended. In 1806, the society was organized, Rev. Richard Carrigue, pastor, who preached to them till about '14. Meetings were held in schoolhouses till, 1810, through the influence of Judge Rich, an academy building was erected on the village common, and the upper story finished into a chapel, owned by 71 shares, the Universalists owning 51. Here they subsequently added free seats, a pulpit, and organ, and worshipped till 1852, when they had completed a commodious and handsome brick church, which they have since occupied. Rev. K. Haven, their resident clergyman, located here in 1828. During their existence of rising half a century, they have shared the reverses common to religious bodies. Death and emigration has thinned their ranks at times; but they have been generally filled up by their descendants, and they may consider their condition (numerically, fiscally, and socially) quite as eligible as the average condition of religious bodies in town.

The lake-shore soil, except on elevations of 2 or 300 feet, is a strong fertile clay. Commencing near the S. line, about a mile E. of the lake, the land rises above the clay formation, where an argillaceous slate appears, in a range of hills occasionally broken, extending more than half through the town. Beyond the first range, there is a depression into valleys, in which the clay soil and beds of small streams are found. To the E. line of the town, the hills run N. and S. Most of the higher portions consist of strong loam soil, as Cream Hill, named from its remarkable fertility, noted for beautiful sites for rich farms, and Barnum Hill, still more free from clay mixture.

About 3 miles E. of the lake, is a range of hills and bluffs, where the limestone crops out, the land rough and stony, only valuable for timber. Mutton Hill, in the north, is rocky and timbered. The Pinnacle, 2 miles E. of the centre of the town, is the highest elevation, rising probably 500 feet above the level of the lake. The view from its top, of Champlain, Ticonderoga, the N.

Y. and Vt. mountains, is very extensive, and almost unsurpassed in beauty.

In some of the valleys there is a fine alluvial soil, composed in great part of decayed vegetable matter. Near the centre of the town commences the great swamp, 700 acres, covered with a dense growth of fine black ash and cedar, parcelled out to the farmers in 7-acre lots. The original timber on the clay ground is pine and ash, maple, beech, black oak, basswood, &c.; on higher ground, elm, black ash, tamarack, &c. Lands adjacent the swamp yield from 2 to 4 tons of hay to the acre. Along Lemon Falls and Prickly Ash Brook, some of the meadows, without intermission, have yielded an almost undiminished crop for 60 years in succession. The streams in this town are Lemon Falls and Prickly Ash Brooks.

Iron ore taken from a bed in this town, is said to have been worked into good castings, but to have contained too much sulphur to be worked into good wrought iron. Limestone abounds, and on the lake shore black marble is found in inexhaustible quantities. Considerable quantities were quarried 30 years since.

Several springs or wells on Cream Hill are so impregnated with Epsom salts as to be unfit for family use.

This is a great sheep-growing town, and from an early period noted for superior horses. Messrs. R. S. Dana, E. D. Bush, Mr. Orwin L. Rowe, —one of the owners of the famous "Ethan Allen,"—have large farms, stocked almost exclusively with horses, and furnish the market with many of the finest animals to be found in the country. Several other farmers keep from 10 to 20 on their farms, and attract purchasers from every State in the Union. The cattle compare well with the best towns in the State.

The beautiful village common, gradually rising from the E. and W. to a moderate elevation, on which the churches and academy stand, embracing 23 acres, was given and cleared at the expense of the proprietors.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

PAUL MOORE,

whose character is chiefly interesting for the conspicuous part he acted in the settlement of this town, was born in Worcester, Mass. At the age of 12 he ran away from his parents, and spent more than 20 years on the ocean. Once the vessel in which he sailed had foundered, and all on board were in great peril, when Moore jumped overboard, and stopped the leak. He first came to Vermont with some of the soldiers of the French war. He had two brothers in the service. One, Lieut. commander of a company near Lake George, who was killed in an engagement with the enemy. After the war, he spent

much time in hunting in the vicinity of the lake, probably as early as 1763 or '64. The fall and winter of '65 he spent in Shoreham, in a hut constructed of pine and hemlock boughs, without seeing a human being for 6 months, during which he caught 70 beavers. Several winters after, he spent in hunting for furs, in which he was so successful as to accumulate a small property. He heartily sympathized with the settlers in their contests with the Yorkers, and his humble home was often a refuge for Allen, Warner, Smith, and others. Here it was the two former fled on their escape from the 6 Yorkers at the house of Mrs. Richards, in Bridport. In their excursions he was prevented from taking an active part, by lameness, caused by having caught and broken his ankle in the saw-block of his mill, which having to ride to Vergennes or Crown Point to find a surgeon was set in such a manner he was a cripple ever after. The first winter after the general flight, he and Elijah Kellogg alone remained in Shoreham. Early next winter a few soldiers, probably a scouting party, turned in to spend the night with Moore, who was now keeping cattle in his hut of logs alone. Soon they heard the fearful warwhoop, and the house was immediately surrounded by a large party of Indians. Moore and his party defended the premises till morning, when the exultant enemy broke down the door, and rushed in. One of their chiefs, whom Moore had known, sprang forward with brandished tomahawk; but the brave old settler bared his bosom, and dared his savage foe to strike, when another chief interfered to "save white man to burn."

The Indians had previously burnt his mill, and saddled and bridled his horse, ready for departure; but after setting fire to the house, a dispute arose about their plunder. One claimed the horse, another the saddle, and a third the bridle. Finally, one took his horse, and mounted, with a strip of bark for a bridle, another the saddle upon his own back, and the third the bridle in his hand, and started, which presented so ludicrous an appearance it made the old sailor laugh in spite of his misfortunes. At night they encamped at Crown Point, and guards were placed over the prisoners. Moore, who had fainted so much from lameness that they had given him a ride upon his own horse most of the way, they did not take the precaution to bind. His weary guard fell asleep. Now was the time. Moore took his gun, blanket, and some Canada biscuit, and started for the lake in a different direction from which they came, through a thick grove of young saplings. Bringing into practice his sailor habits, he made his way for some distance, by swinging along from one sapling to another without touching the ground, until at length he reached the lake. There was snow upon the ground, but none upon the ice, and a log upon the shore reached out to the ice. He let himself down upon the log, put on his creepers, and jumped off on to the glare ice, leaving no tracks

behind. At length he came to one of those cracks made by the change of temperature between day and night. He made marks upon the ice with his creepers, and then took them off, and followed down the creek until he arrived opposite the mark; he made other marks as if he had crossed there, and putting on his creepers again, walked off a gunshot distance, and spread his blanket upon the ice, upon which he lay down, with his ready-loaded gun. The morning brought three Indians, who had started in pursuit as soon as he had been missed, up to the crack in the ice, who, seeing him on the opposite side, and the tracks where he had apparently passed over, one took the fatal leap, going down under the treacherous ice, to rise no more, whereupon Moore shot the other two, and proceeded along the lake shore as far as Bridport, where, too fatigued to proceed further, he concealed himself under a stack of straw, for the night. In the morning, finding a fall of snow had covered his track, he returned back to his former residence, dug up his dried beef from the snow, and fled to Brown's camp, in Sudbury.

The next spring he returned and built another loghouse, and about 1780 was again captured by a band of Tories and Indians, who threatened "his head would be a button for a halter, because he had killed the Indians who were sent after him the year before." He was taken to Quebec, and held prisoner about 16 months, where he sustained himself by learning to make baskets, of the squaws, and hiring them with his rations, to sell them for him, and buy such food as he could eat. After suffering much in behalf of himself and other prisoners, he wrote to the governor for new straw, and more blankets. The governor returning a harsh refusal, and reprimand for his impudence, Moore, nothing daunted, wrote in a tone still more bold and decided,—and the straw and blankets came. He also wrote an account of their condition to Governor Chitenden, which, with the application of their friends, induced the Governor to send a flag, with a letter to the commanding officer, requesting their release or exchange. The exchange was effected, and Moore and his fellow-prisoners released. Many of Moore's letters, written at that time, were preserved for years, and are said to have been in excellent penmanship, and vigorous style. Others describe him as a close observer of men and things, of good practical education, and well read. It is said on his return from captivity, he revisited his former residence. Taking a view of the desolation around, he fixed his eye upon an object, which more carefully observed, proved to be a poor, lank colt, whose shaggy hair laid in every direction, and a little distance from the colt, what should he see but his old pet mare. He called her by her name,—she heard that old familiar voice, ran to her master, and laid her head on his shoulder, as if she would embrace him. This affected him

even to tears. The old favorite beast he had supposed had perished, had not only supported herself by pawing through the snow for grass, but sustained the life of the strange-looking colt by her side. Moore's whole life was one marked with dangers and vicissitudes. At sea he made fortunes, and more than once lost all by shipwreck. On land, was in perils in the wilderness, among savage beasts, and more savage men, but survived them all. It is said there were among the papers which he left, several letters from a lady to whom he had been warmly attached for 30 years, and though more than once they were on the eve of marriage, yet on account of his frequent losses, the ceremony was deferred, and never consummated, and he lived a bachelor till past 50. He was once a large proprietor of lands, which if he had retained, would have made him wealthy. Some he early gave away as an inducement to settlement, and others, sold for a mere nominal sum. These sacrifices, with a long sickness before his death, left little for his family, consisting of a wife and 4 children. He died in 1810, aged 79.

JAMES MOORE,

brother of Paul, spent much of his time before the Revolution with his brother, hunting beaver. He was the first representative of the town, several years selectman, and justice of the peace, and maintained the character of peacemaker, being confided in as a man of superior discretion, and consistent Christianity, who took a deep interest in the settlement and prosperity of the town. At his death he bequeathed the Congregational Society \$150.

—THOMAS ROWLEY,

born in Hebron, Conn., removed to Danby, Vt., before 1769; was first town clerk in 1769; town representative in 1778, '79, '80; and in '83, chairman of the committee of safety; lived some time in Rutland; was first judge of the special court for the county, and associated with Chitenden, Allen, and Warner, in vindicating the rights of the people against New York; participated largely in the deliberations of those who declared Vermont a free and independent State, and aided in forming its first constitution; while a member of the General Assembly, was appointed on the most important committees, and generally made chairman whenever a resolution was referred, with instructions to report a bill. He came to Shoreham as early as 1774, settled first at Larabee's Point, and with his son Thomas belonged to Allen's party. In 1795, he returned to Danby, and remained till near the close of the war, when he returned to his farm on Larabee's Point, built two loghouses, and lived with his son Nathan, till 1799, when he removed to the place now owned by Lot Sanford. He was clerk of the proprietors till 1786; town clerk 2 years, and surveyor to set off the proprietors'

rights, and surveyor of the town several years after its organization. When arrived to that age when men generally cease to be active in public affairs, for several years he led a quiet life in this town, till, about 1800, worn out with age and infirmities, he went to reside with his son, Nathan, at a place called Cold Spring, in the town of Benson, where he died about 1803. His remains were interred in a small burying-ground, which once constituted a part of his own farm, and was given by him to his son, Thomas. There is a small stone erected to his memory, which records not the day of his birth or death, or his age when he died.

Rowley was chiefly distinguished in his time as a wit and poet. If Ethan Allen roused up every Green Mountain Boy, in his log cabin, and called him forth, armed to the teeth, in defence of his hearth and home, by the vehemence of his appeals, in homely prose, Rowley set the mountains on fire by the inspiration of his muse. These poems, once everywhere sung in the State, have mostly faded from the memory of men,* and specimens have been with difficulty collected enough to afford a fair representation of the wit and genius of "The Shoreham Bard." And it should be considered he was a man without the advantages of an early education,—without access to books, or time to devote to them; that he made most of his impromptu verses, throwing them out as they were framed in the laboratory of thought, before they were put upon paper; and that he never polished or corrected a line.

REFLECTIONS.

Now where's the man that dare attend,
And view creation over,
And then reply he doth deny
The great supreme Jehovah;

Who sits above, in light and love,
And views his glorious plan,
All on a scale that does not fail;
Yet never learned by man.

Ten thousand globes, in shining robes,
Revolv in their own sphere;
Nature's great wheel doth turn the reel,
And bring about the year.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

'Tis but a jest to have a priest,
If you pay him for his labor,
And lie and cheat in every street,
And vilify your neighbor.

II.

Never be willing to expose
The little failings of your foes;

*Mr. Goodhue gives one poem, furnished from the recollection of Rev. Samuel Rowley, grandson of Thomas Rowley, now 75 years of age.

During a visit to Shoreham, we were privileged to look over a curious old pamphlet of 24 pp., entitled, "THE SELECTIONS AND MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF THOMAS ROWLEY; Printed for the Purchasers: Published, 1822."

But of all the good they ever did,—
Speak much of that, and leave the bad.
Attend to this, and strife will cease,
And all the world will live in peace.

On a certain occasion a man came to the storehouse at the old fort in "Ti."—a hunter from the lake shore, with one foot booted, and the other clothed with bearskin. As he entered the bar-room in this ludicrous plight, one present waggered a gallon of rum that Rowley could make a verse applicable, if sent for. Rowley was summoned over, with the information that he was to make a verse on the first object he should see on entering the bar-room. He opened the door, momentarily surveyed the man, conspicuously arranged in front, with his foot over the back of a chair,—took off his hat, and while all kept silence, delivered his introductory.

A cloven foot without a boot;
A body full of evil;
If you'd look back upon his track,
You'd think it was the devil.

FROM THE ELEGY ON HIS WIFE.

FULL fifty years we've labored here,
In wedlock's silken bands;
No deadly strife disturbed our life,
Since Cupid joined our hands.
A faithful mate in every state,—
In affluence, as in need;
Freely to lend her helping hand,
With prudence and with speed.

FROM A BIRTHDAY POEM.

A SILVER gray o'erspreads my face;
The hoary head appears,
Which calls me loud to seek for grace,
With penitential tears.

A thousand dreams have filled my mind,
As days came rolling on;
As one that's deaf, and one that's blind,
I know not how they've gone.

Now the full age of man has come,
This is the very day;
But O my God, what have I done
To speed my time away?

With all his wit and waggery, Rowley was considered a man of sound judgment and ability. In stature, he was of medium height, and rather thick set; rapid in his movements; had light eyes, sprightly and piercing, indicating rapidity of perception, and sometimes the facetious poetic faculty; yet he was generally a sedate and thoughtful man, a firm believer in the Christian religion, and in sentiment a Wesleyan.

COL. JOSIAH POND,

one of the most influential among the early settlers, was born in Bradford, Conn., and came to Shoreham in 1783. He was of large, robust frame, 6 feet in stature, with features indicating a noble, generous disposition, and ability to command. He filled some of the most important town offices, and was the first militia captain, and.

first colonel of the first regiment of militia, in the county; was at the battle of Bennington, and served a few months after in the army of the Revolution; was an efficient deacon in the Congregational church; died in this town, Aug. 8, 1840, aged 83.

TIMOTHY FULLER CHIPMAN.

Gen. Chipman, son of Thos. and Bethia Chipman, born in Barnstable, Mass., Feb. 1, 1761; died in this town, May 17, 1830, aged 69.

Timothy, when a stripling of 16, took his father's place, who was drafted into the army in 1777, and served on the retreat of the American forces before Burgoyne's army, between Ticonderoga and Fort Schuyler, on the Hudson; was employed in felling trees into Wood Creek, to obstruct the passage of boats by water, and the army by land; being placed sentinel on an outer post at Fort Anne, was in the skirmish at Battle Hill, where a comrade was shot at his side; and having served the period of his enlistment, was honorably discharged a few days before the battle of Saratoga and surrender of Burgoyne, after which he returned home to aid his father in providing for the wants of a numerous household. In 1783, he came to Shoreham, with little else than the pack on his back. With Marshal Newton he was engaged to carry the chain in the original surveys of the townships of Shoreham and Bridport; in this survey, selected the lot on which he afterwards settled, built a plank house, and assiduously toiled until his decease. He was married to Polly, daughter of Capt. John Smith, May 24, 1786, and raised a family of 11 children. By persevering industry and economy he brought his lot in the wilderness under good cultivation, adding to his original purchase, until he had one of the most valuable farms in town, and commodious buildings, where for many years he kept a public house. He was honored by his fellow-citizens with several town offices; by the U. S. Government with an appointment as an assistant assessor of lands and dwellings in district No. 1, in the 4th division of Vermont. From the rank of a private he was promoted through various grades to the rank of major-general of the 4th division of Vermont militia. At the British invasion under Gen. Prevost, as he crossed the line on our northern frontier, Chipman volunteered for his country, took a musket from the arsenal at Vergennes, crossed Lake Champlain at Burlington into New York, (beyond the limits of his Vermont commission,) where he was chosen, at once, brigadier-general, under Maj. Gen. Sam'l Strong, and placed at the head of the Vermont volunteers, there assembled. The enemy commenced their retreat the day before he arrived at Plattsburgh.

In his declining years he resigned his public stations, and retired to private life; in 1810, during a religious revival, became a hopeful convert; with

his wife and several of his children, united with the Congregational church, and sustained his Christian profession unblemished until the day of his death, which occurred at his homestead on his original purchase, in the 70th year of his age. His widow died March 5, 1849, aged 81.

EBENEZER TURRILL,

born in New Milford, Conn., settled in Shoreham in 1786, and lived till 1795, in a loghouse. The esquire was an enterprising, industrious man; made potash for several years, from ashes saved in clearing his land and purchased of his neighbors. Immediately after coming into town, he was appointed justice of the peace, and while there was no minister in town, frequently performed the marriage ceremony, and, it is said, sometimes took ashes for pay. He was an early member of the Congregational church, and was fond of reading metaphysical and controversial works. He died in 1825, aged 84.

HON. CHARLES RICH,

son of Thomas Rich, born in Warwick, Mass., Sept. 13, 1771; arrived in this town, Aug. 1787, having travelled all the way from his native place, on foot. Here he labored diligently 4 or 5 years, assisting his father in erecting his mills, and clearing land, until he was married at the age of 20, to a daughter of Nicholas Warts, a young lady born in his native town, between whom had grown up an ardent attachment, from the days of their childhood. In a series of letters, while a member of Congress, to his daughter, then residing at Montreal, are many interesting facts in relation to this early attachment, his family history, the labors and privations of himself and companion, with whom he lived until her death, April 24, 1817, in the reciprocation of the most tender affection and confidence. In these letters there is an unreserved expression of thought and feeling, for it is the wife and mother of whom he writes, whose death both the father and daughter deeply deplored.

April 16, 1791. They commenced house-keeping, "possessed of no other property than 1 cow, 1 pair of 2 year old steers, 6 sheep, 1 bed, and a few articles of household furniture, which, altogether, were valued at \$66, and about 45 acres of land, given by his father." The first year he tended gristmill for his uncle, Nathan Rich, and cleared and sowed with wheat 6½ acres of land. He says: "While at the mill I constructed a number of articles of furniture, which have been in daily use from that time to the present." It is said, while engaged in his sugar-works, he constructed a water-pail, with his jack-knife, which was used for many years in the family. While a boy he had had little advantages in schooling, and after the age of 15 attended school only 3 months. But limited as his opportunities were, he was often called upon before the age of 30, to deliver Fourth of July orations;

was chosen town representative when but 29, which office he held twelve times; was one of the judges of the county 6 years; representative in Congress 10 years. A ready debater in all public bodies, he was useful and popular in every station which he occupied.

He had that strong desire to master whatever he undertook to investigate, which is indispensable to eminence in any station; and in early life, formed, and kept up to its close, the habit of writing down his thoughts; cultivated his taste by reading works of an easy and pure style; and though there were not found in him any uncommon powers, or overpowering eloquence, there was a happy union of those qualities which form the man of usefulness and intelligence,—a well-balanced mind, retentive memory, honesty of intention, intuitive knowledge of human nature, open and bland personal appearance, and a native benevolence of heart,—in all the social and domestic relations of life an example worthy of imitation. By such qualities as these, he held for so long a time a distinguished station among his fellow-citizens.

By industry and economy he acquired a handsome property, and during the vacations of the sittings of Congress, was found at home, overseeing his business, and laboring diligently, until the autumn of 1824. At this time in consequence of working in the water for several days, he took a violent cold, which, followed by a fever, put a speedy end to his life, Oct. 15, in the 53d year of his age.

STEPHEN COOPER.

Deacon Cooper, born in East Hampton, L. I., June 22, 1746; came to Shoreham with his family, the autumn of 1789, and is especially deserving an honorable mention, as being the individual who first introduced into this town the ordinances of religion, and to whose indefatigable labors the people were indebted, as though he had been pastor, for his visits to the sick, and attendance of their funerals, during the 13 years that he led the Congregational Church as first deacon, and moderator. Living an exemplary life, he entered into rest, Jan. 29, 1827.

Dea. Cooper found worthy co-laborers in Dea. Eli Smith, of the Baptist, and Dea. Hand, of his own society. Faithfully they served their day and generation, and are held in grateful remembrance.

SILAS HEMENWAY JENNISON.

Hon. Silas H. Jennison, son of Levi and Ruth Hemenway Jennison, was born in Shoreham, May 17, 1791. When about a year old his father died, and left him, an only son, to the mother's care. This widowed mother, who is now living, at the advanced age of 89, was a woman of uncommon energy and industry.

While very young, he developed a decided taste for reading and study; but soon as he be-

came able to labor, his services were needed at home, and after that, only a few weeks in a year did he enjoy the benefits of school instruction. The companionship of other boys had few attractions; he spent his time at home, and rarely came into the house to sit down, without taking a book. While a youth he was more interested in his reading than husbandry, though in after life he took much satisfaction in the study of agriculture as a science, and in making improvements in its various branches.

During those seasons of the year in which he had most leisure he devoted his evenings to study, and recited to Mr. Sisson, a near neighbor, of whom he doubtless learned to write that round and beautiful hand, and became expert in arithmetic and surveying. The habit of study he kept up through life, and had a mind well stored with general information. In person he was tall, stoutly built, with a large, well-formed head, manners unaffected and pleasing, easy in conversation; but through distrust of his own powers, or extreme caution, he never engaged in public debate. If he possessed little of the brilliancy of genius, he had what is no less valuable,—great prudence, a correct, though not highly cultivated taste, and, what contributed perhaps most to his advancement in public life, facility and accuracy in the transaction of business, and general knowledge of matters pertaining to civil government, and its administration.

He was town representative from 1829 to 1835; associate justice of the county 6 years; member of the State council 3 years; lieutenant governor 2 years, the last of which, no choice of chief magistrate being made, he acted as governor, and in 1836 was elected governor by the popular vote, which office he filled for 6 years. The issuing of his proclamation, at the time that the sympathies of many were enlisted in favor of the insurgents in Canada in 1836, warning the citizens against violating the neutrality laws, was censured by some, and contributed for a time to diminish his popularity; but when the subject came to be better understood, the course he took was approved by the people, and the firmness and good judgment which he displayed at that critical time, rendered him one of the most popular governors the State has ever had. In 1840, in the most exciting canvass ever witnessed in Vermont, Gov. Jennison's majority over the administration candidate was 10,798. In that year he declined a re-election, but for 6 years after was judge of probate, the duties of which office he discharged to general acceptance.

After protracted sickness and suffering, he closed his life in his native town in Sept. 1849.

ELISHA BASCOM,

born in Newport, N. H. 1776; came with his father, Elias Bascom, to Orwell, and from thence to Shoreham, in 1802, and settled on the farm now owned by his son, Ira Bascom. In person,

Judge Bascom was of a large but not corpulent frame, erect and tall. His countenance, a true index to his mind, wore an expression of benignity, self-possession, and sound judgment. These reliable qualities won him favor with his fellow-citizens. He was representative of the town 9 times; judge of the county court 2 years, and frequently administrator to the estates of the deceased.

The Judge was first married to Charlotte Howley, Dec. 30, 1802, and second, to Laura Bush, Oct. 28, 1806. He was a member and supporter of the Universalist society. A man with limited means, still liberal, who was not known to have an enemy, and died in this town, Aug. 1, 1850, aged 74.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL FAIR OF THE A. CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCT. 1, 1844, BY SILAS H. JENNISON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY.

. . . I would provoke the minds of the whole brotherhood of farmers into activity, and a desire for a deeper and more thorough knowledge of this most ancient and honorable of all arts and employments. . . . I would fan the ardor for investigation and inquiry for truth in opposition to idle theorizing. . . . The philosophy of agriculture I would see extended and adopted among us. It is not above the capacity of the most unlearned, or beyond the reach of those in the most limited circumstances. . . . In no occupation within the range of human employments, does success depend more on the judgment and direction of the operative. . . . In view of these facts, in all candor and soberness, I ask the question,—is the importance of a thorough, scientific, and practical knowledge of the business of the farmer duly appreciated? . . . Hitherto, improvement has been mainly the result of accident. The prejudices handed down from our fathers were to be overcome. And there are those, even in this day, who regard the moon's age, and other equally fallacious notions, as of more importance to many farming operations, than the proper condition of the soil. But, thanks to the learned, this state of things is fast passing away. . . . All intelligent and thinking men now look to science for aid to this immense and all-important branch of human labor. And although the feeling does not pervade the whole mass, yet the results are most gratifying.

. . . A majority of the farmers eagerly engaged in increasing their flocks of sheep. The result has been that Addison county had, in 1840, in proportion either to territory or population, a greater number of sheep, and produced more wool, than any other county in the United States. . . .

While the growing of wheat, which required much labor, continued to be the principal business, the population increased rapidly. . . . The war, the cold season of 1816, and the marvellous tales of the fertile West, had some influence; but to the change in business of the farmers we must look for the principal cause of reducing the increase from 1810 to '20, to less than 2 per cent. . . . To those who feel an interest in the prosperity of our county, this fact affords reasonable cause for alarm.

If such a thing were cause for boasting, Addison County might feel a just pride in the many enterprising, moral, and talented men she has sent abroad to the other States, to exercise healthful influence on the future destinies of our common country. But in this matter, what is a gain to other communities is a positive loss to us. We have not only lost of the young and vigorous physical power of our people, but they have taken with them much of the wealth amassed by their fathers. . . . Our relative political power and influence is silently departing from us. And unless new industrial pursuits are opened to the young and ambitious, new branches of business established and sustained among us, I see no reason to expect a diminution of this drain of the life-blood of our county. . . .

ASA STOWELL JONES,

born in Shoreham, in 1828; graduated at Middlebury College, 1849; 15 months principal of Newton Academy; edited the Whitehall Chronicle one year; in 1853, established himself as a lawyer in St. Louis, Mo., where he has since taken an active part in politics. We give a brief extract from a letter to his mother as a specimen of his off-hand letter-writing:—

"I heard of the death of sister Emma, in the midst of an exciting political campaign. That news transported me, all absorbed in the heated excitements of a political election in a great city, as I was, to the quiet town, the green common, and the silent yard, where now lies, in peaceful slumber, my sister Emma.

"My mother, Emma is one of the jewels of memory, and I sometimes think that it is better, happier, more to be desired, to die and leave this world ere soil or taint has come upon the heart; before hopeful youth learns by bitter experiences that life, as we meet in daily contact with humanity, is hollow, treacherous, and deceitful.

"I could but mark the change in myself, from the time when engaged in schoolboy sports in that same town, on that same common, until every nook and corner, every stone, had imaged itself ineffaceably upon memory. Then how little did I imagine what was before me in the future, or under what circumstances the problem of my life's destiny should be wrought."

ODE,

Sung at the Dedication of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Middlebury, Vt. By BYRON SUNDERLEN, D. D., a native of Shoreham, now resident of the District of Columbia.

Lo! from the majesty above,
How purely shines the light of love,
To guide bewildered souls.
And hark! for scraps sweetly sing
Celestial anthems to their King,
While long the echo rolls.

Yet hark! the tall Archangel's voice
Bids us repent, believe, rejoice,
And join the heavenly choir.
Blest spirit! let thy trumpet's peal
Rouse from their sleep our hearts of steel,
And kindle up their fire.

Great God! we consecrate to thee
All that we are or hope to be;
This earthly temple, too.
Grant that thy radiance, so divine,
To light thine altar here may shine,
As pure as angels' view.

While time shall fly, while storms may come,
Its spire, an index of our home,
Shall point to purer skies;
Where, from the dark polluted earth,
Lost man shall find a nobler birth,
Where endless raptures rise.

Great God! and when these walls decay,
When time hath swept their strength away,
Their crumbling work shall be,
To echo back the sweetest song;
To hold that echo, loud and long,
And send it up to thee.

Then swell the note! best note of praise
That our weak voices e'er shall raise,
Till o'er life's troubled sea;
Then, with the spirits round the throne
Of the Eternal, Three in One,
We'll shout the jubilee!

STARKSBORO'.

BY WILLIAM WORTH.

STARKSBORO' has two post-offices, Starksboro' and South Starksboro'; was granted by Vermont, Nov. 7, and chartered Nov. 9, 1780, to David Bridia and 67 others; has 5 public rights, 73 shares of 272 acres each; first settlement commenced April, 1788, by George Bidwell and Horace Kellogg, with their families.

The first justice of the peace was Sam'l Darrow, in 1790. The town was organized March, 1796; first town clerk, Warner Pierce; first constable, Solomon Holcomb; first selectmen, Joseph Bostwick, Abram Bushnell, and Luman Brunson. [Some doubt of these being the first officers elected, except the town clerk.]

March 4, 1797, 2,726 acres of the town of Monkton was annexed, on which John Ferguson and Thomas Vraudenburgh commenced a settlement, about the same time Bidwell and Kellogg commenced in Starksboro'.

The town was first represented in 1793, by

John Ferguson. He had represented Monkton 3 years prior to the above annexation, and subsequently represented Starksboro' four years.

First marriage, David Kellogg and Christiana Traver, March 3, 1793, by John Ferguson, Esq. First male born, Cyrus Bidwell, son of George, Dec. 11, 1790. [It is contended by some that Hannah Kellogg was born in the town before C. Bidwell.] Mrs. Hannah Lane died here in Nov. 1823, aged 100 years and 3 months. First physician, Enos Pearson, 1797. First lawyer, Ansel M. Hawkins, 1822. First ministers, Joseph Mitchell and Abner Wood, itinerant E. Methodists, 1798.

The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in this town in 1798. First number of members not known. Present number, 100. They occupy the Union, or village meeting-house, half the time. They also have a meeting-house in the north part of the town. Present ministers, Z. H. Brown and David Ferguson. The Union, or village meeting-house, was built in 1840.

The Congregational Church was organized Aug. 7, 1804. May 4, 1825, Rev. Henry Boynton was ordained and installed pastor of said church, but preached here but few times. There are now but few of that denomination in town.

A Freewill Baptist Church was organized Sept. 21, 1821. First number of members, 17; present number, 103. They occupy the village meeting-house one fourth of the time. Present minister, Mark Atwood.

There was for many years a large Society of Friends in this town, who built a meeting-house in 1812. In the winter of 1858 and '9, they sold the house, and it was taken down and the materials carried to Charlotte to be remodelled for a Roman Catholic church. A majority of their members have emigrated West, though there still remains a small society of them in the S. E. part of this town, where they have a meeting-house.

There is also a Christian Church, who occupy the village meeting-house one fourth the time. Present minister, Merritt W. Powers.

The soil is mostly loam; the timber principally hard wood, with some spruce, hemlock, and cedar; the surface very uneven.

A mountain lies along the west line, mostly in Monkton, and extends to Bristol Notch, called Hog's-back. Another range extends through the central parts, from near the south line to the north, called East Mountain, dividing the waters of Lewis Creek from those of Huntington River.

The streams abound with excellent mill-seats. Baldwin Creek rises in the S. E. part of this town. Huntington River waters the east part.

Running through the village is a stream which is formed mostly by the confluent waters of three springs that are not more than 20 rods asunder. They unite after running a short distance, and receive a small stream by ditch, and form a

stream on which for many years were in operation a saw-mill, a fulling-mill, 2 forges, and 2 trip-hammer shops, all within little more than half a mile of its head.

But since the great depreciation in the price of bar iron, the forges have been neglected, and have run down; also, the trip-hammer shops and fulling-mill.

There are now in town 3 stores, 1 tavern, 2 grist-mills, 11 saw-mills, 2 clapboard-mills, 2 shingle-mills, 1 mill for staves and heading, 2 foundries, 1 carriage shop, and one tannery. Population in 1850 was 1,400.

REV. ELIJAH HEDDING, D. D.,
LATE SENIOR BISHOP OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

[From the Northern Christian Advocate.]

LETTER FROM BISHOP HEDDING.

"I was born in Dutchess Co., N. Y., on the 7th of June, in the year 1780. I was carried by my parents to the State of Vermont, in the year 1791. On the 27th of December, in the year 1793, I found pardoning mercy at the hand of our Lord Jesus Christ, and was received as a probationer the same day, by the Methodist Episcopal Church. In the month of March, in the year 1800, I was licensed to preach the gospel of Christ. On the 15th of Nov. of the same year, I was called out by a presiding elder as a travelling preacher, and placed on Plattsburgh circuit, which lay on the west side of Lake Champlain, part in the State of New York, and part in Canada. After laboring there a few weeks, I was removed to Cambridge circuit, which lay N. and N. E. of Troy, and part in the State of New York and part in Vermont.

"In June, 1801, I went to conference, and was admitted on trial as a travelling preacher, by the N. Y. Conference, on the 16th of that month, in the city of New York, in John Street.

"The following year, I again travelled Plattsburgh circuit. In the year 1802, I was appointed to Fletcher circuit, which lay on the S. E. side of Lake Champlain, part in Vermont and part in Canada.

"In the year 1803, I was ordained deacon, by Bishop Whatcoat, at Cambridge, New York, and appointed to Bridgewater circuit, in the State of New Hampshire. In 1804, I labored on Hanover circuit, N. H. This year, the east part of Vermont and the State of New Hampshire were set off by the General Conference, from the New York Conference to the New England Conference; consequently I became a member of the New England Conference.

"In the summer of 1805, I attended the New England Conference for the first time, at Lynn, Mass.; was ordained Elder by Bishop Ashbury, and was appointed to Barre circuit, Vermont. In 1806, I was appointed to Vershire circuit, Vermont. In 1807 and 1808, I travelled New

Hampshire district, which covered nearly all that State. In 1809 and 1810, I labored on New London district, which embraced parts of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and a small portion of New Hampshire. In 1811, I was stationed in Boston; 1812, in Nantucket; 1813 and 1814, in Lynn; 1815 and 1816, in Boston,—all stations in Massachusetts.

"In 1817, I was appointed to Portland district, in the State of Maine, and my name so stands in the Minutes; but on account of my want of health for the district, Bishop McKendree changed my appointment a few weeks after Conference, and I labored that year in the city of Portland.

"In 1818 and 1819, I was again stationed in Lynn. In 1820, I was appointed to New London, a station in Connecticut.

"In 1821, I was appointed to Boston district, Mass., but for want of health for that kind of work, I remained on the district but one year. In 1822 and 1823, I was again stationed in Boston.

"In 1824, I was ordained Superintendent, at Baltimore, Md., by Bishops McKendree, George, and Roberts. Consequently, it is perceived, I am 66 years old, that I have labored 6½ years on circuits, 5 years on districts, 12 years in stations, and 22 years in the superintendency.

"A sinner saved by grace, I live in hope of eternal life.

"ELIJAH HEDDING.

"AUBURN, N. Y., July 31, 1846."

From the above date, Bishop Hedding lived about 6 years, and continued in the discharge of the duties of his office till Dec. 1850, when he was attacked with acute disease, from which he but partially recovered.

We extract an account of his last days from his life, by Dr. Clark.

"With feeble steps he ascended from the altar into the pulpit; and at the close of the singing, fell down upon his knees, and with labored and broken utterance, poured out such warm and heartfelt expressions of praise to Christ, as indicated the depth of his own feelings. The theme of the sermon had been, Christ precious to the believer. His heart seemed to glow with the subject. The entire audience were bathed in tears. He arose from his knees; an expression of holy joy was upon his countenance; the suppressed sigh was heaving almost every bosom, and tears were falling like drops of rain. The minister of half a century, who had so often and so usefully occupied the sacred desk, slowly and silently descended from the pulpit for the last time."

At a later period, addressing his brethren in the ministry, he said, "I have served God more than 50 years. I have generally had peace; but I never saw such glory before, such light, such clearness, such beauty! Oh, I want to tell it to all the world! But I cannot. I never shall preach again; never shall go over the mountains, and

through the valleys, the woods, and the swamps, to tell of Jesus, any more. But oh, what glory I feel! it shines and burns all through me; it came upon me like the rushing of a mighty wind, as on the day of Pentecost."

Near the close of his life, the Rev. Mr. Ferris said to him, "Bishop, you are almost over Jordan."

He looked calmly up, and answered, "Yes;" then raising both hands, he said, scarcely above a whisper, "Glory, glory! Glory to God! Glory to God! Glory to God! Glory!" . . . Placing his hands upon his breast, he said, "I am happy, — filled." Soon after this, his power of speech failed; his breathing grew tremulous and short; life ebbed gradually away, and at last its weary wheels stood still.

He died in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., at his residence, on the 9th of April, 1852, in the 72d year of his age.

THE BRITISH GRANT.

DEAR QUARTERLY: It may somewhat interest some of your readers to learn the ground of a troublesome lawsuit that grew out of the above-named grant, as every tax-payer in the State of Vermont has paid his share towards the expense of said suit. In the fall of 1845, there were a number of men found running a line through Ferrisburgh and Monkton. When they got into Monkton, the people told them they must stop, or explain their business. One of the company — Isaac G. Hatfield, of St. Johns, New Brunswick — then said, his uncle, Peter Hatfield, had a grant of land lying 12 miles east of the mouth of Otter Creek, where it empties into Lake Champlain, and that he was surveying to find it. He then showed the grant, and the Monkton people let him proceed; but before he reached Starksboro', he left his line, and came to get leave to finish surveying, — but he never finished. This was the first that any person here knew of the above grant.

In the spring of the year 1846, Peter Hatfield commenced a suit of ejectment in the U. S. Circuit Court for the District of Vermont, against Ira Bushnell of Starksboro', for the recovery of 4,620 acres.

The grants to Jaqueni and Hiecht were dated 1774, 6 years before the legislature of Vermont granted the township of Starksboro'; and the landholders in Starksboro' said, if the legislature had granted them land that the State did not own, the State ought to defend the suit that Hatfield had brought to recover the land; and said Bushnell and others petitioned the legislature upon the subject, and the legislature appointed an agent to defend the suit. Hatfield had the suit put over every term of the court for 6 years, and then discontinued it, and his bail paid the defendants' cost. Some part of the land that he at-

tempted to hold is very valuable. He thought his grant would cover Starksboro' village. But there were two reasons why he did not hold the village: first, his grant did not cover it; next, his title was good for nothing.

Soon after Hatfield discontinued his suit, he gave a mortgage to John Munson, of New York, to secure the payment of \$10,000, of this same land. This mortgage was signed over to Samuel Hunt, of Boston, who soon after died. His administrator wrote to Starksboro' town clerk. Mr. Worth wrote back, The land is claimed by an old British grant, dated 1774, and a suit has been brought to recover the land, and failed. The administrator did not think best to try to hold the land. The above mortgage and assignment came to Starksboro' for record. After this, Hatfield divided the land into 47 lots, (I mean that he divided it on paper,) and it appears said Hatfield gave bonds for large sums of money and a mortgage on each of these 47 lots for security. These 47 mortgages were all brought to Starksboro' and recorded. Our town clerk has received a great number of letters making inquiries: Is Hatfield's title to lands in Starksboro' good? How much does the land rent for? How much is it worth? Is it improved? &c. The public would do well to let Hatfield and his associates keep their bonds and mortgages.

I. BUSHNELL.

THE WYANDOT'S FAREWELL TO HIS HOME IN OHIO.

BY JOSEPH WORTH.

[This old gentleman, now upwards of 70 years of age, was one of the early settlers, and resided here many years, but now lives in Little Sandusky, Ohio.]

FAREWELL to the groves where my loved ones rest!
My wigwam is left; my trail is the West, —
Our hunting-grounds sold, my heart's full of woe,
To think I must leave them; alas! must I go?

Farewell, ye tall oaks, in whose pleasant shade
I sported in childhood, in innocence played;
My dog and my hatchet, my arrows and bow,
Are still in remembrance; alas! must I go!

Farewell, ye loved scenes, which still bind me like
chains,
Where on my gay pony I pranced o'er the plains!
The deer and the turkey I tracked in the snow;
But now I must leave all! alas! must I go!

Sandusky, Tymoothee, and Broken-sword streams,
I ne'er more shall see thee, except in my dreams;
Adieu to the marshes where the cranberries grow; —
O'er the great Mississippi, alas! must I go!

Farewell, my white friends, who first taught me to
pray,
And worship my Maker and Saviour each day.
Pray for the poor Indian, whose eyes overflow
With tears at our parting; — alas! must I go!

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL ARMY.

BY GUY C. WORTH, ESQ.

A NATIVE OF STARKSBORO', RESIDING AT UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO.—EXTRACT FROM A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION, DELIVERED BEFORE A SABBATH SCHOOL AND CITIZENS' CELEBRATION.

THE Protestant denominations throughout the bounds of Christendom are training up and disciplining an army, which will go forth supplied with the munitions of its warfare, from the inexhaustible arsenal of eternal truth. Unlike other armies, it will clothe, provision, and support itself, for its tactics and scene of operations will not prevent it from planting, sowing, and reaping the fruits of the earth, or from engaging in other industrious pursuits. The warfare of this army will not be one in which force is brutally arrayed against force, but it will be a conflict of mind against the gross elements of sin and moral corruption,—an engagement in which heavenly truth shall be arrayed against human error,—a combat in which the bland and soul-subduing precepts of the gospel will meet and vanquish by the sword of the Spirit,—forged, polished, and burnished in the armory of heaven,—the passions and vices incident to poor fallen human nature. It will be an army which, while it is pursuing its military operations, will continually increase the wealth of the world; for it will teach men habits of industry, teach them diligence in business, and properly to husband the resources which are thrown around them by our common heavenly benefactor. It will be a generous, a noble, a magnanimous army, for it will bind up wounds, and exalt its fallen foes, and unite in one common brotherhood, with its own membership, all who are taken captive or who shall surrender to its chosen flag. It will be a benevolent, a philanthropic army, for the motto inscribed upon its ample banner will be "Good will to men." It will be an army in which, thanks be to God, there will be no exclusion on account of age, sex, or condition,—an army in which the best recruiting officers and disciplinarians shall be found among the devotedly pious mothers of the land, whose fair daughters will take their places in the ranks, side by side with their brothers, and render essential aid in bearing aloft and keeping spotless their snow-white ensigns, and in perfecting and garnishing the beautiful temples of civil, moral, and religious freedom, and in keeping wide open, and inviting all who will come within their spacious portals. It will be an army in which officers and soldiers shall alike win imperishable laurels, and the chaplets which shall bind their victorious brows shall be bright and fadeless as the ever-blooming garlands of eternity.

VERGENNES.

THE early history of this town or city is incorporated in the histories of Panton, Ferrisburgh, and New Haven, the adjacent corners of which towns were set off by the legislature of Vermont, Oct. 23, 1788,* and incorporated with city privileges. The town was organized, March 12, 1789, Sam'l Chipman, Jr., Esq., first town clerk, and first representative; Durand Roberts, constable; Eben'r Mann, Alex. Brush, and Richard Burling, selectmen. The organization, under the city charter, was effected July 1, 1794, and Enoch Woodbridge, Esq., afterwards chief judge of the Supreme Court, was chosen first mayor and representative, and Josias Smith, first city clerk.

The territory is 480 by 400 rods. The distance from Lake Champlain is 7 miles. Otter Creek, which passes through the city, is navigable from the Falls to the lake, for large vessels, and there is a regular line of boats between this place and Buffalo, and New York, and the facilities for shipbuilding are as good as any in the State. Here was fitted up the flotilla which the victorious McDonough commanded in Plattsburgh Bay, Sept. 11, 1814. The Falls of Vergennes represent Nature as a handmaid to Industry,—her strong and beautiful forces tributary to the useful. During the non-intercourse and war with England, the active blast furnace, air furnace, rolling, grist, saw, and fulling mill, wire factory, and busy forges, clustered fast around this vast reservoir of water-power, and not less than 177 tons of shot, for the war, were cast here. Since the renewal of a friendly intercourse with England, and the opening of the Burlington railroad, business has declined; still, upon the bridge that spans the Otter, the continued hum of machinery, modulated by the grand water-chorus, from three distinct sets of falls, blends pleasantly upon the ear; momentarily two spirits strive with the arrested traveller, Labor and Worship. The white, ever-boiling waves, rolling and tossing like a brave spirit, with a grandeur, swollen by the forced plunge, call out from their depths beneath,—“Lay thy offering upon our altar.” “Tarry and worship at our shrine.” But anon, the stirring voice of Labor tunes in with quickening energy,—

“Life is real; life is earnest;”

and the arrested worshipper passes over and on, with a firmer step, and heart reassured, impressed, and saying within himself,—“O Nature, thou art grand and worshipful; but labor is noble, imperative, and sanctified.” “What thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might.” The three distinct falls are formed by an island at their head, dividing the river into three channels. Their height,

* The Journals of the Legislature, Oct. 28, 1788. We give credit to Thompson, Hall, Demming, Swift, &c., for facts embraced in this sketch.

or descent, is 37 feet. The location of Vergennes is handsome, and the principal street has quite a city look; though we think a stranger upon visiting the place is uniformly disappointed in the size, for our "Little City" is outsized by quite a number of our larger villages.

CHAMPLAIN ARSENAL. The buildings of the establishment occupy 23 acres, the principal of which are the arsenal, officers' quarters, and magazine, built of stone, and slated. The estimated value of the grounds, buildings, ordnance, and stores, Thompson gives to be \$107,576.83. Lieut. Washington was the first commandant. Capt. J. Sherman is the 11th, and present commandant. "The establishment belongs exclusively to the United States; but by special permit from the Secretary of War, Vermont is privileged to store, in one of the apartments, some 4,300 muskets and rifles, and 3 six-pounders, property of the State, valued at \$31,500."

The other buildings of most note, are the Congregational, Episcopal, and Methodist churches, erected in 1834, 1835, and 1842, the Vergennes bank, iron foundries, the handsome Scale Factory upon the Falls, and the Home and Agricultural Implement Factory, upon the opposite side of the river, &c. The Stevens Brothers keep a genteel public house, and the stores have the appearance of establishments that do a fair trade. But we may not, in our survey of present thrift, pass unheeded by one architectural relic of revolutionary fame. Vergennes enshrines the old McIntosh house, within whose slow, but sure-decaying walls historic memories brighten, till again we almost see brave Colonel Seth, and Ethan, and Smith, Eli Roberts, and Torrence, and Painter, and others of those hardy and resolute Green Mountain heroes, who met and counselled here, "in days that tried men's souls." Good old house! even the lowly roof that sheltered her patriots is endeared to Vermont!

The churches are the Congregational, organized Sept. 17, 1793, Rev. Dan'l C. Sanders, first pastor; succeeding pastors, Rev. John Hough, Rev. Alex. Lovell, and Rev. H. F. Leavitt, — settled August 31, 1836; the Episcopal society, organized in 1811, Rev. Parker Adams, first rector; succeeding rectors, (after a reorganization, in January, 1832, by the name of *St. Paul's Church*.) Rev. Messrs. C. Fay, A. T. Twing, J. H. Putnam, Z. Thompson, N. W. Monroe, Mr. Greenleaf, Mr. Hickock, and —. Of the Methodist Society at Vergennes we have had no statistics furnished; we but know they have a chapel, regular preaching, and are reported "in good condition." The "VERGENNES CITIZEN" is published weekly by Mr. Carpenter, "author of several novels, &c."

Since writing the above, we have been informed that the "regular line of boats" mentioned by Thompson does not exist between Vergennes and New York and Buffalo. We would also remark, we regret not having been able to

procure a more complete history of this place; but trust, with the cordial co-operation of the citizens, a competent historian may yet be secured, who shall prepare an acceptable chapter before we close the volume.

DONALD MCINTOSH, the first settler in the present limits of Vergennes, was a native of Scotland; was in the battle of Culloden, and came to America in the army of Gen. Wolfe, during the French war, and settled here about 1766-7. The first child born is supposed to be a daughter of his, about 1770. He died July 14, 1803, aged 84.

GEORGE W. GRANDY, well known in our legislative halls, is the present popular mayor of the city.

"**HON. JOHN PIERPOINT**, associate Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont, a man of ability and integrity, has long resided here."

GEN. SAM'L P. STRONG, whose residence occupies an elevated position in the southern extremity of the city, is the son of **GEN. SAMUEL STRONG**, so generally known by his command at Plattsburgh, (relative to which we give extracts from his letters in Swift), who died in 1833, leaving large landed estates, the principal of which are still owned by his son.

PLATTSBURGH, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1814.

. I have been up the river this morning, five or six miles, which was lined with the enemy on the north side. They have made several attempts to cross, but without success. This is the line that is to be defended. I have ascertained to a certainty the number of militia from Vermont, now on the ground, well armed, is 1,812; from New York, 700; regular troops under General Macomb, he says, 2,000. He treated me very friendly. . . . We have strong expectations of 2,000 detached militia, ordered out by Gen. Moores, arriving soon. . . . I hope you and our friends will send four or five thousand to our assistance as soon as possible.

Sept. 11, 1814.

We are now encamped with 2,500 Vermont volunteers, on the south side of the Saranac, opposite the enemy's right wing, which is commanded by General Brisbane. We have had the satisfaction to see the British fleet strike to our brave Commodore McDonough. The fort was attacked at the same time, the enemy attempting to cross the river at every place fordable, for four miles up the river. But they were foiled at every attempt, except at Pike's encampment, where we now are. The New York militia were posted at the place under Gens. Moores and Wright. They were forced to give back a few miles, until they were reinforced by their artillery. The General informed me of his situation, and wished for our assistance, which was readily afforded. We met the enemy, and drove him across the river, under cover of his artillery. Our loss is trifling. We took 20 or 30 prisoners. Their number of killed is not known. We have been skirmishing all day on the banks of the river.

This is the only place he crossed, and he has paid dear for that. I presume the enemy's force exceeds the number I wrote you. What will be our fate to-morrow, I know not; but I am willing to risk the consequence attending it, being convinced of the bravery and skill of my officers and men. . . . SAMUEL STRONG.

THE INVALID'S WELCOME TO SPRING.

MARY S. ROBERTS, born at Vergennes, Aug. 21, 1829; married to Benj. F. Young, July 30, 1845; died in her native village, July 31, 1854.

HAIL, beautiful Spring! thou art with us once more;
And we joy that the reign of stern Winter is o'er;
And the glance of the sun on valleys and hills
Melts their vestments of snow into glittering rills.
And soon from the soil that they nourish shall spring
A verdure to drape every beautiful thing;
Sweet music shall gladden our bleak northern home,
For "the time of the singing of birds is come."
Man, too, shall partake of the joy these inspire;
Fresh hopes with ambition his bosom shall fire!
The seed will be sown that in promise shall yield
Rich, plentiful harvests from each golden field.
And the wakening earth will bring gladness to me!
Once more its green fields and fair flowers I shall see!
Breathe again the pure air, 'neath the glowing blue sky,

Though my lot is to suffer, — it may be to die.
Perhaps, when the soft, fragrant breezes once more
Float around me, their healing fresh life will restore.
'Tis a hope, like the many I've clung to in vain;
It may fail, — but its failure will bring not a pain.
Ah, no! if my spirit its summons must hear,
Disrobed of this form, before God to appear;
I will hope that *this grace* to my prayer may be given,

To go when earth's flowers strew the pathway to Heaven!

M. S. R. YOUNG.

March 7, 1854.

SWEET HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. BETSEY A. WEBSTER.

For 28 years a resident of Vergennes, now of Le Roy, Wisconsin.

SWEET home of my childhood, how dear are thy scenes,
Thy towering "Green Mountains," and cool crystal streams;
Thy lakes, dotted over with steamers and sails;
Thy rich, verdant meadows; thy sweet, flowery vales.
From the land of my sojourn, my heart turns to thee;

The land of all lands thou art truly to me;
Where my sunny bright childhood and youth sped away,

As fleet as the dewdrops that shine on the spray.
O Otter, loved Otter! in fancy once more
I sit 'neath the willows that stoop to thy shore;
Where oft I have lingered, in youth's gala-day,
And listened, enraptured, to love's witching lay.
How smooth o'er thy waters the tiny boat glides,
And the brisk little steamer, how swanlike she rides!
While the stars and the stripes float abroad on the air,
And Freedom's proud eagle stands sentinel there.
Flow on, gentle river, all glad some and free;
The hum of thy waters was music to me —
Where wave after wave glides so gently along,
'Twould gladden my heart like some dear olden song.

THE NOTELESS GRAVE.

BY SUSAN GRANDY,

A native of Vergennes, now residing at Rutland.

MANY graves I see rearing their white monuments towards heaven. 'On some are written only a name, on others are carved beautiful flowers. But here, in this lone corner, is one that especially draws my attention; not on account of tombstone, or flowers planted around; for it is destitute of earthly adornment. It is the grave of a child,—*unnoted!* Ah, it may have been the child of some widowed mother, who depended upon her own hands for bread for her little ones; who, when the "death-angel" had sealed those ruby lips, even then, was not allowed time to mourn; who, while other little mouths were crying, "Mamma, give me food!" quickly as possible, made arrangements to bury the little dead boy, silently praying God to give her strength to bear her grief meekly, and mayhap deeply sighed, when she thought no tombstone could mark her Willie's grave.

Sigh not again, mother. This dust shall all be gathered up when God shall make up his jewels; then shall rise this, thy darling, clothed with all the habiliments of heavenly splendor. Yea, he will be among the number who shall sit around the Throne.

WALTHAM.*

WALTHAM, a snug little farming and stock-growing town, embraces the territory annexed to Vergennes from New Haven in 1791; set off from Vergennes, Nov. 1796, as a separate town, and a tract upon Otter Creek, ceded from Addison, Oct. 25, 1804, making an area equal to 9 sq. miles. The town was organized March 30, 1797, at the house of Andrew Barton, Jr., Esq., the first town clerk and treasurer, and named by Phineas Brown, the moderator, after his native town in Massachusetts. P. Brown, Moses Pier, and Jos. Langworthy, first selectmen; Dr. Griswold, constable and collector; Christopher Denison was the first representative. The town has never had a post-office, separate from Vergennes. Religious denominations, — Baptists and Congregationalists, but no meeting-house. School districts, 4. Population in 1850, 270. Back Mountain, extending through the centre, N. to S., is the highest land in the county west of the Green Mountains, from whose summit, with the naked eye, may be seen Burlington, (24 miles north,) and the lake at the Point, thence south, the entire range, on the New York side of vision-sweep, over the villages of Moriah, Pt. Henry, Westport, and Essex, to Ticonderoga, and on the Vermont side, east and south, Middlebury,

* Authorities: N. A. Saxton, Esq., of Waltham, Thompson, etc.

New Haven, Monkton, Bristol, Lincoln, and Starkshoro'.

FIRST SETTLERS. 1767. Mr. Barton and others made some preparation for a settlement; but soon returned to Connecticut.

1768. Mr. Barton and family came on; were driven off by the Yorkers and Indians; Mr. B. taken prisoner; when set at liberty, returned, and found his home in ruins, but, nothing discouraged, commenced again on the same farm. About this time, Messrs. Griswold, Cook, and others probably settled, who were captured by the British in 1778. Mr. Barton and family were imprisoned at Crown Point, the others at Quebec. Mr. Barton and family were released before the close of the war, and returned to their old farm, where he lived till his death, in 1813, aged 77. He was one of the original proprietors. He and Phineas Brown were the most prominent men in town. Those imprisoned at Quebec are supposed to have been released in 1782. First settlers after the war, Messrs. Griswolds, Brown, Cook, Langworthy, Pier, Eld. J. Howard, (Baptist,) etc. Phineas Brown lived in town until his death, in 1818, aged 70. He was the first representative in New Haven.

MEMORIES.

THERE are memories sad, that come
Like some unbidden guest,
And cause some half-healed wound to smart
Far down within the breast.

The power is not ourself within,
To bid them all depart;
The lurking memories that hide
Within the human heart.

MARY HAWLEY.

WEYBRIDGE.

BY COL. ISAAC DRAKE.

WEYBRIDGE was chartered in the 2d year of the reign of George III., by Governor Wentworth, of N. H., Nov. 3, 1761, to Joseph Gilbert and 63 others,—70 equal shares. Said tract is something more than 6 miles square. Snake Mountain, near the centre of the town, runs north and south; Lemon Fair runs through it, near the east side of the mountain, and unites with Otter Creek.

When the towns were surveyed, Weybridge lost 7 miles in length from the west end of the chartered tract, which the charters of Bridport and Addison, bearing earlier dates, covered, and held. Oct. 28, 1791, about 700 acres of the S. W. corner of New Haven were annexed. Oct. 22, 1804, about 2,000 acres of the S. E. corner of Addison, lying east of the summit of Snake Mountain. Oct. 28, 1806, about 100 acres of the S. E. corner of Panton were annexed; and in 1857, the line between Weybridge and Addison was surveyed and established by commission-

ers, appointed and authorized by an act passed by the legislature, A. D. 1856. In November, 1859, about 500 acres of the N. W. corner of Weybridge were annexed to Addison, in opposition to the expectations and wishes of the inhabitants of the town, leaving only a tract at the present time, of about 10,000 acres.

The map of Addison county, from actual survey, under the direction of H. F. Walling, does not show the addition of 2,000 acres to Weybridge, from Addison, although having been part of the town for 53 years, with 13 dwelling-houses thereon, and as many families. One street, 3 miles in length, on which these families live, is laid down on the map, as being in Addison, quite too much of an oversight for being accidental.

The N. W. part of the town lies on Snake Mountain. There is a great variety of soils between the base of the mountain and the broken, ledgy lands around the waterfalls on Otter Creek; a large amount of water-power, contiguous to the railroad, a large, inviting, and desirable part unoccupied, to wit: Belding's and Painter's falls.

Thomas Sanford and Claudius Brittell, with their families, came into the unbroken forests of Weybridge, and commenced a settlement in 1775. David Stow and Justus Sturdevant, with their families, settled about the same time, in that part of New Haven now Weybridge, the former on the south side of the creek and the latter on the north. They came in boats up the creek, and located upon its banks, where they sustained themselves until the 8th of Nov. 1778, when they were taken prisoners by Indians and Tories, who burnt their houses, destroyed most of their property, and selected Mr. T. Sanford and son Robert, Mr. C. Brittell and son Claudius, Jr., Mr. D. Stow and son Clark, and Mr. Justus Sturdevant, and took them to Quebec. Mrs. T. Sanford, Mrs. C. Brittell, and Mrs. D. Stow, and their younger children, and Mrs. Justus Sturdevant and children, were left almost destitute. The only shelter they had was a cellar, made in the ground, and covered with earth,* where they remained 8 or 10 days, until the American troops came from Pittsford, and rescued them. David Stow died in prison, Dec. 31, 1778. Thomas Sanford escaped from prison, and travelling through Maine and New Hampshire, reached his family. The other prisoners, after extreme suffering, were discharged in 1782. In 1783, those families began to return to their farms in Weybridge, and other families soon came, and commenced permanent settlements. Eben'r Wright, and Sam'l Child, and others, settled in that part of Addison now in Weybridge. David Belding, Eben'r Scott, Aaron

*A handsome marble monument has recently been erected on the site of the out-door cellar, in which the women and children found shelter, in memory of the captivity of these men. The pedestal, vase, die, and cap make the height about 8 feet."

Parmalee, Solomon Bell, Sam'l Clark, Sam'l Jewett, Dan'l James, Roger Wales, Asa Dodge, Silas Wright, Asaph Drake, and Joseph Kellogg, the descendants of whom, with other valuable additional families, form the present inhabitants of the town, who are an intelligent, industrious, and energetic community, ready to contribute their property to promote religion, education, and sustain good order.

The first child born was Ira Sanford, time unknown. The town was organized in 1789. Sam'l Jewett, town clerk; Z. Stakney, constable; Abel Wright, Joseph Plumb, and Joseph McKee, selectmen; Aaron Parmalee, justice of the peace. The population was, in 1791, by census, 175; in 1800, 502; and in 1850, 804.

The lands are well watered, and well adapted for grain and grazing. Fruit does well on the hills.

The first sawmill was built on Belding's Falls, in 1791, by Joseph and Eleazer McKee; a gristmill in 1794, by David Belding, Eben'r Scott, and Asaph Drake; and a furnace, in 1795.

Solomon Bell, and sons, built a sawmill on the Falls, about 1 mile below Middlebury Falls, in the town of Weybridge, in 1793 or '94; and a paper mill was also built on the same Falls, by Dan'l Henshaw; and there are now on these Falls in Weybridge, an oil mill, a paper mill, a trip-hammer shop, and a sawmill.

At Lower Falls Village there are 2 sawmills, 1 gristmill, and other machinery carried by water-power, built and in progress of building. Weybridge has 4 large falls of water on Otter Creek, in the distance of about 5 miles. At the pleasant village at Lower Falls, formerly a few of the denomination of Friends resided; but all have died or moved away. This village is situated 7 miles above Vergennes Falls, and surrounded by a large tract of as good land as can be found in the valley of Otter Creek, and there is no reason why it should not become a thriving business place. Want of capital is the only thing which has retarded its progress.

Rev. Joseph Gilbert preached in Weybridge soon after its organization. Rev. Mr. Johnson preached and kept school in 1793. Rev. Mr. Frost succeeded him, and preached a year.

The first CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH was formed June 20, 1794, with 15 members.

The first meeting-house was built by the first ecclesiastical society, and other citizens, in 1802. Rev. Jona. Hovey was settled over the Congregational Church, from Feb. 10, 1806, to Dec. 9, 1816; Rev. Eli Moody, from Aug. 12, 1818, to Dec. 9, 1823; Rev. Harvey Smith, from March 8, 1825, to April 22, 1828, and Rev. Jona. Lee, from July 2, 1834, to May 24, 1837; other stated supplies, Rev. Prof. John Hough, Rev. Prof. Wm. C. Fowler, Rev. Prof. Albert Smith, Rev. Benj. Labaree, Rev. L. L. Tilden, Rev. Jed. Bushnell, Rev. T. A. Merrill, D. D., about 10 years, Rev. E. H. Lyme, Rev. Prof. Boardman, and at the present time, Rev. Sam'l W. Cozzens.

The society erected a new meeting-house in 1847-8. They have a new parsonage house and lot, of 9 acres, also a burying-ground, all in good repair, and handsomely situated.

EPISCOPAL METHODIST, Rev. Sam'l Cockren, formed a class of 30 members, in May, 1805. From this class grew the prosperous and efficient church, which erected a house of worship in 1835, and have almost always, from the first, been supplied with preachers.

This society has a parsonage house and lot, in good repair, near the meeting-house.

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH, formed August 20, 1843, with 66 members, erected a chapel in 1847, in the Lower Falls village.

Emigration to the West has kept this church from increasing its number of members much above the original number; but the church and society have had a stated supply of preachers. A few of the members own a parsonage house and lot, in good repair.

Paper Mill Village is only 3-4 of a mile from the several churches in the village of Middlebury, where many of the inhabitants, with those in the S. E. of Weybridge, generally attend church.

A few Baptists have a parsonage house and lot, in good repair, and a Baptist clergyman in occupancy,

There was one school established at an early day. There are, at the present time, 6 school districts. The town has a very small school fund.

The proprietors lost so large a proportion of their chartered lands that there remained only about 180 acres to each share, adding all the several divisions together. Two shares were appropriated for the benefit of schools, leased according to the value of wild lands and perpetual leases.

HARVEY BELL, born in Weybridge, April, 1791, graduated at Middlebury College in 1809; read law at the Litchfield Law School, Conn.; in 1813, commenced practice in Middlebury, where he resided until his death, July 11, 1848; was member of the Governor's Council, 1835; member of the Vermont Senate, 1835-6; Secretary of the corporation of Middlebury College, 1826-43, and was editor of the Northern Galaxy, 1841-48.

CHARLES W. JEWETT, born in Weybridge, June 13, 1810; graduated at Middlebury College in 1834. In 1836 he became a lawyer in Niles, Mich., and is still there. He has been prosecuting attorney for his county 4 years; became judge of the county court, 1847.

STEPHEN PEARL LATHROP, from Weybridge, graduated at Middlebury College in 1839; was preceptor of Black River Academy, Ludlow, 1839-40; read medicine in Middlebury and Woodstock, 1840-43; graduated at the Vermont Medical College, Woodstock, 1843; practised medicine in Middlebury, 1843-46; was principal

of Middlebury Female Seminary, 1846-49; since he has been Professor of Chemistry and Natural History, in Beloit College, Wis., where he died.

The other college graduates, from Weybridge, are, Constant Southworth, Silas Wright, Edwin James, Azel Hayward, Pliny Romeo Wright, Cyrus Bryant Drake, Gad Lyman, Emerson Ransom Wright, Silas Goodyear Randall, Henry James, and Gilbert Cook Lane.

SKETCH OF HON. SILAS WRIGHT.

BY REV. WARD BULLARD.

SILAS WRIGHT, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, was born in Amherst, Mass., May 24, 1793. In 1797, his father, Silas Wright, Sen., removed, with his family, to Vermont, and settled on a farm, in the town of Weybridge, on the bank of Otter Creek. Mr. Wright, Sen., being a working-man, his children were bred to labor. Young Silas was early put to work on the farm, and kept steadily at it, with the exception of going to the district school in the winter, till in his 14th year, when he was sent to Middlebury, to fit for college. He soon tired of Latin, and being too bashful to declaim, played truant, to shirk his lessons, and get rid of "speaking a piece." His father found it out, and called him to an account. Silas acknowledged, and plead in palliation, his unwillingness to attend the academy, and begged that he might return home, and work on the farm. But his father kept him at his studies, and he graduated in 1815. As a scholar, particularly in mathematical and philosophical branches, he stood high.

The four years immediately succeeding his collegiate course, he was engaged in teaching and the study of law. The latter he pursued at Sandy Hill and Albany, N. Y. In 1819, he made a journey into western New York, with the view to a location; but finally settled at Canton, where he soon rose to distinction, excelling in the examination of witnesses, and being uncommonly successful in the management of intricate suits, in bringing out the strong points, and laying open to a jury the more difficult matters involved.

In 1820, he was appointed surrogate of his county, and soon became justice of the peace. He held the office of postmaster 7 years, and was inspector of common schools. The last two offices were, according to his biographer, the only ones he ever expressed a wish to obtain. Two considerations, perhaps, led him to desire to become inspector of schools,—one, the real usefulness and honor of the office; the other, the fact that most persons did not covet it.

Soon after settling in Canton, he raised an independent rifle company, and was chosen captain, and rose, through successive grades, to the office of brigadier-general. It is worthy of remark, that he never bore a military title, and was known only as Mr. Wright.

In 1823, he became a member of the State

Senate. He was named for this office, contrary to his expectations, and remonstrated against being placed in that position, saying there were others older and more deserving of the office than himself. But he was elected, and in the discharge of his duties as senator, exhibited fidelity and singular ability, that commended him to higher office, and he was elected a representative in Congress, after serving 4 years in the State Senate. He filled the place of representative in Congress 2 years, with honor, and performed effective labor, as one of the committee on manufactures; but nothing occurred, while holding this office, to call out his latent talent. In 1829, he was appointed comptroller of the State of New York, a place of much labor and responsibility. His reports, while in this office, denoted labor and ability, and are among the most distinguished State papers ever emanating from any department of the government of that State.

Mr. Wright was elected a member of the United States Senate in 1833, at the age of 37 years. This place he held, uninterruptedly, 11 years, being elected first to serve out an unexpired term, and being called to other service after occupying some two years of a second full term. In this body, he was surrounded with the greatest lights, as some affirm, that ever graced the Senate. He served there, too, when great and exciting questions were before the country, and when, from determined and relentless opposition, talent was taxed to the utmost. Mr. Wright, aware of the importance of his post, applied himself assiduously to preparation for duty, and when he came to participate in debate, his influence was felt. His cool judgment, his shrewd discernment, his wide grasp of mind, his imperturbable temperament, the ease with which he spoke, and the pertinency and directness of his language, all combined to make him a tower of strength; and the unequivocal fact that he stood at the head of his party, when that party was high in the ascendant, and when great measures were pending, proves clearly his decided superiority. The questions before the country, during his senatorial career, were mostly those of currency, which, besides their inherent importance, the state of the country and condition of parties rendered still more important, and very difficult of management. Mr. Wright was chairman of the committee on finance, and brought forward and led the measures settled upon by that committee, and after years of opposition and conflict, and temporary defeat, the policy advocated by him has become the settled policy of the country.

In 1844, Mr. Wright was nominated for the office of governor, very much in opposition to his wishes, and was elected. He failed of a second election to that office, owing, probably, in the main, to his fidelity and rigor in executing the laws against the anti-renters, who prevailed extensively in the counties on the Hudson River.

At the close of his executive labors, he repaired to his farm in Canton, and expressed great satisfaction at his "relief from public cares and perplexities, and responsibilities, which he called an ever-pressing load." Well he might thus feel, for this was his first respite from the burdens of responsible office, after having become a public servant, a quarter of a century before. At his home he spent his time in manual labor, during the day, and attended to his correspondence and other literary labor at night. He had not enjoyed this calm repose a year, when he was arrested by death. His decease occurred suddenly, Aug. 27, 1847, and was a stunning blow to the country, producing extended grief.

Mr. Wright refused several high nominations; one by President Tyler, to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States; another by President Polk, to a seat in his Cabinet, that of Secretary of the Treasury; and another, that of Vice-President, by the Baltimore Convention, in 1844. The latter, he declined, peremptorily, yet courteously. But it is believed he rejected this nomination with internal scorn, in view of the summary rejection of Mr. Van Buren by the two thirds rule, and of the fact, — of which he could not have been unconscious, — that such were the relative qualities of himself and the man nominated for the higher office, that the nomination should have been the reverse.

One prevalent opinion respecting this distinguished man must be erroneous; that is, that he rose by his own merits, without the aid of friends. He rose by his own merits, but not without the aid of friends. In this particular he was fortunate in no small degree. His early and immediate connections were respectable and influential; both his parents highly worthy; his father a man of rare talents. His foresight may be seen in the selection of Canton for a location. If he wished to rise, it was the very place to start favorably, (the county being settled, to a great extent, by people from the same section from which he came,) and being once started, his merits, and the friends he could not fail to acquire, were sure to move him on.

Amenity of manners, and unvarying equanimity were pre-eminent in his character; and he never failed to practise an active benevolence. He sympathized with the afflicted, often going miles to watch with the sick.

His habits of plainness and labor deserve to be mentioned. He labored much with his hands, when at his home in Canton. He kept no team, save a yoke of oxen, and no carriage, except an ox-cart and a wheelbarrow, and the latter he usually trundled himself.

The relation of a few incidents, illustrating some of his marked traits, may not be amiss. There was once an encampment of his brigade, of several days' continuance. On a certain day, as they were preparing for the standing review, dark, heavy clouds were rising above the horizon.

When ready, the General and his staff moved off gracefully on their chargers, and just as they had reached the line, and the General had doffed his hat, a violent storm of wind and rain beat upon them, and the soldiers fled precipitately to their tents, save the rifle company that he had raised. Passing along with no troops to review, till he came to this company, he cried out, as he reached it, — "That's right, boys; I knew I should have one company to review, if it rained forks, tines downwards." The storm soon passed by, and the men returned to their places, expecting a scathing reprimand from the commander; but he only spoke of the storm as one of the sad incidents of war; was glad they had passed through it so well, and congratulated them in being so successful in preserving their uniform.

A traveller once drove up to the public house at Canton, and called for the hostler. The landlord being out, and no one responding, a man near by, loading manure into a cart, came and took care of the traveller's horse, and returned to his work. Presently the landlord came in, to whom the traveller said, "You have a splendid looking hostler." "Hostler!" said the landlord, in an inquiring tone. "Yes, sir; the man that took my horse; that man shovelling dung there." The traveller's surprise may be imagined, when the landlord, casting his eyes upon the man at work, replied, "That, sir, is Senator Wright." Mr. Wright had bought some manure of the landlord, and was drawing it away.

Mr. Wright was once assailed in Congress with insulting abuse, which he bore with his wonted composure. On adjournment, some of his friends gathered around him in hot temper, ready to take summary measures in his behalf. Mr. Wright good-naturedly remarked, "Let us defer the matter till after dinner," and there the tempest ended.

As to his morals, — "His candor, his integrity of purpose, his unaffected modesty, his disinterestedness, and patriotism, were apparent in his public and private life."

In reference to his personal appearance, he was large, and firmly built; his head massive; his features full, well marked, and symmetrical; his complexion florid, and an indefinable charm perpetually hung around his looks, air, and manner.

His remains repose in Canton. A beautiful marble monument has been reared to his memory in Weybridge, by his friends throughout the country; but he reared for himself a monument far higher, and more enduring.

LETTER FROM HIS EXCELLENCY, MARTIN VAN BUREN.

LINDENWALD, Feb. 24, 1860.

MY DEAR MADAM: It affords me much pleasure to do what I can to comply with the request you have made of me.

The inclosed letter, from our departed friend,

the greatly lamented Silas Wright, presents, within a short space, as just a view of the truthfulness and integrity of his character, as any I have been able to lay my hands upon.

I have never known a man for whom I felt more respect, or for whom I cherished a warmer esteem than I did for him, and nothing in my power that would do honor to his memory should ever be withheld.

I remain, madam,

Very respectfully,

Your ob't servant,

M. VAN BUREN.

Mrs. HEMENWAY.

LETTER FROM SILAS WRIGHT TO MARTIN VAN BUREN.

WASHINGTON, 17 April, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR: I take a moment to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 13th, which came to me this morning, all safe. I cannot give you any reply to the matters contained in it, because I am under great press to get ready to make a tariff speech, which I have concluded it is best for me to make. I am strongly pressed to be prepared by to-morrow, and must, if I can. You know exactly how difficult it is for me to speak upon that subject; and how liable I shall be to say things which you and I, and all our friends, will have cause long to regret. I doubt whether any man has had the pleasure of making a greater number of such speeches than have fallen to my lot; where you stand like a man walking the ridge-pole of a barn, when the slightest inclination upon either side will give him an equally certain fall. If, like such a man, no one was to be hurt but myself, I should make these attempts with very little comparative care. However, the thing must be done, and it will quite certainly have been done, well or ill, before you can see this, and the intention will be good. I shall try more to say what I think is sacred, and true, and right, than what I think is politic. I shall look for the Major* with interest, but if the Whigs, or anything else, should keep me from this speech, until after he arrives, I shall pity him, as he will be very likely to find me impatient and cross.

I return the letter you inclose, and am in great haste,

Most respectfully and truly yours,

SILAS WRIGHT.

HIS EXCELLENCY, MARTIN VAN BUREN.

CLOSING PARAGRAPH FROM THE TARIFF.

MR. WRIGHT'S SPEECH AT WATERTOWN, N. Y.

WHAT is this system of benefits which our opponents so urge upon us, and to oppose which,

* On the back of the letter is penciled by Mr. Van Buren,—"Expecting the Major with the Texas letter."

they say, is anti-patriotic and anti-American?—Strip it of its imaginary qualities, and of the beauties of rhetoric in which they dress it up, and it is a system of taxation on the people. And did our revolutionary fathers ever dream, when they were conferring on the federal government this tremendous power of taxation, that the people were to stand up in mass and instruct their representatives,—“tax us on,—tax us on, because by taxation you can drive us into unexampled prosperity?” [Laughter.] Fellow citizens, it is a fallacy. Divest the human mind of prejudice, and it will detect the fallacy at once. It is not a system of blessings at all; and if your government required no revenue, no congress would be permitted to lay taxes to tax you into prosperity. This is all the benefit,—all the honest part of the invention,—that by a just regard to the different interests of the country, by an honest exertion of the taxing power, you may relieve burthens on the community. Tax lightly the necessities of life, and you relieve taxation on the poor and laboring classes. Tax heavily the luxuries, and you reach property that should bear the heaviest portion of taxation. Where your interests conflict with foreign interests, bear taxation on the foreign article as hard as it will bear, consistently with revenue. You fill the treasury and relieve taxation from another source. What I pay more for my coat or cotton wear I do not pay on anything else,—whilst I aid an important interest. But the moment you depart from that principle, and consider any system of taxation a blessing, I have shown you by the history of the old governments of this world, where the mistake must lead.

DR. EDWIN JAMES,

born in Weybridge, August 29, 1797; graduated at Middlebury College in 1816; studied medicine in Albany, N. Y., 3 years,—botany with Prof. Torrey; geology with Prof. Eaton;—was attached to Major Long's exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains 3 years,—2 years compiling and publishing the journal of said expedition;—6 years surgeon and Indian agent at the extreme outpost of the U. S. Government; 2 years editor of the Temperance Herald and Journal, Albany, N. Y. From 1834 to '40 returned to the Indian agency, since which he has been a farmer in Burlington, Iowa, acting also as an Indian agent and surveyor. He has published 9 different works, 5 of them in the Ojibwa language, among which is a translation of the whole Bible.—*Middlebury Triennial Catalogue.*

DR. JAMES'S LETTER.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, Nov. 19, 1859.

YOURS of 8th inst., coming from Weybridge, is thankfully acknowledged as an authentic invitation from that town to one of her sons.

half a century absent, to send back friendly greetings, and recall some memories of the past. My native State has always had a large share of my regards, and as fears and forebodings for the South and West, at times came over me, I have looked back to her peaceful hills for a home, should a just retribution overtake us. The Vermonters are in all countries, South and West, and are mostly men one is glad to see, and proud to take by the hand, as fellow-countrymen. Martin Scott, of Bennington, found, in the wilds of the West, many sons of his boasted native State, worthy the grasp of his strong, friendly hand,—few nobler than himself. All are not like him. Here and there a “pious Jones is dealing faro at Chicago.”

Weybridge may remember, —

“E. T. J., that pious man
Who built his house with brick,
Who got his cash, and all his trash
By selling Otter Creek.”

At least the muse of Weybridge said so. Then, if dear old Vermont, who is the mother of us all, sends her inquiring glance beyond that dubious cluster of her little ones in Chicago, she will see more, but not such, handling iron, managing railroads, building towns, and doing other needful work; least, but not last, one raising cattle and clover, and writing autobiography on this sheet, enough of it, at least, to tell his Weybridge friends of his vigor, and almost life-long virtue, as he deems it, of total abstinence from all intoxicating drink,—tea, coffee, tobacco, and bolted wheat flour, and who here turns aside to ask them in all these things to do likewise.

Weybridge gave me birth, too, and of her, I am now, by your indulgence, to speak. Some of her people may remember the cold Friday, when George III. was king. Would they like to know how Silas Wright, Jr., rubbed your correspondent's frozen face with snow, on the evening of that memorable day? how that face felt to its owner's hands something like a basket of chips, when Silas, turning suddenly in the straight path he loved to make through the snow, called attention to it, by exclaiming,—“Why, Ed., your face is freezing!” They will not remember, for they did not see, unless Josh. or Horace Dickinson is there, those mathematical straight lines he used to make for the “Weybridgeoons,” as the autoerats in town used to call the idle squad, of whom Silas was file leader. They did not see them skulking across fields, swamps, and on the ice of the creek,—straight as a new sill, straight as the Czar's railroad, or a line across the page of Virgil. The capital letter at the head of the line, at least, after every new snow or high wind, was always the same, Silas. The places of the Glaucon, and Medon, and Thersilochon, were filled by the two D.s, and John Brow', No. —.

John Brown, they say, was born at Litchfield, or some obscure place in Connecticut. I think differently. The Browns of Tow Head and Cobble Hill got all their learning at the district school kept for so many years, and with so much success, by the true-hearted Jacob Lindsley, their catechism from their parents at home, their homilies and theology from Rev. Samuel Haines and Jedediah Bushnell; and they too were makers of straight paths. Didn't Mr. Higginson find Mrs. Brown and the children that are left, in the Schroon Mountains, just back of Weybridge, or in just such another place? We may not consent to have it said he was born elsewhere, because Weybridge, though she has the statue of one upright man and true Democrat, is not rich in historic names. We know that John Brown was both fool and crazy, for all the newspapers tell us so. The “OLD FOOL,” as they are fond of calling him, no doubt said in his heart, *There is a God*. Will he be crazy enough to mount a Virginia scaffold a few days hence in testimony of his belief of some such glittering generality as that all men have by nature certain inalienable rights, &c.? Still, if he is ours, let us acknowledge him. Virginia keeps, they say, some of his blood and nuggets of his flesh upon the walls of her armory. Let them keep that stained wall untouched, undefiled; such blood is not too plenty there. The blood of her presidents and her F. F. V's, must receive many a dilution, many a washing from “Africa's sunny fountains” before it can shine like that. Let them keep it, and when their terror is a little abated,—when the bloody shroud of Brown shall lie beneath their soil, germinating a harvest richer than that of Mt. Vernon, let them send some youthful prophet into that room to read the “mene mene tekel,” there written in letters outshining the sun, but which their mightiest and wisest cannot see now. But if John Brown was born in Weybridge, let us all remember it.

I would like to speak of a few of the truths revealed in our time, a few of the lessons of practical wisdom inferred from contrasting the condition of barbarous and savage tribes with that of civilized men,—the obligations of stronger races when placed in contact with weaker,—and many other things, would time and space permit.

Yours very respectfully,

EDWIN JAMES.

P. S. I mail a chapter of gossip too long by half, I fear, for the use you indicate. Use the pruning knife without fear, favor, or affection, to the exclusion of old Brown, if you must, whose historical status I know is not yet in the popular mind delineated. Be my Magnus Apollo, tutor, reporter,—anything to make me acceptable in the *Addison Quarterly*, and send me the number.

E. J.

TRUST IN GOD.

BY REFINE WEEKS,

a citizen of Weybridge, who died some years since. He published, in 1829, a 12mo. vol. of 303 pp. entitled, "Poems on Religious and Historical Subjects." He was a native of Oyster Bay, L. I.

SHOULD famine grimly stare thee in the face,
Lo! there is granted all-sufficient grace;
Though thou the terrors of the grave might see,
Just as the day is, so thy strength will be.
Although the trees no more to bloom incline,
Nor fruit appear, that long adorned the vine,—
The olive fail her labor sweet to yield,
And herbage cease from garden and from field,—
The fleecy flocks all vanish from the fold,
Nor field nor stall a living creature hold,—
Yet those who in Messiah trust alone,
Who build on Truth, the sure foundation-stone,
Shall raise with joy a sweet triumphant voice,
And in their great salvation's God rejoice.

THE PLEASURES OF ASSOCIATION.

BY GILBERT COOK LANE,

who was born at Weybridge, May 18, 1823, but resided most of his life at Cornwall, where he died of consumption, Nov. 10, 1858. He was a graduate of Middlebury College, and afterwards tutor of his Alma Mater. Till within four days of his death, he was engaged on "A Commentary upon the Greek History of Herodotus," for a text-book for the college. His brief life was practical, earnest, and richly adorned with consistent piety.

WHEN he, who, wandering from his native glade,
In distant climes, o'er seas and realms has strayed;
Enriched his mind with images that rise
'Neath tropic suns, or Oriental skies;
Traced her lone way 'mid Alpine heights sublime,
And mused with monuments of ancient time;
Perceived new beauties on each winding shore,
And filled his soul with ocean's awful roar,—
Returns once more, to spend life's evening gray,
Where first had dawned the morning of his day,—
Then rise what new emotions in his heart,
And raptures which no foreign scene could start!
Then, as he mounts the last green hillock's side,
That overlooks the hamlet of his pride,
And first, since long, long years, that scene he views,
Soft tinged in recollection's fondest hues,—
How pleased he lingers, while his eye doth roam
O'er the fair spot he calls his boyhood's home!
Yon cottage, sleeping in the quiet shade,
By arching elms in autumn foliage made;—
There erst his pilgrimage of life begun,
There, smoothly childhood's crystal current run.
The grassy lawn, the woodbine o'er the door,
Where oft he watched the hum-bird's flight of yore,
Scarce changed, he fancies, since when last he heard,
Beneath that vine, his mother's parting word,
And felt the farewell kiss of those most loved.—
These wake a chord, that scarce since then had moved.

Yon hillside turned the noontide ray to meet,
Where he had learned Spring's earliest steps to greet;
Where, basking in the warmest beams of May,
He loved to trace the mimic flock at play;—
The wooded glen, beneath whose tangled shade
He culled wild flowers, and watched the rude cascade,
Where many a winding pathway knew his tread,
And thick inwoven boughs waved o'er his head;—

Yon sacred house of prayer, where early trained,
From noisy mirth and idle word restrained,
His footsteps learned each Sabbath morn to stray,
And his young heart to find the heavenly way.
Such scenes he views, and as declining Day
Sheds his last beams o'er all, then sinks away;
He feels that *here*, beneath his native sky,
'Twere sweet to live, and 'twould be sweet to die.
And in yon churchyard, where his fathers sleep,
There he would rest, that *friends* might o'er him weep.

Oh! never may be mine the heart that feels
No thrill of joy at memory's fond appeals!
Nor mine the eye that views unmoved those dyes
That tinge the dawning of life's eastern skies!
For I do love to linger round each place,
Where childhood's fleeting footsteps I may trace;
There cherish fond remembrance of the past,
Of sunny days that were too bright to last.
These scenes the mind's historic leaves unroll,
And wake the finer chords that thrill the soul.

DON'T TELL ME OF TO-MORROW.

BY MRS. HATTIE CHILD COLBY,

(native of Weybridge, resident at Stanstead, C. E.)

DON'T tell me of to-morrow, while memories of the
past,
Arrayed in all their loveliness, are gathering round
me fast;
Are thronging till the heart is full of thankfulness
and love,
To think of all the countless gifts showered by the
hand above.

Oh, speak not of the morrow, when the present mo-
ments yield
For duty, and for blessing, such a broad, extended
field;
When each passing hour is teeming with its wealth
of peace and joy,
Shall we dare to paint the coming day with less of
earth's alloy?

Don't tell me of to-morrow, — its brilliant hues may
fade;
The brightest, dearest, loftiest hopes are oft the low-
est laid;
But let us live and labor, the list of good to swell.
That each successive morrow may crown our efforts
well.

WHITING.

BY WHITFIELD WALKER, ESQ.

THE town of Whiting was duly chartered August 6, 1763, to 48 proprietors, mostly of Massachusetts, among whom were Capt. Nash, and Eliphalet, Asa, and John Whiting, from which circumstance the town received its name, — "Whiting." The charter, to be available to the grantees, must be improved and possessioned in 10 years from the date, to a certain extent. We accordingly find them holding a proprietors' meeting in Wrentham, Mass., October 6, 1772. More than 9 years having expired, they deemed

it imperative for them to act at once. That meeting resulted in an agreement with one John Wilson, then of Upton, Mass., to obtain, including himself, 15 persons to make possession within 1 year,—i.e. within 10 years from date of charter. Wilson effected a survey of the tract before the close of that year, and before the next August took actual possession with several other families, among them a man by the name of Marshal. It is presumed there were less than 15 families in W. before the war, but immediately upon its close we find several persons, John Wilson, John Smith, and others, on the soil, contending for their rights against the grantees or a part of them, who, in March, 1783, held a meeting in Pittsford, the object of which was to oust those in possession, because they had not fulfilled the conditions imposed upon them, and accepted at the first meeting held in Wrentham. October 16, 1783, measures were taken for a settlement of all difficulties between the Wilson settlers and the 20 proprietors. This difficulty settled, the way was soon opened for increased settlement. In the spring of '84 a considerable accession was made. Gideon Walker, the grandfather of the writer, Maj. Samuel Beach and father and brothers from Rutland, Ichabod Foster and a large family of sons from Clarendon, Jona. Conick, Luther Drury, a Mr. Hall, and others. The population was soon over 500. Maj. Samuel Beach, who had been a lieutenant in the revolutionary war, and who was with Ethan Allen when he surprised Ticonderoga, was the first representative. John Smith and Maj. Samuel Beach were the first justices of the peace, the former the first proprietor and town clerk. Gideon Walker was the first moderator of the proprietors' meeting, held in Whiting. From the best information that can now be obtained, which is doubtless correct, Rachel Walker, a daughter of Gideon, was married at the age of 16 years to Aaron Beach, a brother of Samuel, in '84 or '85. Her first child, Noah Beach, was the first child born in W., and was scalded to death in infancy. The first man that died was Elihu Smith, buried on an island, near the west bank of Otter Creek. I recollect well to have seen his grave when a lad. There have been a number of persons that have lived to a great age in W. The oldest man was Gershom Justin, Sen, aged 100 or 101,—his son Gershom was about or over 90 years. Jerusha Washburn was an inhabitant of W. till she was 84 or 85 years of age, then removed to Middlebury to live with a daughter, and died after outliving all her children and husband, at the age of 99 years. Elihu Kitcham was nearly 100 years of age when he died. The writer's mother lived till 90 years, less 5 months. Numbers extending 80 years are too numerous to mention. These facts furnish unquestionable evidence of the healthiness of the climate.

The first settled minister was a Baptist, by the

name of David Rathbone, a lame man, who, from a child, could not walk without crutches, and when preaching always sat. He was settled in the spring of 1799, by the Baptist and Congregational churches in unison. In 1783, I find the Congregationalists declared themselves a church, but that church was not, so far as the records show, formally recognized as such, until February 13, 1799, and that was done by Rev. B. Wooster, then of Cornwall, and afterwards until his death, of Fairfield. The two churches united in settling Rev. David Rathbone, March 28, following. The Baptist church was organized 6 days later than the other,—the former had 10 and the latter 12 members.

In 1823 the Methodists commenced having circuit preaching, which was continued up to 1853 with some slight interruptions, but they now are too feeble to have any. Oct. 25, 1821, the Universalists organized a church, under the pastorage of Rev. James Babbitt, who ministered to them $\frac{1}{4}$ of the time for several years. One of the members ultimately became a preacher and editor in Montrose, Penn. We have two meeting-houses,—one a union house, erected in 1811, but not entirely finished until 1823, the Universalists owning $\frac{1}{4}$. The other was erected in 1843, dedicated in '44, and is owned exclusively by the Baptists. The Baptists have furnished one preacher, Rev. Levi Walker. The Congregationalists have quite lost their organization. The names of the liberally educated men are as follows, and graduated in the order named,—to wit: Aaron Clark, Schenectady, N. Y., studied the profession of law, two years since mayor of the city of New York. Alvah, his brother, graduated at the same institution. Willard L. Parker studied the profession of law, and died in early life. He was a good scholar. The latter were graduates of Middlebury college. Ebenezer Wheelock, Esq., one of the early settlers, some under the first Constitution of Vermont, a member of the Council, and a man of good native talents. Whiting has had her share of enterprising business men, who have emigrated West. Among these are the Walkers of Chicago, Ill., who have become wealthy. The Hon. Horatio Needham, of Bristol, was a native of Whiting; in 1849, was a candidate for Governor of the State, put in nomination by the free democrats. He is a man of good talents, who has done honor to himself. His brother Joseph was a respectable physician, who, at his death, was a resident of the same place. Dr. John Branch, of St. Albans, a celebrated physician, was a native of Whiting. Azariah Flagg, of Albany, N. Y., long a controller in that State, who was a son of Dr. Flagg, one, if not the first physician settled in Whiting. Suffer me to say that Whiting, although a small town, has ever had a set of industrious, worthy inhabitants, and does not suffer in comparison with her neighbors, but it would

be invidious to make further distinctions to no good purpose. Industry, frugality, and almost habitual temperance have ever characterized her inhabitants. The consequence has been thrift, and that nearly equally distributed. Kindness, charity, and good will, has characterized their bearing to each other in discharging the relative duties of life. She has manifested a warm devotion to the interests of common schools, and has furnished a large number of teachers. Her enterprising daughters have found their way to the Southern States where they have been employed as teachers in the families of planters, some having planted themselves in the city of Rochester and adjacent villages, and some have even planted themselves in the capital of California, and are gaining golden honors, if not golden opinions. The first settlers of Whiting were emigrants, mostly from Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and would not willingly acknowledge any man their master or concede to them one inalienable right, so dear to the Pilgrim Fathers and their descendants. They therefore hate oppression of every kind, and abhor slavery both of body and mind, and regard all slavish bondage as hindrances to that just progress which alone can elevate the race to the true standard of human dignity, marked out for them by him who created them as the ultimatum of his beneficent design, the only acme of true greatness and genuine worth.

BENEFICENT PROVIDENCE.

BY WHITFIELD WALKER.

FATHER of all! — with grateful, loving hearts,
We would return to thee our unfeigned thanks
For all thy providential kindness shown, —
By us so undeserved. 'Twas thou that life
Bestowed, unasked, and health and strength pre-
served.
The sunshine and the rain, and gentle dews,
Have all been scattered in our path, broad-cast,
With liberal hand, alike on all bestowed.
The Earth's been made to yield her rich increase
For beast as well as man. The teeming Earth
Is full of thee, and utterance gives to thanks
For what is now enjoyed, in radiant smiles
That in delighted faces beam. Glories
Supreme thy works reveal, as does thy word,
All loving hearts to captivate, that trust
In thee, come weal or woe, or frowns or smiles,
Or pains or ease. These are but means to ends,
Designed to better, moral aims subserve.
No living thing that crawls, or walks, or runs
Upon thine earth, or flits on buoyant wings
The ambient air, or cuts the liquid wave
With well-adjusted fins, but what does well
Exemplify thy providential care, —
The matchless wisdom of thy grand design
To further universal good throughout
Thy realm; for every single pain we feel,
The cup of ease is full: — for every pang
Remorse shall bring, our joys are manifold: —
For every grating sound, a thousand strains
Of music sweet shall thrill delighted ears.
For every sight of buggard, homely form
That meets the eye, does twice ten thousand meet
That eye, that in unsullied beauty shine

And freshly bloom to comfort and to cheer, —
Impart new life to sorrow-stricken hearts
That bleed, along the chequered path of life,
Beset with good and ill. The balance shut
Between man's weal and woe, his pain and ease, —
His joys and griefs will ever vindicate
The rich beneficence of God supreme
For his paternal, kind, and loving care
O'er all his wayward and degenerate sons,
And that for their best good. His open arms
Are ready to receive, — to smiling greet
The prodigal's return: — the hungry feed,
The naked clothe with spotless, fadeless robes,
The light and life of love, that changes not,
Impart through countless years, those loving smiles
That only beam from his unclouded face, —
Changeless, divinest face; that only good
Reveals.

REV. JOSEPH W. SAWYER.

BY REV. J. Q. A. WARE, BAPTIST CLERGYMAN
AT WHITING.

REV. JOSEPH W. SAWYER was born in Monkton, May 6, 1794, the eldest of a family of 9 sons and a daughter. At the age of 5 years he was hopefully converted, and joined the Baptist church, of which his father was pastor, when less than 15 years of age. His mind appears to have been soon directed to the ministry, for at the age of 19 he commenced preaching in Fairfield. Soon after he united in marriage with Miss Sally Whitman of that place, who for more than 20 years proved an effectual helpmeet for him in his work.

Leaving Fairfield he removed to Hubbardton, and was there ordained, November 7, 1816. In 1822 he removed to Whiting, was afterwards the pastor of churches in Brandon and Shaftsbury, Vt.; Gouverneur, Ogdensburg, Chautauque, Jay, and Saratoga, N. Y. and Augusta, Me.; and after an absence of 34 years he returned to Whiting, and labored 4½ years, when death claimed him.

Mr. Sawyer was a man of uncommon mental powers. In his youth he was very popular as a preacher, and few men have surpassed him as a public speaker. His style was terse and vigorous, his mode of reasoning logical and direct, and he fearlessly uttered the great truths of the gospel, always regarding himself accountable as one who must discharge his duty, but never for the use others make of the truth.

Possessed of a vigorous constitution and an iron will, he never found himself destitute of something to do, — never had time to smother ennui. During the 46 years of his ministry he preached 9,870 sermons, of which some 500 were funeral sermons, and though not a city pastor, solemnized 314 marriages.

In all his ministry he never failed to reach his appointments in all kinds of weather, and seldom during his ministry neglected to preach on the Sabbath from sickness, and never was destitute of a place to preach. Mr. Sawyer lived to wit-

ness some 20 revivals of religion where he labored, baptized 1,140 persons, of whom 9 became ordained ministers; and yet, but a short time before his decease, he said, "It does not tire me to preach, I can preach as well as ever I could."

After the death of his first wife he married Miss Abigail Finch, at Saratoga, N. Y., who still survives.

In 1822 the corporation of Middlebury College conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts, and in 1823 he was elected chaplain to the legislature of Vermont, and preached the annual sermon. He published several sermons of marked ability, but never was fond enough of show to make himself conspicuous. The degree of D. D. having been tendered him by one of our colleges, he declined accepting it afterwards, giving to some of his friends who interrogated him in relation to his reasons for so doing, the characteristic answer, "*My theology is not sick.*"

Elder Sawyer preached with his usual vigor on the Sabbath, and died after a few hours' illness, June 26, 1859, aged 65 years. Shortly before his death he spoke of the fact that there had been no minister buried in the town since its settlement. Little did he realize that he should be the first.

Thus there passed away one of the most gifted men in the ministry or the State.

HON. JESSE WALKER.

JUDGE WALKER was born in Whiting in 1810; graduated at Middlebury College in 1833; commenced the study of law the same year, and removed to Buffalo in 1835, where, in 1836, he entered upon the practice of his profession. During the first years of his professional life, the greater number of his published poems were written. He died of cholera in 1850. At a meeting of the members of the Buffalo bar in commemoration of his death, from among many resolutions passed, we quote: "In the maturity of ripened powers, cultured and enriched by much nice and varied learning, just entered upon the duties of an honorable and responsible official station, in which studious habits, patience of examination, solidity of judgment, integrity, courtesy, and modesty gave assured promise of excellence, and walking before men blameless in the purity of his private life and domestic relations, our friend has been cut down and removed. We mourn his loss, and will cherish his memory."

A volume of his poems, 12mo. 196 pp. were printed. The book has a cluster of good things, but we have only space for two brief paragraphs.

THE BOOK OF HUMAN LIFE.

LIFE is a book of many pages, writ
In characters that shall endure: and they
Who trace upon its leaves of purest white,
Signs visible to human eyes, should keep
The record free from stain or blot, nor let
A passage there be found, that is not well

Approved of conscience and the laws of truth.

If in that volume there are pages more
Than others bright, go read their contents through,
And of the social feelings speak the praise.
The air they breathe with sympathy is sweet;
They go with charity to light the hearth
Where rises, night and morn, the widow's prayer;
The children of want they never can forget,—
The homeless daughter, or the orphan boy.

Where burn these feelings brightest? She that
knows

The depth of woman's love can answer this;
And when does she of those deep feelings show
The loveliest, purest, best? 'Tis when she gives
Her heart to be another's, trusting all
To him that finds in her his highest joy.
As when, with her baptismal vow, she gave
Her soul to Heaven, she gives her love to him,
With high and holy trust that shall not fail.
Help him, angels of love, the precious boon
To keep, and make him worthy of the gift.
Their mutual faith, may virtue's power protect,
And Hope to happiness shall lead the way:
And Truth shall write the story of their joys,
And it shall be the BOOK OF HUMAN LIFE.

HOME.

"SWEET Home!"—the scene of earthly joys,—
Perchance of unremembered sorrow,
How dear the hope my heart employs,
Of viewing on some happy morrow!

The bliss of earth that's born above,
More dear to me than every other,
Is nature's pure and pious love
Of father, mother, sister, brother.

And if among those names so dear,
One may be fonder than another,
Who gives for me a prayer, or tear,
That one would be the name of mother.

OUR COUNTRY.

Our country! when shall kindling hope essay
To cheer the dreamer's visionary hour,
With words prophetic of the future day,
That waits thy rising empire's boundless power!
How grandly beautiful thy mighty floods;
How terribly sublime thy darkened woods,
Where climb to dizzy heights the mountain tower,
And Solitude, in dusky robes arrayed,
Holds full dominion o'er the melancholy shade.

Who that hath seen, where stood the forest's pride,
How cities rise where enterprise awakes,
And o'er the wildly heaving billows ride
With sweep sublime, the navies of the lakes,
Shall see, throughout our wide extended land,
The flame of Freedom brighten and expand,
And feel the rapture on the soul that breaks,
When o'er the works of art shall stand sublime,
The Patriot's triumph, bright above the wreck of
time!

CHILDREN.

Gleeful, vivacious, bright-eyed children! like
beautiful sunbeams whose genial rays are wel-
comed by the inmates of the stately mansion or
lowly cot; sweet flowers! scattered o'er earth's
wide domain, fragrant with wealth of innocence,

pleasing to the grave and gay, and cheering to the hearts of the desponding, gambol on, little ones, skip and play, though the welkin ring with your merry sports. It gives elasticity to the spirits, and is necessary for physical development. Fulfil your child-mission, for all too soon earth's cares and toils will claim your powers of body and mind. And right eager are ye to reach the point; to assume its responsibilities; but retain all possible of your innocent child-heart to assist in earth's conflict. And we who have passed the bounds of childhood, will look on ye, and be learners still, taught, by your filial confidence, an unwavering trust in the heavenly Father, and reliance on him, who, while on earth, took little children in his arms, and blessed them.

Mrs. J. B. BARLOW.

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

My mountain home! I'd speak thee well,
Each grassy nook, each shady dell,
Where purling brooks and gushing rills
With gentle music-murmur trills,—
Each towering peak
Whence lightnings speak,
Or leaping torrents wild and free,
Have all a charm,—a charm for me.

I love not thus the plain-land West,
Where glowing sunbeams constant rest,—
No hills are there to catch the gleam,
And cast it back in golden sheen,—
Yon mountain crest
In rainbows drest,
Our landscape gives a changing dye
With which the West can never vie.

Let others talk of flower-lands fair,
Of spicy groves and gem-bowers rare,
Where buds of beauty ever blow,
Unnipped by Winter's wind or snow,—
A richer dower,
Our rock-hung flower,
Whose petals bright 'neath snow-pears peep,
To whisper hope,—and faith fresh keep.

My mountain home! so fair and free,
Brave hearts are cradled here in thee:
High thoughts both rock and hill inspire;
For noble deeds the soul they fire!
The tyrant's yoke
Thy strong arm broke;—
Oppression from its seat was hurled,
And Freedom's banner bright, unfurled.

My mountain home! I'll love thee still;
No other land my eye can fill;
As roots the pine to rock-bed strand,
So clings my heart to this dear land;
Each towering peak,
Whence lightnings speak,
Or leaping torrents wild and free,
Have all a charm,—a charm for me.

CLARA L. SMITH.

COUNTY ITEMS.

ADDISON COUNTY was incorporated Oct. 18, 1853, and included Chittenden, Franklin, Grand Isle, and Lamoille counties, 9 towns in Orleans,

and 8 in Washington counties. Oct. 19, 1789, Granville was annexed, and on the 22d, Chittenden county incorporated, and Addison reduced to 21 towns. Starksboro', Orwell, and a part of Goshen have been since added. Its geological properties will be described in a subsequent No.*

The farmers for the last 30 years have given special attention to sheep husbandry; and in the West it is generally admitted the sheep of Addison are superior to any other county. The most successful dealers extensively known East and West, are the Bingham brothers, Rollin J. Jones, S. S. and S. B. Rockwell, of Cornwall, Wm. R. Sanford of Orwell, Messrs. Wm. S. and E. Hammond, of Middlebury, and S. W. Jewett, of Weybridge. Mr. A. L. Bingham's sales alone, in 1850, amounted to between 30 and \$40,000. The population in 1850 was 26,579, of which only 25 native Americans were reported who could not read, and no person has ever been convicted of a capital offence in the county. By the last census the improved land was 249,312 acres, unimproved, 115,237, cash value of farms, farming implements, and live stock, \$9,345,103. The first Agricultural Society commenced at an early day, soon declined for lack of legislative encouragement.

THE ADDISON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY was organized at Middlebury, Jan. 22, 1844. The first fair was held at Middlebury, Oct. 1, 1844; the fairs of 1845 and 47 at Vergennes, and in 1849 at Shoreham; the others have all been held in Middlebury, which place, since Jan. 1852, has been established as the permanent location for the annual exhibition. Silas H. Jenison was the first president of the Society. Wm. R. Sanford is the present president. THE FIRST ADDISON COUNTY MEDICAL SOCIETY was organized Dec. 15, 1813, at Middlebury, Ebenezer Huntington of Vergennes first president, and continued in full vigor until about 1824, when a rupture with the State Society ensued, which ended in the library being sold at auction to members of the Society, a withdrawal of several members by general consent, and finally, the last recorded meeting in October, 1826. June 30, 1842, the society "was reorganized by a convention held at Vergennes. Meetings are held semi-annually at Middlebury, "on Thursday of the first week of the County Court." Since the last organization the So-

* When we promised a geological chapter for each county, it was with the encouragement of some of our first geologists, and the Addison chapter especially promised, but our legislature unexpectedly deferring the publication of our State geological surveys, shuts the door at present. It being deemed advisable to wait till the published "reports" may be rendered available, and a succinct digest of the same given, which it is now our intention to publish in connection with the smaller counties.

ciety has been in efficient and successful operation; first officers, Dr. J. A. Allen of Middlebury, president; Dr. D. C. Stone of Vergennes, vice-president; and Dr. D. C. Goodale of Addison, secretary. The present president is Dr. E. D. Warner.

"THE MIDDLEBURY HISTORICAL SOCIETY was instituted in 1843. Hon. Samuel Swift has been president of the Society from the beginning, except 3 years. The Society has held at times monthly, at other times quarterly meetings, at which papers on historical subjects are read." Measures for the encouragement and procurement of town histories throughout the county were "commenced in 1847, and has been a leading object of the Society." Only two histories have yet been published, viz: Middlebury and Salisbury. And in a tour through the county last fall, (1859,) we found only about one third of the towns with their material for this purpose gathered. Several towns had made no movement in the matter,—and yet some of these towns sent in their historical chapters the most

promptly. We state this fact as an encouragement to those counties and towns in which no movement of the kind has yet been made.

The Historical Society has many Indian relics, such as arrow-heads, gouges, chisels, fire-hearths, &c. Indeed, upon historic research, it appears evident that the lands on the Champlain were owned by the Iroquis or Five Nations, (see Addison and Ferrisburgh chapters.) But it does not appear that they had any permanent residence here after their retreat upon or about the time of the discovery of the lake. The Mohegans also sold to Col. John Lydius a tract of land embracing most of the counties of Addison and Rutland, a map of which is in possession of Henry Stevens, Esq., of Burlington.

For these items indebtedness is acknowledged to Mr. Battell, History of Mr. Swift, and others. For a catalogue of county officers, for which we have not space here, see Deanning's "Principal Officers of Vermont." Mistakes in the work, of any consequence, will be corrected at the end of the volume.

